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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

A. ALVAREZ's most recent books are *The Biggest Game in Town* and *Offshore: A North Sea Journey.*

STEVEN M. L. ARONSON is the author of *Hype* and *Savage Grace.*

DAVID BOURDON is a New York art critic and has written books on Christo and Alexander Calder.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY, editor-at-large of *Esquire* magazine, is the author of *The White House Mess.*

E. GRAYDON CARTER, coeditor of *Spy* magazine, is a former writer for *Time* and *Life.*

FLEUR CHAMPIN, a lecturer at Versailles, does most of her gardening on the Riviera.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN writes columns for *The Nation* and *The Wall Street Journal.*

BRENDAN GILL, a longtime contributor to *The New Yorker* and for many years the magazine's drama critic, now writes "Skyline," the column about architecture.

JANE KRAMER writes the "Letter from Europe" column for *The New Yorker.* Her books include *The Last Cowboy* and *Unsettling Europe.*

JUDITH KRANTZ, the author of *Scruples, Princess Daisy, Mistral's Daughter,* and *I'll Take Manhattan,* is now working on her fifth novel.

DAVID GARRARD LOWE is an architectural historian who lives in New York. He is the author of *Lost Chicago* and teaches architectural history at the New York School of Interior Design.

HENRY MITCHELL writes the "Earthman" and "Any Day" columns for *The Washington Post.*

P. J. O'ROURKE is the international affairs desk chief for *Rolling Stone* and author of *The Bachelor Home Companion: A Practical Guide to Keeping House Like a Pig* and *Republican Party Reptile.*

SIR JOHN PLUMB's many books include *England in the Eighteenth Century* and *The First Four Georges.*

SUZANNE STEPHENS edited *Building the New Museum* from a symposium she organized for the New York Architectural League.

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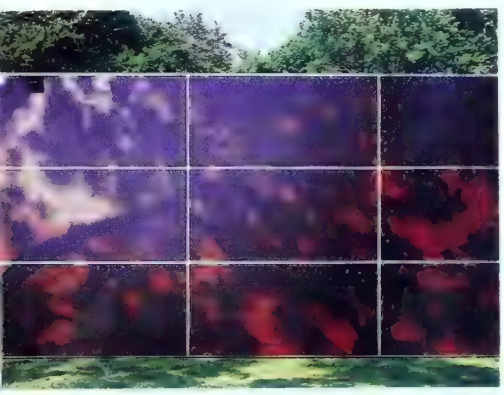
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No sooner did the jury make its selection than I was on a plane to Minnesota to see the house that had won our first design award in architecture. A car was waiting for me at the airport, and the driver knew exactly where we were going, so it was not long before I was walking around the prize-winning design by Los Angeles architect Frank Gehry. The excitement I felt on that lushly wooded Midwestern site had been building ever since we decided to establish a House & Garden Design Awards competition at the beginning of this year.

As the deadline for entries approached, and submissions began to arrive in daily droves, that excitement reached such proportions that the awards office posted daily reports on the number of entries received in the competition's two categories—one for architecture and another for interior design and decoration—on the wall *outside* their office. They didn't want my frequent visits to add to the growing turmoil. Fueling the anticipation was the hope that our new competition would reward some dynamic directions in architecture and interior decoration. We were not to be disappointed. That day, in Minnesota, as I took in the varied parts of the Gehry house, *left,* I remembered the words of one of our judges who, on seeing the architect's design, called it a "new image of a house."



Prize-winning architecture by Frank Gehry

As the two juries met this spring to make their deliberations, I had to suppress my excitement somewhat, since we were not involved in the judging process. We had invited distinguished representatives from the fields of art and architecture and decoration and design to choose the award-winning projects. Even though I confess that it wasn't easy to let others make the judgments usually made by us as editors, the members of the jury more than lived up to the credentials that caused us to invite them to serve in the first place, as you will see when you look over the 22 pages devoted to our two prizewinners: the Frank Gehry house that took me to Minnesota and a stunning New York City apartment, *above,* that earned Patrick Naggar the award for interior design and decoration. I need not take the space here to describe their designs—Sir John Plumb and Martin Filler do that very well in the pages to come—but I was impressed by the importance of the clients in the design processes that led to the successful conclusion of these award-winning residences.



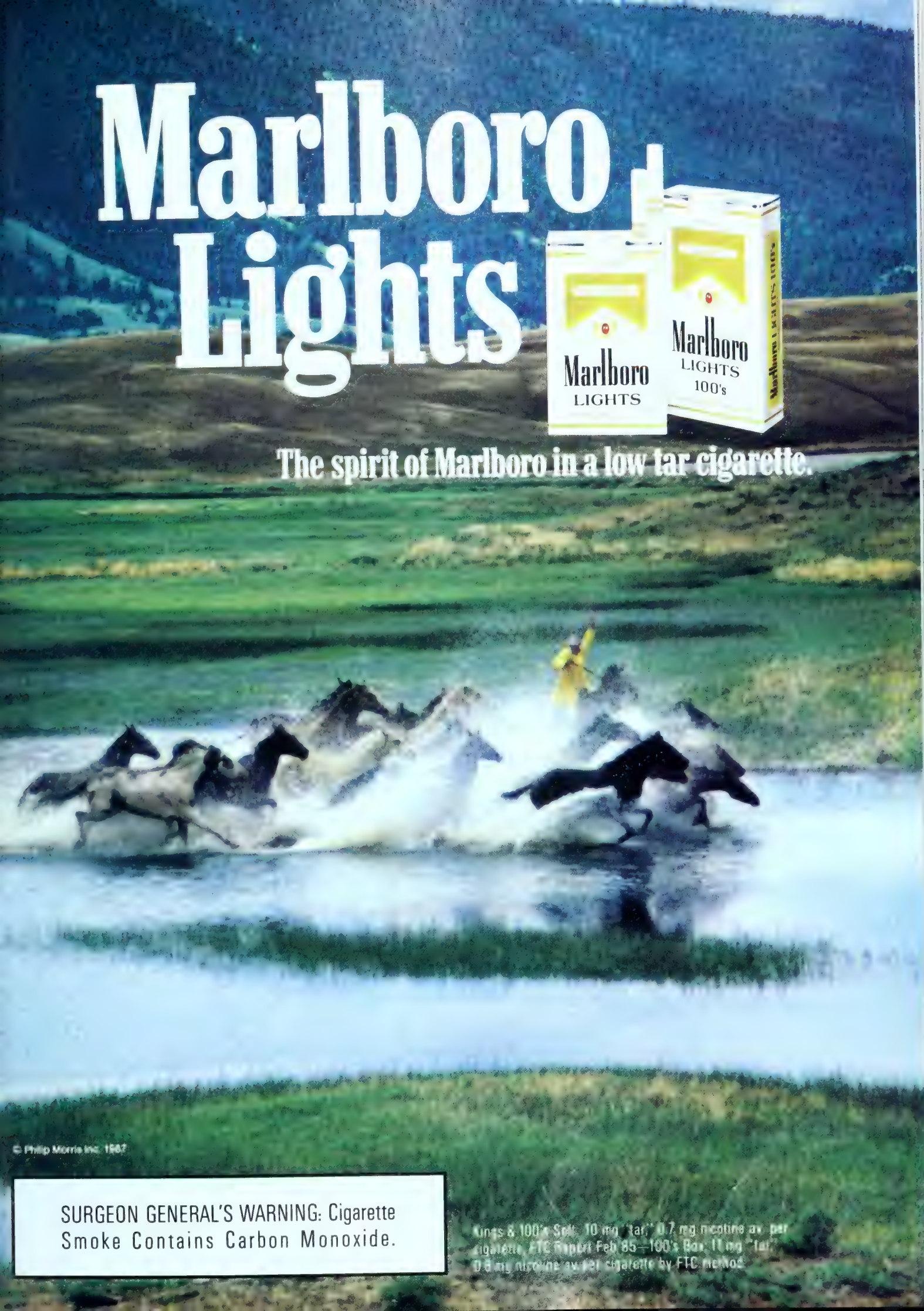
One of the rooms that earned Patrick Naggar his design award.

The relationship between client and designer is further explored by Judith Krantz in her piece Decorating Scruples, on page 208 of this issue. I met the best-selling author at a dinner party given in Los Angeles by Joyce MacRae, our West Coast editor, right after she had finished photographing the Krantz house with its decoration by Joan Axelrod. We all agreed that no one was better equipped to tell the "true story" of the designer-client relationship than this famous storyteller. And for still another account of how collaboration led to an amazing "new image of a house," turn to page 222 for Alexander Cockburn's story on San Simeon and the spirited woman who created it.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

BOTTOM LEFT, GRANT MUDFORD; TOP RIGHT, OBERTO GILI

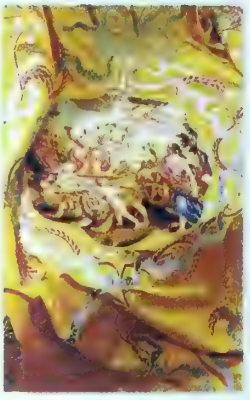

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GOLDEN THREADS

A knowing clientele goes to Jonathan Hope's London textile gallery for inspiration and accessible masterworks

By Steven M. L. Aronson







Above left: Jonathan Hope in his drawing room with central Asian carpets and 19th-century wooden guard dogs from Borneo. *Top right:* Detail of early-18th-century French appliqué hanging. *Above:* A French "bizarre silk" coverlet, c. 1710.

"I can deal at the top of the market without that much capital investment," says Jonathan Hope, at 34 one of England's most successful dealers in rare textiles. "Of course, I find it frustrating that a merely mediocre oil painting will go for the price of a superb seventeenth-century European embroidery. Textiles are really the last art form where you can still buy important pieces for around 3,000 pounds."

Pieces such as majestic tribal ship cloths, ceremonial Javanese house hangings, seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Lyons silks, red and green brocades from the noble looms of Bima, Sumbawa—cloth where the stories of antiquity are stitched in jewel-like colors, ethnographic fabric that has the power of primitive art. Indeed, many of Hope's textiles are more art than craft—intricate paradigms that begin to blaze on levels where only the true connoisseur can know the value.

Hope got into the field, he says, right after he ran away from school. "There were railroad tracks near Eton, and one day I just decided to be like Paul Newman in *Cool Hand Luke*—he's on a prison farm and he throws down his shovel and starts running down the railroad tracks toward freedom. I just kept going." Hope hit the hippie trail in Morocco. "The first textiles I ever bought were in the marketplace in Marrakesh—embroidered velvet waistbands. When I got back to London I didn't have any money left so I had to sell them—for slightly less than I'd paid for them, in fact. That," he laughs, "was my first business transaction."

It was in the Far East that Hope started collecting seriously. "Those first years I dealt exclusively in Southeast Asian textiles. I was practically commuting to Indonesia and Malaysia—if you put all my trips there together, they'd add up to about three years. One of the first places I went was

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[illegible] incredible feeling of déjà vu. I realized only later what the source of that feeling was: [illegible] entrance hall of my grandfather's house at Cap Ferrat, the Villa Mauresque, which was Oriental, funnily enough—it was very cool, with a lot of well-placed ancient Buddha heads around. My grandfather was Somerset Maugham. He was a great traveler in the Far East. He had a sort of Oriental quality himself—certainly there was nothing English about him. The last time I saw him I was about nine. I remember I had a tummy upset and he sat on the end of my bed and to cheer me up he said, 'There's a queue of people stretching all the way down to the Cap all wanting to know if Jonathan is feeling any better.' He obviously knew children liked attention."

Hope decided that travel was to be his whole trade in life. Bali and the Indonesian islands remained to be seen. And so he went—first by slow rattling train, then by slow rocking tramp steamer, down to the Malay Peninsula, drinking Mekong whiskey all the way. "Any major town I checked into I'd go straight to the museum to study the textiles. I just learned as I went. I became fascinated by all the iconography—there's so much symbolism in Oriental textiles." Back in London, fortified by months of research in the Victoria and Albert Museum library, he mounted an exhibition of Indonesian and Malaysian textiles which traveled to several provincial museums in England. "I had to give a talk at the opening so I bloody well had to become an expert," he laughs. He now not only lectures, but writes the occasional article for *Hali, The International Journal of Oriental Carpets and Textiles*. His most recent story, "A Bizarre Twist," details the fabrics known as "bizarre silks" that were made in Europe in the early eighteenth century to satisfy the taste for Oriental exotica.

One of the most enthusiastic buyers of Hope's Southeast Asian textiles has been the Saint Laurent studio in Paris. "When I'd come from Indonesia I'd go straight there. Saint Laurent was especially keen on ikat woven fabrics. All ikats have a terrific depth, a sort of murky quality—it's like gazing down into deep water," he says, adding, "I think they inspired a lot of his knitwear."

Hope's English clients include art dealer John Kasmin and his partner, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. The English for the most part, he maintains, have never taken textiles as seriously as Americans, "who are used to hanging fabrics such as Navajo blankets on their walls." Hope sells to such representative Americans as Lauren Bacall and Frank Stella. "And Diana Vreeland really loved my textiles. I went to see her in New York and she made me dress up in them. She was a great friend of my grandmother's."

Hope's grandmother was the decorator Syrie Maugham, whose white-on-white rooms revolutionized interior design in the twenties. Cecil Beaton wrote of her: "With the strength of a typhoon, she blew all color before her. . . . She bleached, pickled, or scraped every piece of furniture in sight. Mayfair drawing-rooms began to look like albino stage sets." Hope confides, "I was only four when she died, but psychiatrists say that one's most lasting influences occur in the first years, and my mother tells me that I used to crawl around my grandmother's bedroom. She remembers my saying that a Gothick chair was like a church and Syrie's being rather pleased I'd noticed that."

In Hope's flat—the parlor floor of a converted late Victorian terraced house in South Kensington—Syrie Maugham's pieces have pride of place. "My grandmother's things are not for sale," he declares flatly, indicating three blackamoors carrying a sedan chair, which is in fact an early-nineteenth-century clock on a Biedermeier base. "Syrie liked blackamoors," Hope explains. "I had to *buy* that clock, mind you. My grandmother gave it to my grandfather, and when he died it was sold in the famous Somerset Maugham sale—to Geoffrey Bennison who sold it to Terence Stamp who gave it to his aunt, a charming lady called Maude who lived in Battersea who decided to sell it because she was leaving London or something and got in touch with Christopher Gibbs who got in touch with *me*." The picture over the

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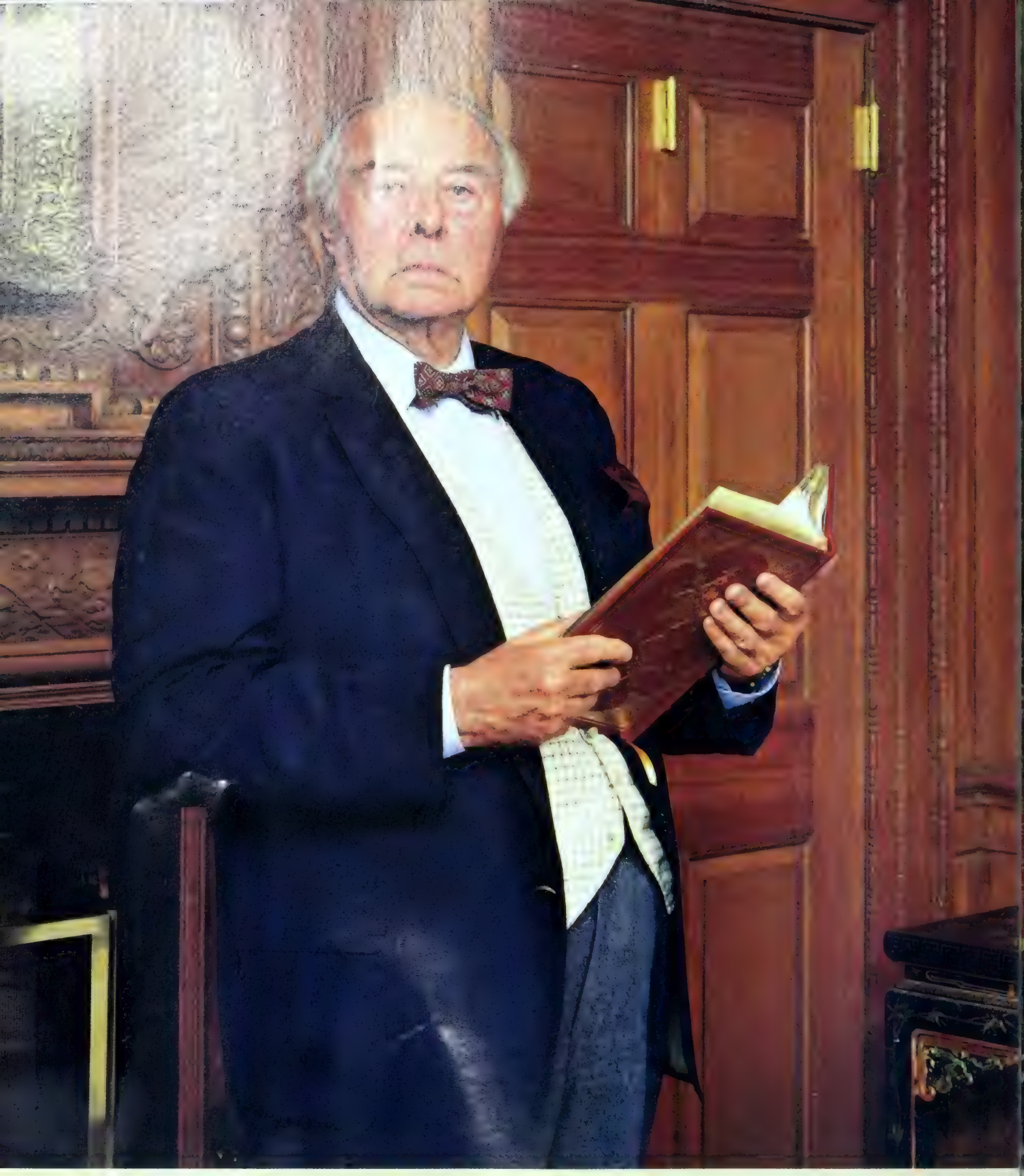
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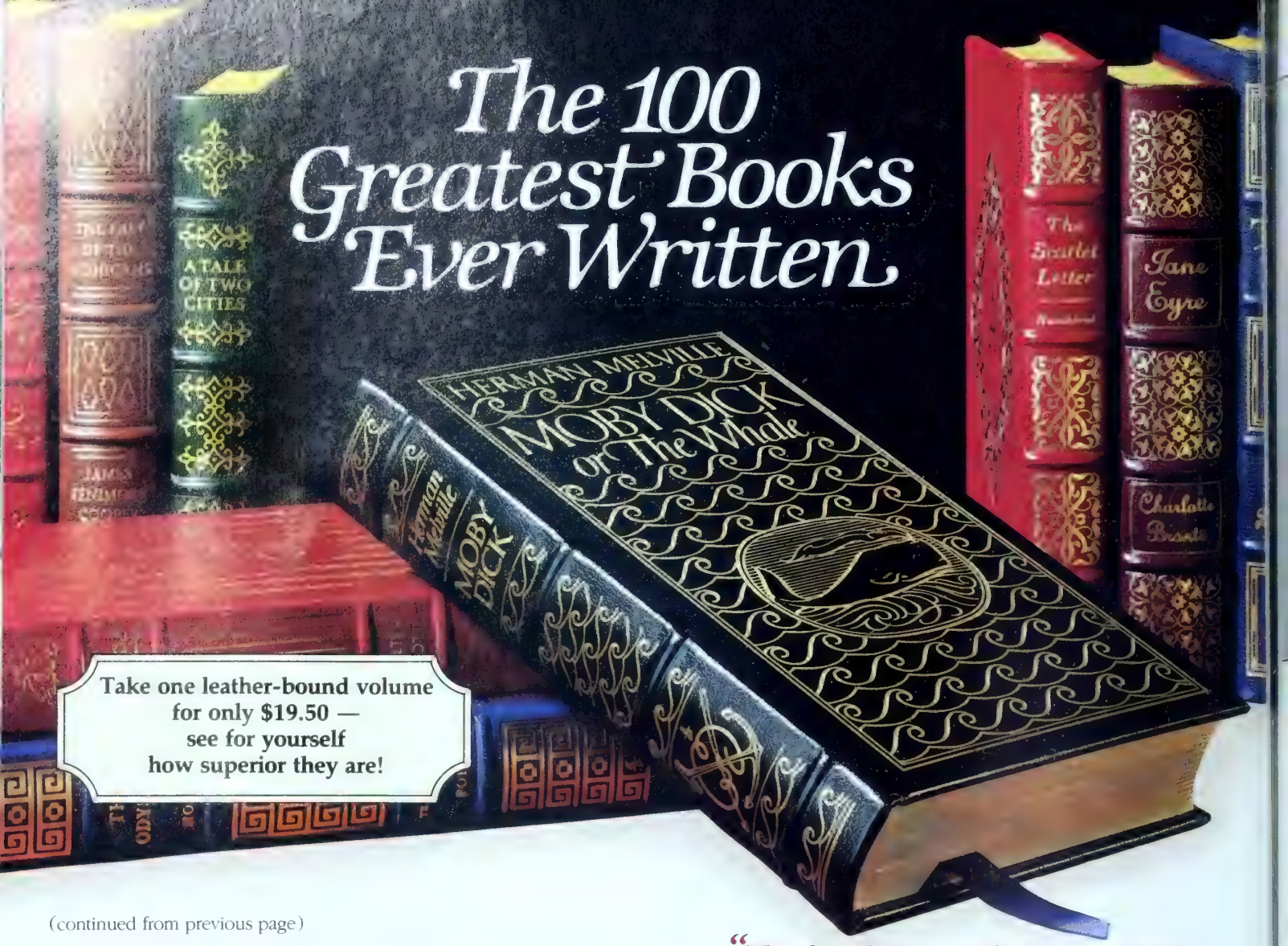
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fireplace in the drawing room—a gift to Hope from his mother—also belonged to Somerset Maugham: an early-eighteenth-century portrait of a Venetian boy in Oriental garb. "It's very much my atmosphere," he says as he guides his visitor's eye to what may well be the world's ultimate fabric display.

A prancing unicorn—hand-blocked on linen—animates an entire wall of the drawing room. The artist is Nancy Nicholson, daughter of the painter William Nicholson and at one time the wife of the poet Robert Graves. She often collaborated with her brother Ben Nicholson and his wife, Barbara Hepworth, on hand-printed fabrics. Her unicorn throws an accentuated shadow on an Art Deco background of grays, blacks, and creams. There's just a suggestion of femininity in the hooves, which are nail-polish pink. The effect is enchanting, halfway between Marie Laurencin and Walt Disney. "Nancy Nicholson made a very few of these, in the early thirties," Hope points out. "I found this one four years ago in a sale where it was catalogued as an anonymous 1950s textile. I recognized it immediately as a Nancy Nicholson because I'd seen one almost exactly like it in a drawer at the V&A. The only difference was that the hooves on that one were green."

Hope has also sold textiles designed by other contemporary artists—Hepworth, Léger, Henry Moore, Matisse. "I'm only interested in the first-rate. I don't deal in pillow fodder—material that might as well be cut up and made into cushions at the hands of scissor-happy decorators," he laughs.

Hope deals in all cultures—Turkoman, Afghan, African, Indian—and all periods—"the earlier, of course, the better." On the wall facing the unicorn is a mounted fragment from Precolumbian Peru: the border of a cloak unearthed in the Paracas necropolis. The design, a row of totemic seabirds, signals that the cloak must have mantled someone of very high rank. "It looks like a Klee," Hope observes, pointing out that that artist was indeed influenced by Precolumbian textiles.

Perhaps the single most important piece in Hope's collection, a masterwork of textile art that would transform any room, is a palampore as lush and exotic as the Madras state from which it came. "A lot of Indian, not to say central Asian, textiles were originally made as tent hangings—wherever you were, even in the middle of the Takla Makan Desert, you could create an atmosphere of elegance and splendor," says Hope, whose paternal grandfather, the Marquess of Linlithgow, was viceroy of India during World War II. "Another fascinating thing about these painted and printed Indian hangings is the influence they had in the batik workshops of Java's north coast, which is one of my favorite areas for textiles. Occasionally you see eighteenth-century Indian textiles appearing on the market in Indonesia, but they're usually in tatters. The rea-

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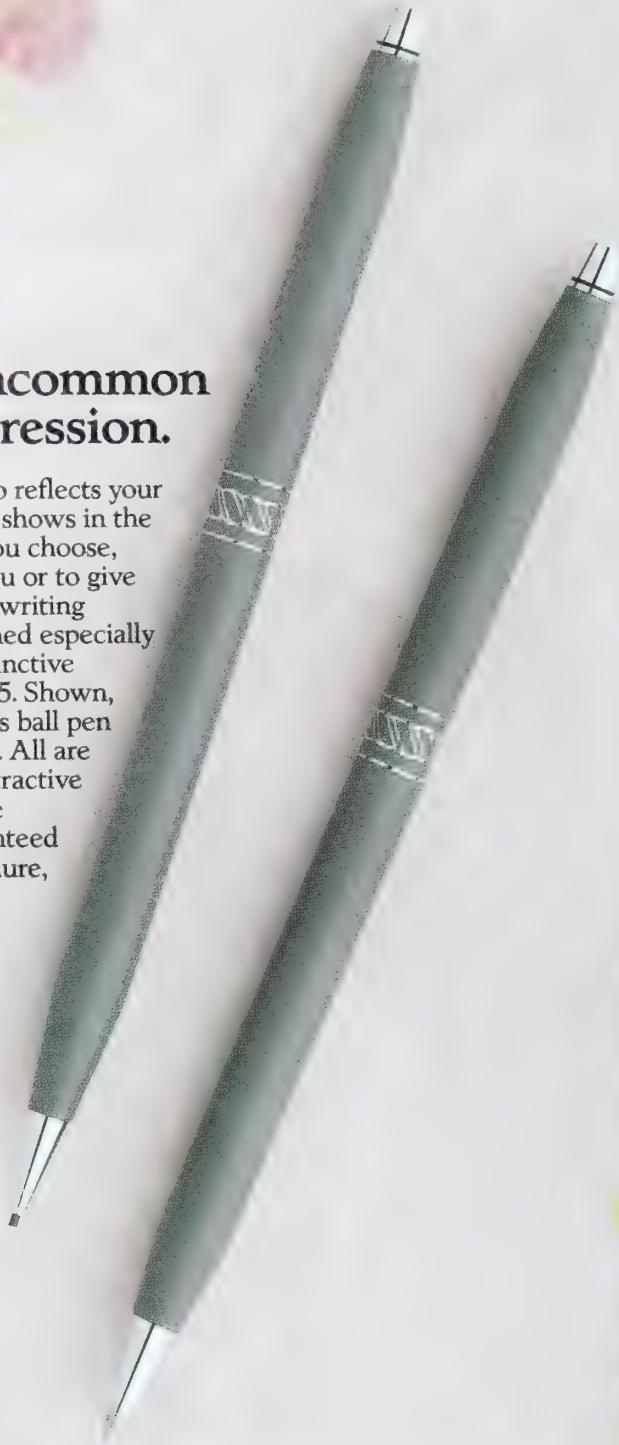
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son they were preserved at all is that they were often imputed to have some magico-religious power by many of the tribal people, who had never seen cloth so glorious in their lives. They were actually taken out and worshiped as cult objects.

"This is the most beautiful batik in my collection. It's from the north-coastal royal city of Cirebon, probably mid nineteenth century," says Hope of a vibrant oxblood fabric with a mysterious foliage pattern (it's difficult to determine whether the buds of the leafy tendrils are ripening pomegranates or birds). He claims it's all but impossible to find a batik in good condition dating from an earlier time since most of them were originally garments. "This piece was worn folded down the center and draped around the shoulders. It's remarkable that it survived. Apparently its owner didn't wear it very often and it was then kept in the family as an heirloom."

The greatest boon to fabric preservation is darkness. Hope lays out a brilliantly colored pair of English curtains from the first quarter of the eighteenth century. "Either late Queen Anne or George I—they're embroidered in colored wools called crewels, thus crewelwork." Because the curtains were from a set of bedhangings that faced inward, away from the light, the colors have hardly faded.

Hope turns to an even earlier piece of cloth, again in beautiful condition, which his own research has established was made during the first quarter of the seventeenth century. "The V&A considers this piece to be French, but I don't see why it shouldn't be Italian. It could be either. I've only just acquired it. Where? I won't tell you." The cloth, a combination of lace and embroidery in shades of cream and white, is a lady's table cover. He speculates that it was part of a trousseau. "It should be mounted on dark velvet," he advises, "and glazed, for its own protection."

The telephone rings and Hope disappears into another room, emerging a few minutes later to announce: "That was someone who's just come in from Kathmandu. She's coming right over to show me some early Chinese embroideries. Stick around. You ought to see this flat when people bring me their wares—it's transformed into a souk within minutes." □



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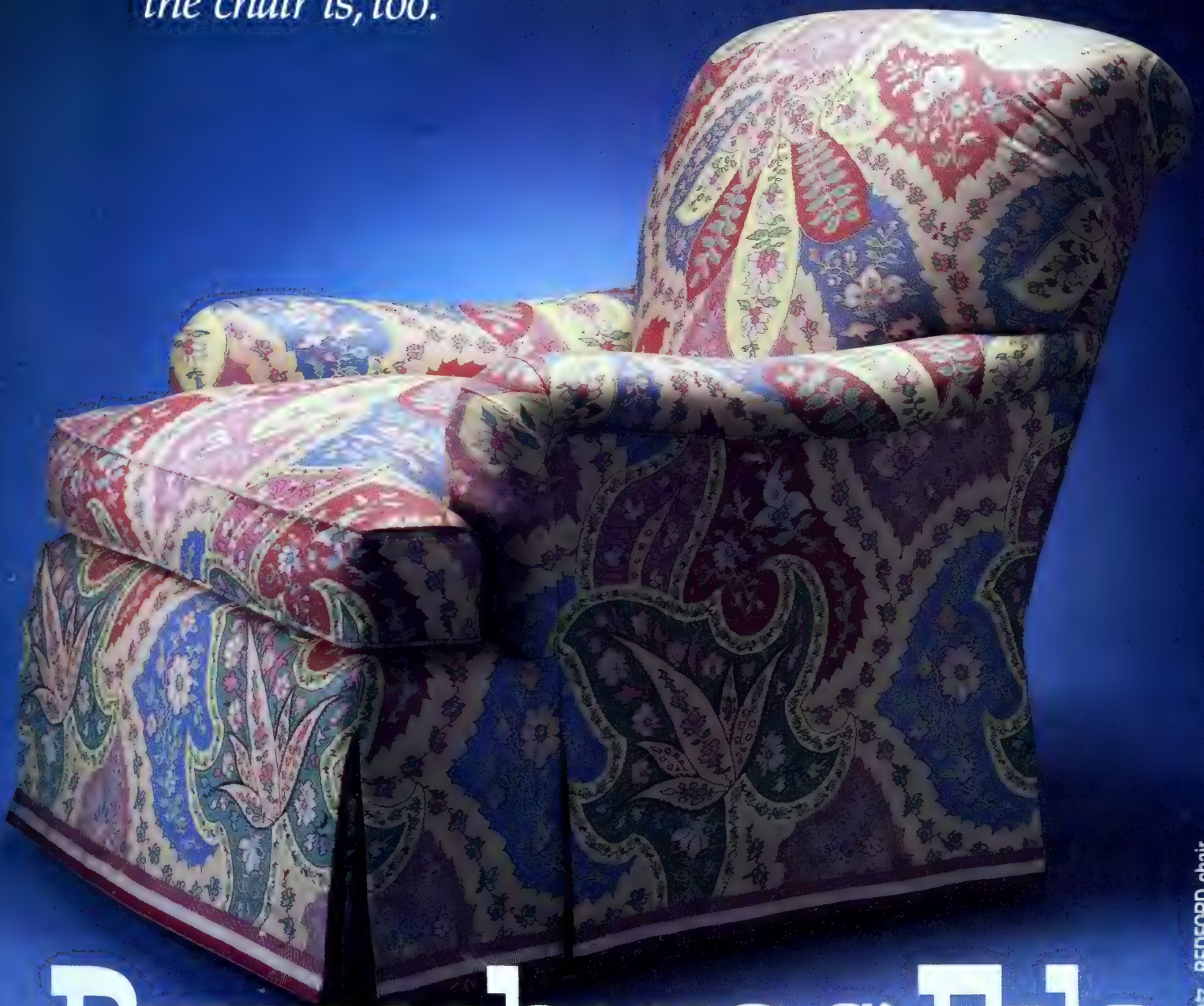
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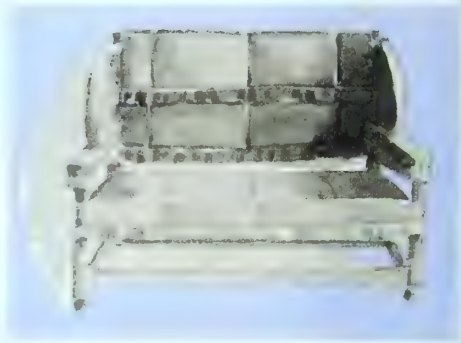
The what, where, when, how of upholstered furniture

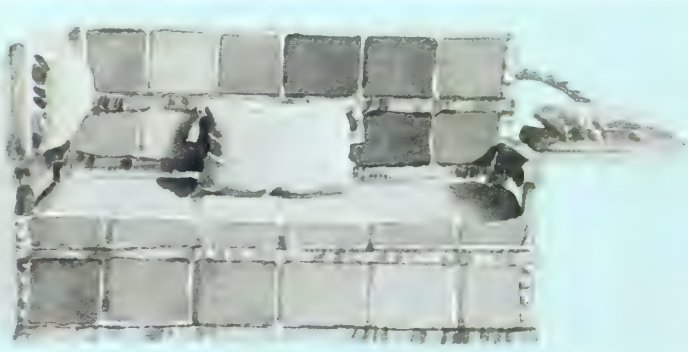
By Mark Hampton



I think we would all agree that the sort of upholstered furniture that used to be called overstuffed is essential to comfort. Until about a hundred years ago, however, the majority of people had to do without it. From the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries, odd bits of furniture upholstered in a way that more or less resembles some of our modern-day pieces crop up in various documents, but they are fairly rare. A well-known seventeenth-century sofa actually survives at Knole, the Tudor house in Kent that belongs to the Sackville-West family. It is covered in some ancient velvet, including the frame. It is hard to believe that this piece of furniture, so familiar to us today, was made a few years after the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth. There are a great number of paintings, drawings, and engravings that show fully upholstered banquettes or divans, usually in alcoves or niches as in the 1750s Gothick gallery built by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. Those pieces did not have springs, which did not come into use until the 1830s (they were literally overstuffed), nor did they have beautifully carved frames like everything else in Walpole's room. There was no "show wood," as the English call it, because the divans were for sitting, not ornamentation.

By the second half of the nineteenth century, large houses were full of upholstered furniture, many in styles that have come straight down to us with hardly a change. I say large houses because big sofas and chairs first seem to have been used extensively in country houses in those huge rooms called halls—not halls as passageways but great rooms, near the front door, that were furnished with comfortable informal furniture. They were classless rooms where anyone could be received—children, dogs, bailiffs, farm-





Stylistically related seating spanning nearly four hundred years includes the contemporary St. Thomas sofa, *top,* the c.-1630 Knole sofa, *below,* and an earlier 17th-century English settee, *above,* which also survives.

MARK HAMPTON

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ers—and this casual association still clings to a lot of upholstered furniture, as does the masculine clubby aspect. One occasionally hears people of a certain age refer to large overstuffed chairs as club chairs.

I suppose it is natural that as life became more comfortable and informal, furniture suitable to this way of living would become more prevalent. But at the same time innumerable houses, even into this century, continued to have formal drawing rooms or parlors that contained no large upholstered pieces. These rooms, with their chairs and settees that stood on rather spindly legs, symbolize to us stiffness and discomfort. They possess a body language that says to the person standing at the threshold, "Come on in if you want to, but you're not going to be able to relax." Manners were stricter then. The reverse message, one that is inviting and promises comfort and pleasure, is communicated by the presence of generously scaled upholstery.

Not only do many of the sofa and chair designs that are popular today differ very little from those of eighty or ninety years ago, but there is a firm in London, the Howard Chairs company, that began as a chair maker in the 1820s and has been rolling along ever since. Their marvelous furniture made today looks just the way it did in *Country Life* photographs at the turn of the century. Some of the pieces have had to be scaled down a bit, but the outlines and proportions have been scrupulously preserved. New York firms, some of which stay in the same family from one generation to the next, manufacture many of these same styles, and they even continue to use some of the old-fashioned names that identify specific designs. The Bridgewater chair with its softly curved arm is known by that name everywhere. The Chesterfield, in addition to identifying a type of overcoat, means to most people a tufted sofa whose back and arms are the same height. The enormous Charles of London chair takes its name from a decorating firm that belonged to one of the Duveen brothers, who, it is said, was paid not to use the family name by his aggressive brother Joseph, head of the family art business and eventually a lord. Tuxedo Park gave its name both to a dinner jacket and to a high-arm sofa style.



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"A watch like this deserves a beautiful wrist," the jeweller sighed as he took my cheque.

"And a change of heart," I thought to myself.

Knowing how unimpressed she was with all the obvious trappings of wealth, I took her out the very next night, but I took her to the Light-Heavyweight Title Bout. It was a masterly stroke.

She shouted from beginning to end, with a paper cup of beer in one hand and, fortunately, me in the other.

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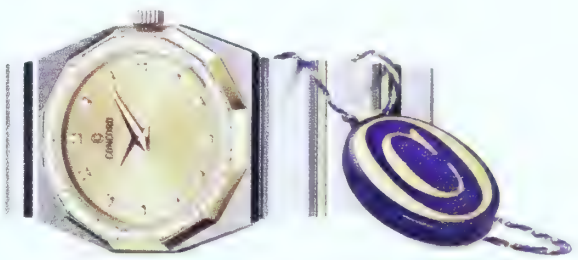
She smiled, slowly, with her eyes smiling last and longest.

"What do you get for breakfast up in this countryside of yours?" she asked softly. The time had come.

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Many upholstery designs are evolutionary forms. The Knole sofa, for example, is derived from a high-back settee (both illustrated on page 46). The wings of the arms were brought forward and squared off, and pillow-like pads were sewn on. They had to be attached because the arms let down by means of a metal ratchet. The modern St. Thomas sofa, one of Billy Baldwin's favorites, is the contemporary descendant of this design. The reason the seat cushion extends under the padding of the arm is, I'm sure, that it developed out of the relationship of the seat to the arm on the Knole version. There are many more contemporary designs that are equally tenacious in their ability to remain in the staple diet of decoration and design. Most of them have some deep roots in the past.

Another approach to furniture history is to study it in relationship to decorators and architects. If you enjoy looking at photographs of McKim, Mead & White houses as much as I do, you will be amused not only by their architectural details but also by the firm's persistent preference for certain upholstered furniture styles. One fascinating example is a low-slung and incredibly deep sofa with a tight seat and back, that is, no loose cushions. The seat height is literally one foot off the floor (most sofa seats are about fifteen to seventeen inches high). The beautiful casino built by Stanford White for the Astor family at Rhinebeck had these wonderful, funny-looking sofas around the indoor swimming pool. They were perfect for lolling in and conveyed that lazy message by their appearance alone.

In the far-ranging work of Elsie de Wolfe, one sees rather chaste ladylike sofas and chairs that were conceived by a woman whose chief love was lightly scaled, proper period furniture with carved frames. The upholstered pieces were intended simply to fulfill an almost neutral utilitarian role. Their decorative effect was negligible; they were there for comfort and unobtrusive necessity. Her great rival, Syrie Maugham, on the other hand, loved fanciful sofas and chairs that were plump and somewhat exaggerated. Often these pieces were tufted and done up with pleats and bows. It is perfectly clear that the one practitioner of the decorating trade put valuable furniture first and the other put decorative effects ahead of everything else; they each leaned toward the type of upholstered furniture that best suited their point of view. That is exactly the attitude we can and should adopt today, especially since it is possible to order up anything you want.

If you happen to possess a suite of beautifully carved Louis XVI chairs and want to achieve a formal atmosphere of richness and luxury, you will want to avoid big upholstered chairs and limit yourself instead to a graceful sofa style that is neither too huge nor too masculine. It should be the type that allows you to use some fancy trim—perhaps cording in the seams and a base fringe. French upholstery styles (more than English and American) include designs that allow one to hang elaborate tassels from the ends of the arms and the backs. This type of upholstered furniture requires a pretty jazzy support system: everything should look rich. French upholstery also goes well with all the somewhat eccentric nineteenth-century decorative-arts styles that are so popular now.

The Victorian explosion has been responsible for the revival of a lot of slightly cranky but marvelous-looking and very comfortable chairs. Their swooping backs and short eccentric legs add great style and an element of amusement to a room. The corresponding sofas seem less useful, often not made to stand against a wall. More up-to-date models, by means of fringe and tufting and ruching, can be modified to go with an odd assortment of the Victorian chairs many of us love.

I should point out that a decent upholstery workroom can achieve astonishing changes in the design of an existing wood frame. You cannot alter the basic shape of the frame, but you can add or eliminate rolled arms and backs; you can square off a chair that is too rounded or soften one that is too hard-edged. Backs can be raised or lowered. Why bother? Because it is often difficult, except in a large city, to find a source for frames, and it is far safer (and cheaper) to modify one than to start from scratch.

Contemporary rooms demand upholstery styles that harmonize with the art and the architecture and the general mood you are trying to achieve. For years I have watched people with a taste for contemporary styles needlessly rely on stiff-looking modernized upholstery that, even when comfortable, looks so hard and forbidding that no one in his right mind would ever sit on it. There are, however, many designs that are inviting and at the same time in harmony with modern architectural styles. The St. Thomas sofa in the illustration is an example.

The current mania for Russian, Baltic, and Biedermeier styles poses a fresh set of challenges. Sofas in particular can be difficult to integrate with this stiff-looking northern European furniture. The problem is intensified in rooms where period settees are used. In these styles, the settee designs are a marvel of ingenuity and invention, but very often they are tall and high-backed. These proportions frequently make normal upholstered pieces placed nearby look as though they are standing in a hole. This is not a felicitous look, and ordinary upholstered pieces should be avoided.

Except for custom workrooms, it was not easy in the past to find upholstery manufacturers whose lines included much variety in design. In recent years, thank heaven, all that has changed, and people who decorate for themselves can now choose from a vast array of styles, both historic and newly developed. As with all decorating decisions, it is helpful if one's taste is developed to the degree that most purchases have a way of naturally becoming a part of a coherent whole. We all change though, and in the selection of upholstered furniture, you fortunately have the option of modifying it if you find that it has become outmoded. If you stick with styles that are to some extent rooted in the past, you can bring your sofas and chairs forward and backward in time as fashion dictates without throwing them away. One of the essentials is to find a good upholsterer. With his help, decorative miracles can be worked, and better still, you can be in complete control. Perhaps there should be a bumper sticker asking, "Have you hugged your upholsterer today?" □



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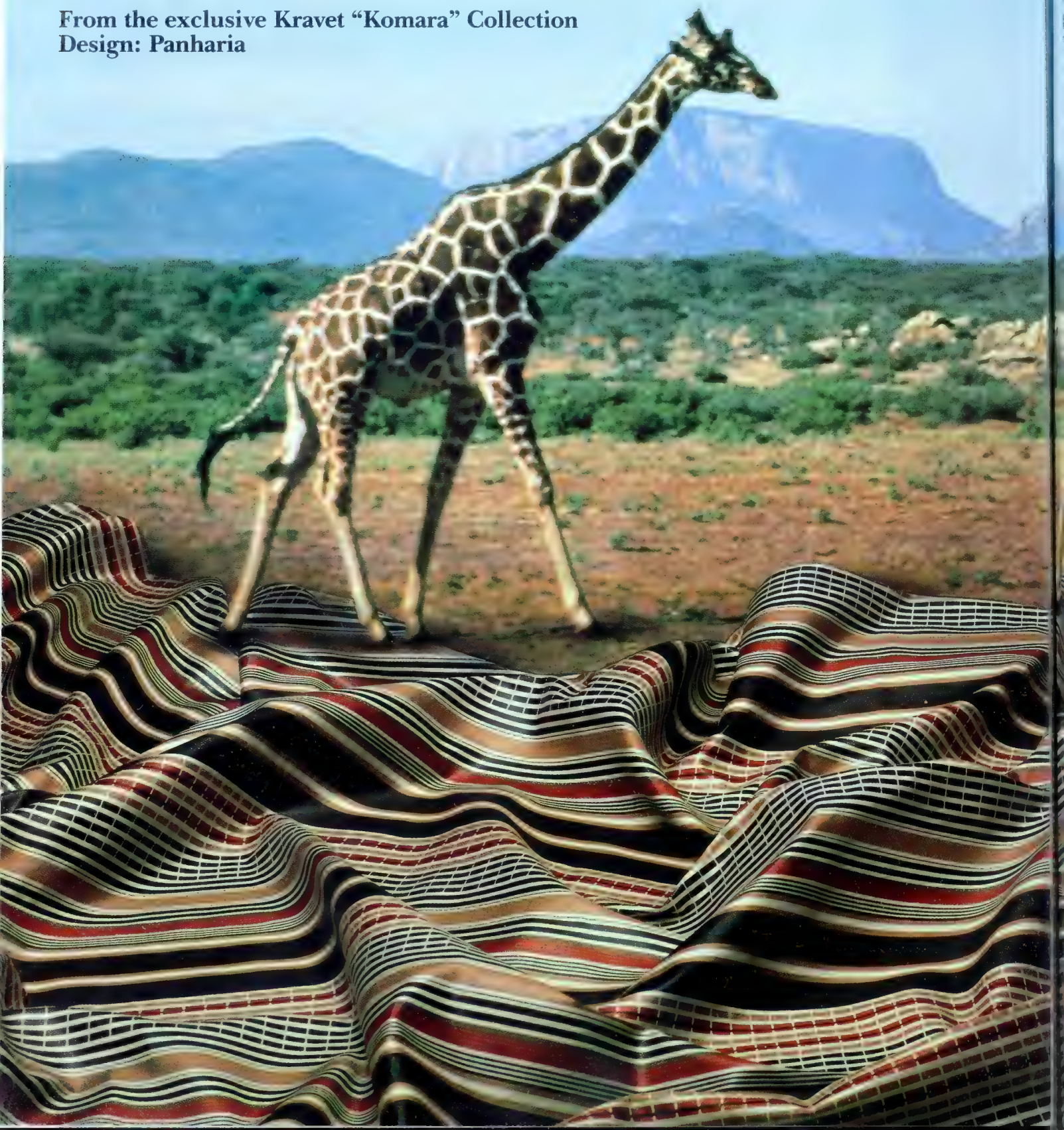
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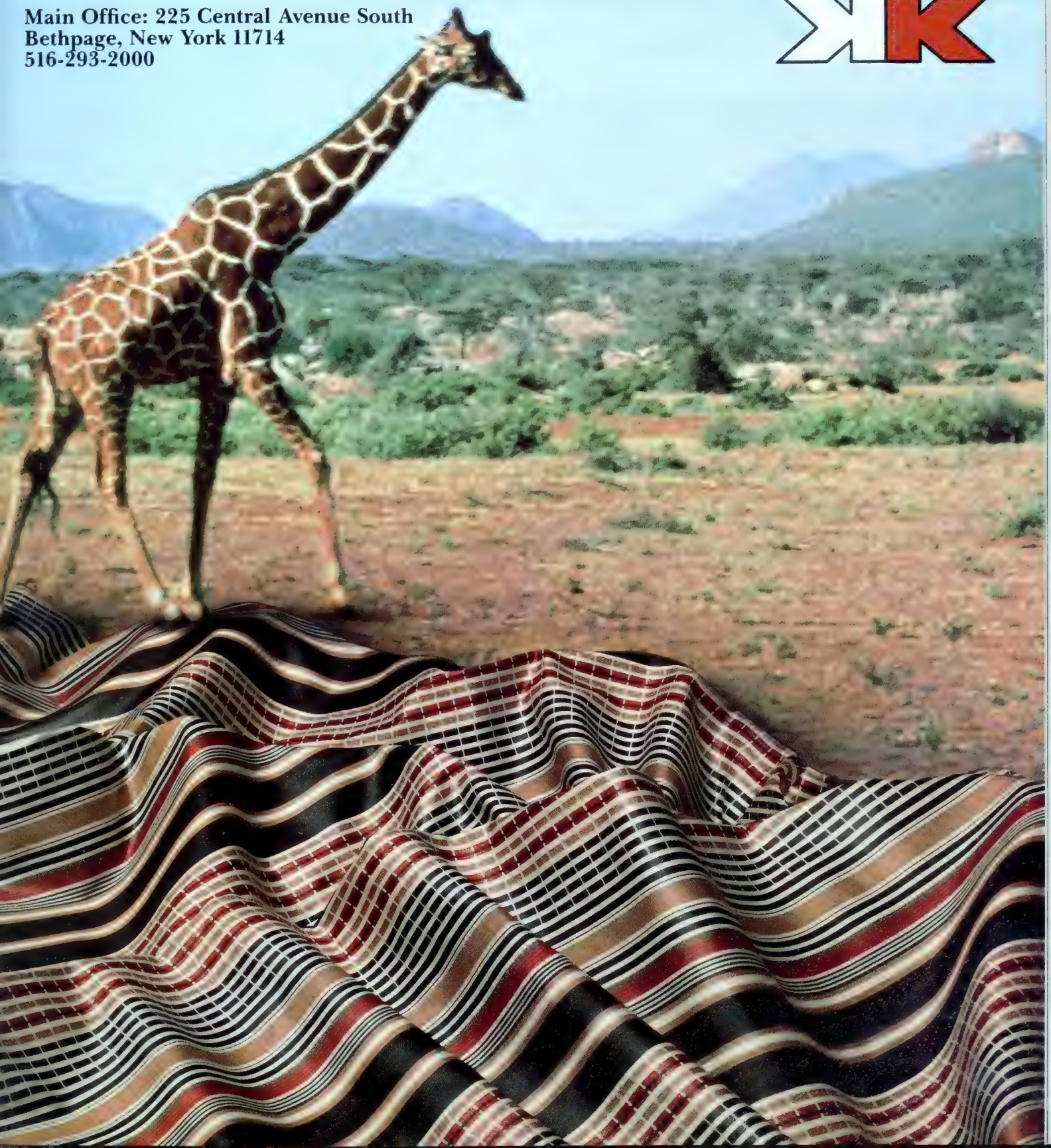
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RARE SPECIES

Artist, author, and master horticulturist Graham Stuart Thomas for over thirty years has overseen the gardens of the National Trust

By Henry Mitchell



Left: Graham Stuart Thomas in his Surrey garden. *Below:* Thomas's painting of a vibrant blue *Meconopsis × sheldonii,* a cross between the blue poppy *Meconopsis betonicifolia* of western China and an *M. grandis* from Nepal and Sikkim.



Few gardeners of this century have had a stronger influence on both duffers and master horticulturists than Graham Stuart Thomas. It is hard to say which has had greater impact: his supervision of the National Trust gardens of Britain or his various books on roses, perennials, ground covers, the Trust gardens, and his own three gardens.

He did not invent such plants as the lady's-mantle (*Alchemilla mollis*) or catmint (*Nepeta × faasenii*), but the sudden popularity of both plants in American gardens probably stems from his fondness for them and his enthusiastic mention of them in his books.

His drawings, both watercolors and ink sketches, are ornaments of some of his books, and one press, Sagapress in collaboration with Harry N. Abrams, has had the admirable idea of collecting the originals and publishing them in a superb volume. *The Complete Flower Paintings and Drawings of Graham Stuart Thomas*, which has appeared this month, includes 58 paintings, 64 ink drawings, and 48 pencil drawings in 184 pages with a text describing such aristocrats as *Cypripedeum reginae,* the rose 'Mutabilis', and the camellia 'Citation', among others. The color reproductions I have seen before publication are virtually indistinguishable from the splendid originals I examined. A limited edition of prints is also available from Wayside Gardens in South Carolina.

One of the striking things about the drawings is their total truthfulness to the subject, no matter what the plant. Many good botanical drawings are correct as regards stip-

PHOTOGRAPH CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES, ILLUSTRATION FROM *THE COMPLETE FLOWER PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS OF GRAHAM STUART THOMAS*

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Campari on the rocks

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

[illegible] and other details but easily recognizable as the flower one knows in the garden, and other drawings that are pleasant enough in conveying the effect of a flower are sadly deficient in showing botanical details properly. So it is a rare combination in floral illustration.

The same is true of his writing, whether of some great garden like Hidcote or a small cottage garden like the three he has made for himself. One finds the descriptions full enough that no jolts are felt when the garden is viewed in the flesh; at the same time a tremendous amount of specific information is conveyed about individual plants.

Graham Stuart Thomas has by no means been the first to succumb to the vast and wonderful world of old roses—some from late medieval times, but most from the nineteenth century. Before him in America were such figures as Will Tillotson in California, the Bobbink & Atkins Nursery in New Jersey, and Mrs. Frederick L. Keays in Maryland. And in England there were old-rose devotees before Thomas, among them Vita Sackville-West at Sissinghurst and the Messels of the great garden of Nymans. But it was when his three books on old shrub roses, shrub roses of today, and climbing roses appeared that the average good enlightened gardener became fully aware of these marvelous flowers.

As gardening writers go, Thomas is tactful and relatively unopinionated, but he likes to do such things as to list several purple climbing roses and say this rare color is not found elsewhere when in fact there are various purple climbing roses he may not have seen—the climber 'Zigri' imported to America from Uruguay by the Department of Agriculture is one of several examples.

And then—you really need to understand the utter seriousness with which old-rose nuts take their high passion for these flowers—he is able to write at some length about the great rose garden of Paris, the Roseraie de l'Haÿ, from which he describes endless roses without even a mention of 'Mrs. F. W. Flight', a particularly beautiful pink rambler—English in origin, ironically, at the turn of the century—which is grown there in prodigious quantity on immense pylons at the very center of the garden. Why? Well, why do some people prefer poodles to Welsh terriers? Perverse, of course, but there you are, and no point wondering what's the matter with them. This much is certain—if Graham Stuart Thomas had endorsed 'Mrs. F. W. Flight' as a supreme example of the 1890–1920 rambler rose, it would be in every garden of England and America by now, instead of being virtually unknown except in Paris. The thing about Thomas is that he is so preeminent an authority on virtually everything in gardening except greenhouses and water lilies that his output is examined with a nitpicking scrutiny bestowed on few other gardeners of our day.

Furthermore, the gardens of the National Trust of Britain are inarguably the outstanding collection of magnificent gardens in the entire world—and all under his supervision. In the icon-smashing temperament of our day some have been bold or sardonic enough to say the National Trust gardens have a certain sameness about them. How anybody can say that I have no idea, but probably such persons would have found a dull sameness in Cleopatra instead of that infinite variety and those gaudy nights that Antony—and who should know better?—detected. It is probably a tribute to his influence in these great gardens that some of the more restive critics have felt there is bound to be something wrong somewhere with them even if that something eludes the same gardener's eye.

One of the vexing responsibilities of the Trust gardens in Britain is the preservation of a garden's tone and spirit, once the guiding hand of the original owner no longer controls its planting and maintenance. Plants die, after all, and replacements are perfectly possible, but if an old alley of lindens is replaced or if ancient trees come down in a gale, it is not so easy to continue the soul of the garden, so to speak, while young replacements are growing to maturity. Besides, many of the Trust gardens once had quite large staffs, which are now necessarily and sadly re-



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blood. The question often becomes how to preserve the garden's original tone without a horrendous outlay of laborers.

At Cliveden, for example, one of the largest Trust gardens, it was formerly the habit to set out 60,000 tender plants each spring, and the cost both in money and labor is now out of the question. Thus the question becomes how the air and style of such a garden may be kept without such lavish expenditures of scarce resources. Two vast borders, each 200 by 18 feet backed by high walls, were redesigned by Thomas at Cliveden with wall shrubs and climbers to make a backdrop for foliage and flower colors in the borders. The effect is still rich, but there are no longer 60,000 tender plants to be set out in late spring and replaced in the fall with greens for winter color. It is by no means trouble-free but at least it is possible, whereas the old system was not.

Some fine gardens, however, do not lend themselves to simplifying the original planting schemes and would lose most of their character if too much emphasis were placed on labor. Such a garden is Hidcote, garden of the late Major Lawrence Johnston and arguably the finest garden of England. Its charm has always lain partly in the lushness and variety of its planting. Doubtless, economies could be made if catmint were substituted for the great drifts of meconopsis, but the effect would be different and infinitely less exciting; hence the plantings of meconopsis survive. A striking feature of the garden in Major Johnston's day was the surprisingly dense planting of an astonishing assortment of flowers. They crawl over one another, you might say. This is highly labor intensive, and since the garden deteriorated for a time after Major Johnston's regime, the temptation must have been great to simplify the planting schemes. But mercifully this was not done.

It is one thing to use plants as ground cover in a grand garden in which the vast borders are essentially architectural wings. It is another thing entirely to try to do this with a garden such as Hidcote, which is endlessly compartmentalized, each section rich in plants as well as charming in design. If Hidcote were given over to ground covers and geraniums, possibly the very stones would cry out, but Thomas wisely replanted Hidcote with an endlessly rich variety of flowers, shrubs, and climbers, regardless of the labor involved. He did this to maintain the original character of the garden, which is commonly taken to be the supreme example of all that a garden might be.

Graham Stuart Thomas was born in Cambridge in 1909 into a family that respected the arts. Both his father and mother drew, an uncle was a caricaturist of some merit, and his godmother illustrated books for children. Unlike many youngsters with a talent for drawing, Thomas was actively encouraged, though one of his art teachers sadly observed he had "little understanding of the subject," an opinion that the artist might find amusing enough today when his drawings and watercolors are acclaimed by so many.

In his youth Thomas had poor health and was tutored privately. He studied the wide range of plants at Cambridge University Botanic Garden, and his formal study of botany and Latin has been useful all his life. For a time Thomas was with the celebrated Sunningdale Nurseries, and it was there that he made readily available so many of the old roses that were still in existence but were extremely difficult to find for ordinary gardeners. For years he was gardens adviser to the National Trust and in recent years continues as garden consultant.

He knows, of course, of his great reputation throughout the gardening world but appears always a bit astonished that someone has read all his books. Once, talking by phone, I asked him about the old hybrid perpetual rose 'Paul Neyron', which is famous for its scent but which Thomas has found scentless, though he is an acknowledged authority on fragrance. I asked if he thought roses might occasionally sport a scentless flower or two and if propagating wood were taken from that particular twig, the roses thus produced would all be scentless. He thinks this quite possible, as roses so often throw sports that bring changes in color and growth habit. Such sporting might account for otherwise surprising differences of opinion on the fragrance of such famous varieties as 'Paul Neyron' and 'Baroness Rothschild'.

At 78, he intends to investigate this. He intends, for that matter, to keep on investigating everything new to him and indeed is a little annoyed that some people regard him primarily as an authority on roses, overlooking his tremendous interest in winter flowers, ground cover plants, botanical illustration, and garden history.

If one thing more than another characterizes his work—in his books, his garden, and his active changes at many famous gardens—it is detailed knowledge combined with that taste and judgment in plants which only comes after decades of intimate association with the living flower. It is one thing for a student just out of landscape gardening school to know about the texture of, say, hollies and junipers; it is something else to know this from endless years of observation of these plants in many sites and exposures. One knows the same thing, you could say, but one knows it with a depth and richness that makes the knowledge quite different. The youth, wanting a certain texture, might use the holly or juniper in a garden design where Thomas would not—because Thomas knows the texture and also an infinite amount more and might come to another choice, based on experience and knowledge, that the young student lacks.

The difference between Thomas and a lesser gardener is simply the difference between Giotto and a bright art student, even though both of them could draw outlines well enough. It comes down to art, and while anyone recognizes authority in art when he sees it, it is difficult to say how it differs from other work. At the last, the eyes are a better judge than the analyzing brain. Thomas has never lost his reverence for art, wherever it appears, and has observed that "ever since man appeared on earth he has been using its resources and plundering its beauty for his own ends. The expending of our inheritance leads to all manner of profligacy, cruelty, unthinking degradation, and squalor. In many areas there is no natural beauty left. But man has replaced some of this natural beauty lavishly, from the nobility of his imagination, using art to shape his world." □

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RATING THE NEW AMERICAN MUSEUMS

How well have architects met the challenge of building for art?

By Suzanne Stephens

Like restaurants, art museums are popping up everywhere in the United States. But unlike restaurants, which are constantly subjected to ratings about food, service, and ambience, a new museum, after the first flurry of publicity, doesn't get such intense scrutiny about how well its architecture serves up art in healthy, tasty doses. Architecture is essential in reinforcing the communication between the museumgoer and the works on display. Thus it is important to rate museums on this quality as well as on ambience, sense of orientation offered the visitor, and the balance maintained between art and architecture.



Sculpture and architecture meet in the High Museum of Art, Atlanta

The new American museums chosen for review occupy distinct points between Modernist and traditionalist approaches and vary according to program and site. The Modernist approach, which has been popular since the 1920s, opts for flexibility and neutrality. Large expansive halls with spaces subdivided by freestanding partitions is the rule. The traditional orientation, harking back to the classical nineteenth-century museum, depends on well-defined hierarchical spaces containing roomlike galleries arranged enfilade. We begin with the purest example of the Modernist approach—MOMA's 1984 renovation and expansion—and move along the spectrum that increasingly includes traditional elements.

Museum of Modern Art, New York City
Architect: Cesar Pelli & Associates

Of the current crop of museums built in the past five years, the expanded and renovated Museum of Modern Art arguably represents the best example of the neutral, flexible Modernist space. In fact, since its overhaul in 1984, MOMA has achieved the dubious reputation of epitomizing the clinical museum experience. You go there to get injected with art. The new Pelli expansion, in hospital-hushed tones of grays and whites, seems prepared for the medicinal mission of showing its art treasures without contamination from other sensual distractions such as natural light, which is mostly confined to the major circulation areas facing the sculpture garden.

Those unexpected places where space, light, architecture, and art come together in one memorable moment are hard to find in the new galleries. The exhibition spaces are large and deadeningly uniform. Once en route to a Jackson Pollack on the third level, you find you have signed up for what feels like a journey through an art storage warehouse that has no exit—until the prescribed route has been completed.

Outside the galleries the one major concession to architecture, the skylit Garden Hall, has proved a big success in orienting visitors and giving them via escalators a spectacular view of the

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sculpture garden. Yet observers note an overwhelming similarity between the Garden Hall and the atria of shopping malls. As you go to the temporary exhibition galleries below ground, you half-expect to find Filene's Basement.

Architectural ambience: Poor
Sense of orientation: Poor to fair
Communication with art: Fair
Architecture/art interaction: Minimal

Temporary Contemporary, Los Angeles
Frank O. Gehry & Associates

A renovated warehouse turned into an art gallery during the construction of the permanent quarters for the Museum of Contemporary Art in 1983 now remains as an annex to MOCA in downtown Los Angeles. It is the ultimate in the loftlike space, which in this case has flexibility and neutrality along with character. Architectural oomph has been inserted into the otherwise unassuming building by an interior in which the lighting fixtures, steel columns and beams, and wood rafters and joists are all exposed. This woodsy "sky" is counterbalanced by white walls and gray concrete floors and ramps that brighten the space. In this environment paintings stand out; the sculpture has power and punch.

Because Gehry has organized the 50,000-square-foot exhibition space into a variety of open spaces, as well as smaller "rooms" for small-scale paintings, the museum serves a diversity of contemporary art—from Richard Serra's gritty Corten steel pieces to Robert Ryman's delicate white paintings. Natural light is excluded in some areas or admitted dramatically through the skylights, clerestories, and glass window walls elsewhere. Unpredictability, surprise, spatial drama, and intimate contact with the artworks are all available.

Architectural ambience: Excellent
Sense of orientation: Good
Communication with art: Excellent
Architecture/art interaction: Excellent

Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles
Arata Isozaki
with Gruen Associates

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THE EDGE 87/5A/55

[illegible] an archaeologist who has discovered a small lost village of plastic sculpture. It helps to have blood red textured Indian sandstone slathered on the simple geometric forms. However, the most important looking building—the one with the majestic barrel-vaulted roof—hovers over the ticket booth; it does not house the museum but instead the hard-to-get-into offices and library.

Pivoting around, you find stairs taking you to the subwaylike entrance for the underground galleries. Inside, you immediately encounter a powerful exhibition hall, 45 feet square with a 60-foot-high pyramidal skylight that softly illuminates the David Smith sculptures now on view. Next door is a rectangular room, almost as spatially dramatic, with light from two pyramidal skylights washing the walls. Unfortunately this impact is short-lived. You are then directed through a series of definitely less dramatic loftlike spaces, a good part of the 24,500 square feet total. Instead of the paintings being overcome by the presence of architecture, they are squashed by its absence—by the surfeit of undifferentiated space.

Architectural ambience: Excellent outside, spotty within
Sense of orientation: Good
Communication with art: Excellent to fair
Architecture/art interaction: Good

The Menil Collection, Houston
Renzo Piano with Richard Fitzgerald & Partners

The exterior of the Menil museum, like a large shoe box paneled in gray-stained cypress, echoes the 1950s attempts to soften Modernism through the use of regional materials. The elegant use of structure for ornamental effect, however, mitigates the museum's large size (100,000 square feet) and scale. Wrapped by a steel colonnade and canopy of curvilinear fins, it becomes a high-tech version of a Southern plantation house.

Inside, the museum is organized around a high 320-foot-long central skylit corridor that gives visitors a firm sense of reference, similar to that in the best of traditional museums. The galleries for the various collections (twentieth-century painting, tribal arts, Byzantine and medieval art, antiquities, Surrealism) all peel off from one side of the central corridor. On the other side are located related work areas, the library, and storage. The arrangement allows the museumgoer to meander through gallery spaces before being eased out into the corridor to enter the next section where art of a quite different character is displayed.

The real tour de force is the natural light filtered through glass skylights and bounced off white curvilinear ferroconcrete fins: the changing tonalities of the daylight create an interior as luminous as it is serene. Here the paintings of Barnett Newman or Georges Braque seem to float out from the chalky white partitions and hover over the black stained plank floors.

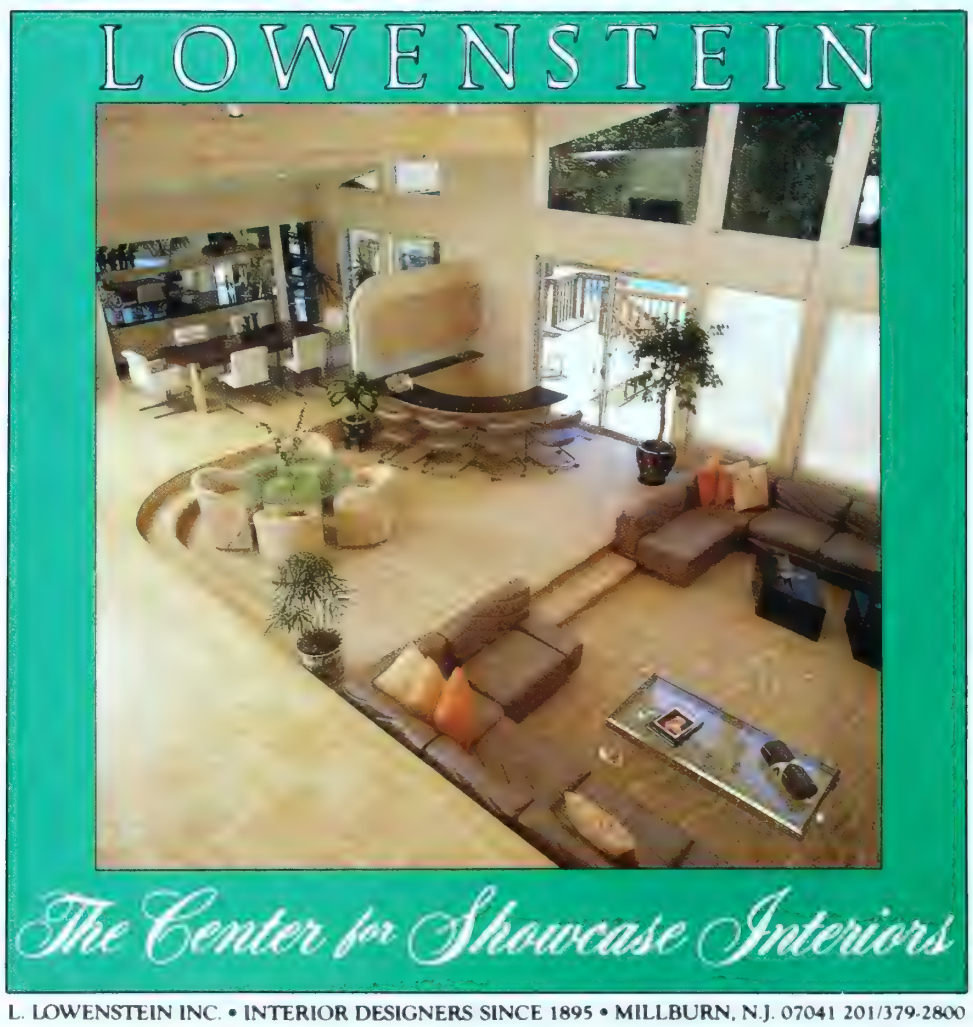
There are areas that lack drama and dimension. The Surrealist art is shown in dark gray galleries lit only by incandescent spotlights, and one misses the evanescent quality that only changing natural light can lend to such works. On the other hand, the skylit but unsubdivided gallery containing sculpture by John Chamberlain is too open, too diffuse. It looks more like a large clean auto repair shop—an association obviously triggered by the excess of crushed metal works on display.

In spite of these letdowns, Piano and crew have come up with one of the best American museums in the Modernist genre, expressing not only the Miesian dictum, "God is in the details," but also echoing Mae West's apposite line, "It isn't what I do but how I do it."

Architectural ambience: Excellent for most part
Sense of orientation: Excellent
Communication with art: Excellent
Architecture/art interaction: Excellent

High Museum of Art, Atlanta
Richard Meier & Partners

Richard Meier has looked closely at Frank Lloyd Wright's thirty-year-old Guggenheim Museum with its spiraling skylit ramp. Curators and artists have always had a hard time with the Guggenheim. After all, artworks seen on a slant, especially from across the



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atrium, lose impact. Meier decided to correct the problem. At the High, completed in 1983, he designed a fan-shaped skylit atrium 67 feet high with a ramp in which there is no art, and galleries which feed on to the ramp at different levels.

The two acts of viewing art and moving through an architectonic space are separate but are integrated through the directed circulation.

In the artificially lit galleries Meier has created a series of ceilingless rooms-within-rooms in whose walls door and window openings have been cut. Paintings are displayed within the "rooms" as well as on the actual gallery walls. The only problem is that often you cannot get a long-distance view of a painting or art object. The installation of the museum's excellent furniture collection, however, is served well by the architect's design.

Outside, the building is monumental. Yet with its rounded sculptural forms playing off a rectilinear grid and its smooth white porcelain-paneled surfaces, it stands as a piece of Modernist art manipulated quite effectively for art's sake.

Architectural ambience: Excellent in most areas
Sense of orientation: Excellent
Communication with art: Fair to good
Architecture/art interaction: Good generally

Lila Acheson Wallace Wing
Metropolitan Museum, New York
Kevin Roche/John Dinkeloo & Associates

It seems that a new wing opens at the Met about once a month. Since 1969 the museum has been pursuing its expansionist master plan with Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo as the architects. The Lila Acheson Wallace Wing for twentieth-century art, which opened in February of this year, makes the strongest case so far that the Met should call it quits.

The 40,000-square-foot galleries, designed to accommodate a variety of small- to large-size abstract and figurative paintings, sculptures, and furniture, are striking in their deadliness. Not only is the entrance to the wing hard to locate in the building, but once you are there, it is difficult to figure out how best to go through its 22 galleries. Roche clearly did think about the art to be on view and tried to adjust spaces accordingly: he made the galleries for older smaller painting by artists such as Pierre Bonnard more roomlike, with lower (eleven feet high) ceilings and with a wood baseboard slapped down around the periphery for the traditional look. But the look is not consistently carried out. One is soon swept onto another characterless space where ungainly spotlights mounted on ceiling tracks provide the only source of architectural excitement. The big whammy of a space—a 136-foot-long sculpture gallery 30 feet high—is really a letdown. The works of art, which include large pieces by Louise Nevelson and Andy Warhol, seem to be waiting in an unloading area. The design gallery, overly crammed with furniture and artifacts of the twentieth-century, appears to be a corridor going nowhere. The color of the walls throughout the wing, mutely tinted by Donald Kaufman and subtly changed from gallery to gallery, provide a memorable feature. But paint is not enough.

Architectural ambience: Poor
Sense of orientation: Poor
Communication with art: Good but deadly in spots
Architecture/art interaction: Nonexistent

Los Angeles County Museum of Art
Robert O. Anderson Wing
Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates

Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer decided to place the new wing for contemporary art directly on Wilshire and design its street façade to be a portal to the entire complex of buildings designed in 1965. The original looks like three large candy boxes made out of cardboard. To counterbalance its tacky torpor, HHPA designed the façade to look much like a billboard, with an Art Moderne twist given it by bands of glass block alternating with Kasota stone and sea-green tile. Unfortunately the billboard is too disembodied from its context—and from the image we have of a museum—to help much. A hyperscale portal on Wilshire clearly directs the visitor up a path to a large gloomy partially covered central court.

The galleries—especially the ones for the permanent collection on the second and third floors—are extremely successful. They are traditionally scaled, roomlike, and arranged enfilade. Because of wood flooring, carpeting, thick walls, wood moldings and door surrounds, plus coved ceilings, skylights, and clerestories, the feeling of the nineteenth century prototype is pervasive. The galleries work especially well with the smallish early-twentieth-century paintings displayed on the top floor. However, the circulation pattern is frustrating: in order to take everything in on both floors, you must backtrack or crisscross through different periods of art. The special exhibition gallery on the main floor, meanwhile, is very bland and requires a masterful installation.

Architectural ambience: Hodgepodge
Sense of orientation: Good
Communication with art: Levels two and three, excellent
Architecture /art interaction: Spotty

Arthur M. Sackler Museum
Harvard University
James Stirling, Michael Wilford Associates with Perry, Dean, Rogers & Partners

If you can't get to the justifiably acclaimed Neue Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart, it is possible to sample a bit of Stirlingana, albeit watered-down, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. This building is straight and clear from the Brutalist Classical columned entrance to a breathtakingly long stair drawing the museumgoers up to the three levels of galleries. The galleries are traditionally organized, closely approximating those in Stuttgart in their enfilade arrangement. The top galleries are skylit and therefore do change nicely in tonality and character throughout the day, showing off the permanent collection of Chinese, Indian, Roman, and Greek objects and statuary quite well. The second level lacks natural light but has been turned over to fragile Oriental and Near Eastern drawings and paintings. All in all, even though the exterior takes a lot of getting used to, the Sackler Museum interior seems to work well for the display of art.

Architectural ambience: Good inside, fair outside
Sense of orientation: Excellent
Communication with art: Excellent
Architecture/art interaction: Good □


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Top-drawer European art and antiques dealers make London's biennial Burlington House Fair, September 9–20, a masterpiece theater. Anthony Woodburn shows a c.-1695 marquetry clock, *right.*



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In 1922 the first Parfums Worth fragrance was packaged in a bottle designed by René Lalique, and with every new perfume developed by Charles Frederick Worth, another wonderful Lalique flacon was created. The tradition continues with a new scent, Dans la Nuit, to be sold in a blue crystal bottle, *right* (at center), designed by Lalique over 65 years ago. Saks Fifth Avenue's New York store celebrates this successful combination with an exhibition of vintage Lalique perfume bottles (six shown), some of which are for sale. From $200 to $2,000 in the ninth-floor crystal department September 27–October 17.

THE TREES WITHIN

With the intention of bringing the outdoors in, muralist David Mills painted the Tree Room, *below,* in a Connecticut country house that overlooks an apple orchard. He is known to a broader public for his decorative painting in galleries and restaurants, including the Box Tree in New York where the motif is the Japanese screen. He can be reached for consultation at (212) 751-1883.



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CHOICE

What's new, what's noteworthy

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Vitruvius Ltd. is a four-year-old London-based company which supplied the marble floor, detail *below,* whose repeated eight-pointed stars are surrounded with a border of the yellow and red marble. The floor was made in Italy and shipped across the ocean to a Manhattan town house. Vitruvius supervised every stage from design and marble selection through cutting, assembly, crating, and installation. The company also makes traditional furniture and objects of wood, scagliola, and metal, and the credentials of the principals—who come from V&A and other museums, Sotheby's, and Hatfields, the London restorers—are impressive. For information call them in London at 724-5107 or their New York agent, Marian Breitling, at (212) 744-8945.





MATT AND SHINY

Epoca, *left,* was designed by Wolf Karnagel for Wilkens. With matt handles and highly polished bowls, tines, and blades, a five-piece setting in silver plate costs $350; in sterling silver the price is $1,000. From Villeroy & Boch, (212) 683-1747.



SCARFING IT UP

Hermès has transformed a group of its status line of scarves into luxurious pillows for the house. *Left, clockwise from top:* Lotus ($75) is 13 by 17 inches; Peonies and Flora Greca (both $275) are 17 by 17. The square designs come in silk or linen, the oblong pillows in linen only. At all Hermès stores.





MODEL HOMES

With not a windowpane, shrub, or brick missing, Dutch model makers Corina van Arnhem and Chris Freriks will create masterly scale interpretations of houses of any style. As in their Dutch examples, *above,* they use polystyrene, metal, and other materials. Prices begin at $2,500. For an estimate, send photographs and dimensions to ACTA, Bleekenbergplein 11, 2023 WJ Haarlem, Netherlands.



CHAREAU BUREAU

Architect Pierre Chareau's desk (1926) and stool (1923), *right,* originally for architect Georges Henri Pingusson, are being reproduced in a limited edition by MC2 Edition. American blond mahogany desk with veneer of bubinga (African hardwood) and blackened steel legs is $12,000; stool in same woods, $3,000. To order, call MC2 in Paris, 4326-3381.

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SPA ITALIAN STYLE

Taking in the waters and gustatory prowess at Bagni de Lucca, in a little-known corner of Tuscany much loved by 19th-century Romantics

By A. Alvarez





Above: The spa buildings at Bagni di Lucca are in hills above the town. *Above left:* In the basement is a grottolike space where you sit on marble benches near a deep pool of gently steaming water. *Below:* At the main entrance are drinking fountains of spa water.

For most visitors Tuscany means the landscape against which the quattrocento painters posed their saints and sinners: the mild and rolling country south of Florence with its vineyards and cypresses and small hills crowned with stone villages. But alas, southern Tuscany is also Paradise Lost, aka Chiantishire, a land of inflated prices, crowded art galleries and braying English county accents. There is another Tuscany, however, that is neither smart nor expensive, and it lies to the north of that great tourist trade route, the autostrada between Florence and Pisa. The gateway to it is Lucca, a beautiful and prosperous city surrounded by a dry moat and vast brick ramparts with tops wide enough for trees, picnic areas, and a surprisingly busy road. The shops in Lucca's Via Fillungo are as stylish as those of Florence and a good deal prettier, and there is an elegant restaurant, the Buca di Sant'Antonio, where the pastas are perfect and the specialty is baby goat roasted on a spit. Yet Lucca is part of nobody's grand tour for one simple reason: it has no famous masterpieces nor even an art gallery worth mentioning. What it has to offer, apart from fine Pisan Romanesque churches and some lovely statues, is the spectacle of a city that is itself a harmonious work of art: seven hundred years of domestic architecture, plus the shell of a Roman amphitheater, all jumbled comfortably together, each style accommodated to the others and all of them lived in, the historical and architectural equivalent of peaceful coexistence.



The river Serchio flows down toward Lucca from the north between two ranges of mountains: to the east the Apennines, the spine of Italy; to the west the Apuan Alps. The Apuans are also known as the Marble Mountains, and on their western slopes, facing the packed and polluted Italian riviera, whole flanks and summits have been quarried away to provide marble for Europe's sculptors and architects. The Apennines are bald and rolling, more like high hills than mountains, but the Apuans are a real mountain range with jagged peaks, vertical faces, deep wooded valleys, and fast-moving streams. This is Gustave Doré country, all heights and dizzying drops, a world

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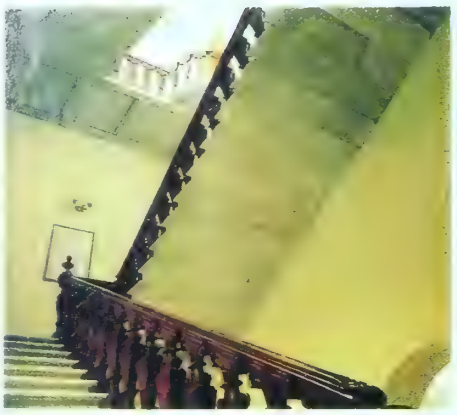
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[illegible] Francesca [illegible] his corner [illegible] by the [illegible]ory Romantics. Byron, Lamartine, Dumas [illegible] Brownings all made the [illegible]o Bagni di Lucca, a little spa town fifteen miles north of Lucca. Bagni is long and narrow, squeezed between steep hills and spread out along the banks of the Lima, a tributary of the Serchio, and in the last century the fashionable went there to gamble and take the waters. The casino is now a conference center, and the imposing Circolo dei Forestieri (Foreigners Club) houses the local administration and a pretentious restaurant. But the extravagant villas still stand among the sycamores and pines, the English cemetery is well cared for, and the thermal baths and mineral springs flourish as they have for centuries. They were used first by the Romans, and by the eleventh century they were so popular that the countess Matilda built a bridge over the Serchio—the lovely Ponte del Diavolo, a raised eyebrow in stone—to help the sick who traveled there for the cure.

These days the sick and not so sick arrive by car, but from the outside nothing much else seems to have changed at the baths for at least a century or more. They are up in the hills above the town, a sprawl of stone buildings behind a narrow gatehouse. The entrance hall has stainless-steel columns, a shiny bar, and a computer on the receptionist's desk. But the walls and floors and staircases are all marble, and the hush and calm make the place seem timeless. So does the ritual. First an interview with a pleasant young doctor who asks about your aches and pains, makes marks on a diagram, and writes down the course of treatment. Then up-



stairs to a small room with marble walls and a marble bathtub, a bed, and enough doors for a Feydeau farce. When you have undressed, a white-coated attendant—thickset and with enormous hands—wheels in a trolley of red mud. He spreads it on you according to the doctor's chart, wraps you up tight in sheets and blankets, nods "Buon riposo," and leaves you to stare at the ceiling while the bath slowly fills. The mud is hot but curiously comforting. Eventually the attendant returns, unwraps you, helps you into the bath, sponges off the mud, wraps you in a dressing gown, and points you to an adjoining room where there is another bed and a shower already running. You step under it docilely—losing all initiative seems to be part of the treatment—then lie docilely on the bed while the attendant cocoons you again in towels and blankets. Once more you contemplate the ceiling and drift gently toward sleep.

Above: Stairs lead to the offices.
Below: One of the marble baths, which are in rooms with "enough doors for a Feydeau farce."



Next comes inhalation. It is administered in a large bright room like a barbershop, with a long row of chairs and basins, each separated from the next by a glass partition. Above each basin is a contraption that looks like a miniature jet engine made of white china. An attendant puts a towel round your neck, presses a button, and tells you sternly to keep your mouth open while a jet of steam pours out of the china nozzle. After ten minutes your face is soaked to the ears, your throat is lightly poached, and your sinuses are clear.

Down next into the depths of the building where another attendant hands you a towel and shows you into a cubicle that contains a bed and a chair. Again you undress and wrap yourself in the towel before you are ushered into the grotto, a limestone cave with marble benches along the sides and a low wall at the far end. Beyond the wall a deep pool of gently steaming water disappears into darkness. The only sound is the drip, drip, drip of water from the cave's low roof. The heat seems mild at first, but after fifteen minutes your body is crisscrossed with rivers of sweat. The attendant returns at last with a hooded prizefighter's dressing gown, follows you back to your cubicle, wraps you like an Egyptian mummy in layer upon layer of heavy blankets, and leaves you to sweat some more. Once again all you can do is contemplate the ceiling. This one is arched and white and has a hexagonal glass cupola at its center. Somewhere outside, a blackbird is singing its heart out. Finally a muscular woman arrives and massages you purposefully. Then you shower, dress, and wander out into the astonishing world of traffic and transistor radios. You feel as nerveless as a slice of cod on a fishmonger's slab, as though every spring in your body had been uncoiled. All you want to do is sleep.

You also feel curiously hungry, although you are under orders to drink lots of liquids and not eat heavily at lunchtime. In Bagni the place for a

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...good trattoria in Bagni di Lucca is Da Rino, a peace-...taurant with wooden ...ten miles north, at Fornaci di Barga, Le Bifore is rather more elegant in appearance and the simple food is equally well prepared. The valley of the Serchio and the wild and beautiful Garfagnana beyond it are scattered with little family trattorias where the food is decent, the helpings large, and the prices low. In the narrow valleys of the Apuans the trout come straight from the streams and you eat outside at long wooden tables under pergolas of vines. Best of all, most of the mountain villages hold an outdoor summer feast, or *sagra,* where you can eat and drink and dance under the stars for less—often much less—than five dollars.

Most of the tourists who visit this corner of Tuscany are hearty outdoor Italians—mountaineers, hunters, fishermen—or day-tripping families from Lucca or Viareggio who are less interested in fine cooking than in low prices and large quantities. For serious eaters I know of only two restaurants north of Lucca, La Ruota at Fornoli on the outskirts of Bagni and La Mora at Ponte a Moriano five miles north of Lucca. La Ruota is a featureless modern room above a bar, and at Easter the center table on which the antipasti are displayed was partly taken over by a chocolate egg big enough to camp out in. Mercifully the food amply makes up for the kitsch: local hams and brawns and salamis, rich pastas, delicate sauces with the meats—in short, cooking and service whose main purpose is to induce in the customer a sense of impregnable well-being.

At La Ruota they cook their own extravagant versions of standard Italian fare. At La Mora they take local dishes and local ingredients—game, wild mushrooms, flour and polenta made from chestnuts, Lucchese olive oil, which is the best in the world—and turn them into high art. It is imaginative, creative cooking of a kind the French aspire to, and the best way to sample it, if you have sufficient fortitude, is to eat your way through the *menu di degustazione:* a dozen dishes constantly varying according to the season and the inspiration of the chef. The last time I ate there I was in the middle of the cure at Bagni di Lucca and dismayed the proprietor by insisting on a light meal. He is a tall well-padded man, benign and watchful and exquisitely polite, like an indulgent bishop, but he was not inclined to believe me. His version of a light meal began with smoked trout with artichoke and mayonnaise, followed by fried whitebait straight from the Serchio, followed by shredded chicken with pine nuts and olive oil. When I stopped him there, he asked incredulously, "Only *three* antipasti?" "And no pasta," I countered. He shook his head grimly and came back with spring soup—fresh asparagus, green beans, and young peas—followed by baby lamb cutlets with a delicate garlic sauce and pigeon cooked in juniper berries and wine. When I refused a dessert, his dismay turned to blank incomprehension. The sparkling white wine they pour when you arrive is courtesy of the house, but La Mora also has one of the best cellars west of Florence. We drank a half bottle of a crisp Lucchese white, and a bottle of velvety Sassicaia, which is for me the noblest of all Italian wines. It seemed appropriate to the cooking and also to that peculiarly Italian friendliness and care that turns every meal into a celebration.

Michelin gives one star to both La Mora and La Buca di Sant'Antonio. A couple of days later, on the way to Pisa airport, we stopped at Buzzino where we ate pasta, grilled swordfish, dessert, and a half bottle of wine. The food was good, the wine indifferent, and the bill was more or less the same as the feast at La Mora. But then, Buzzino is a couple of hundred yards from the greatest tourist attraction of them all, the leaning tower of Pisa. There is a lesson in that. □

The countless bricks that compose the Chateau de Neville have survived 400 years of revolution, religious wars,



family squabbles. Painstakingly restored by the La Brielle family, it now stands, in all its classic elegance, rhododendrons still blooming in its garden. On occasion, its cavernous halls bustle with Mme. La Brielle arranging flowers for a local wedding reception.

Christian Dior

Christian Dior Bed Linens by Wamsutta



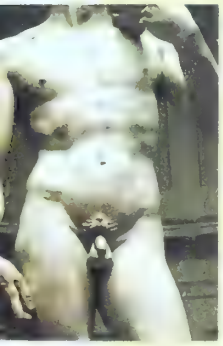
JOURNAL

On the arts scene



NATURAL LANDMARK

Taliesin West, *above,* is Frank Lloyd Wright's unfading desert flower, symbol of the miraculous rejuvenation of his career in the late 1930s when he had been written off as a quaint vestige of an earlier era. This month, fiftieth-anniversary celebrations are being held at the architect's famous winter encampment near Scottsdale, Arizona. Recently designated a National Historical Landmark (the tenth Wright structure to be thus honored), it now enjoys the official counterpart of its unquestioned artistic status. *Martin Filler*





MASTERPIECE THEATER

The discovery of an 8-inch stucco figure, *left,* claimed to be a Michelangelo original, might be the greatest art find of the 20th century, though that is certain to be controversial. The torso was identified by Frederick Hartt, Italian Renaissance scholar, as Michelangelo's working model of *David, far left,* his most celebrated sculpture. *By the Hand of Michelangelo: The Original Model Discovered* (Abbeville Press, $35) compiles Hartt's research and analysis conducted at the University of Bordeaux. With its publication this month the stage is set for a lively debate. *Jennifer Royall*

SATURDAY SALON

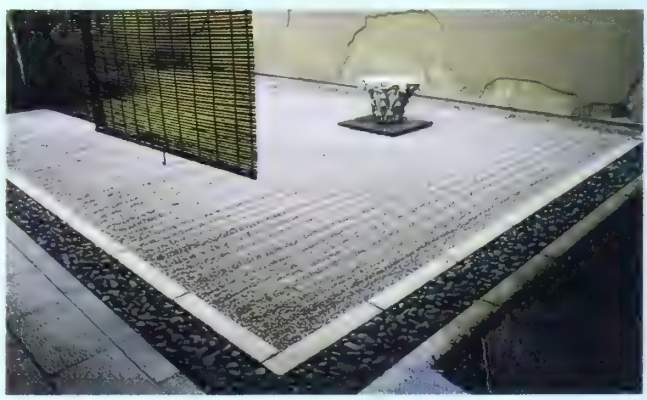


In the late eighties not every restless actor aspires to be a director or politician. One wanted to be Madame de Staël, and Venice, Calif., found its *saloniste* in actor-director Tony Bill and the site of enlightenment his restaurant, *right,* 72 Market St. (designed by Thom Mayne and Michael Rotondi). On Saturday afternoons, November to July, guests can take in wisdom from the likes of Spalding Gray, Raymond Carver, and Bill Irwin. *Shelley Wanger*

ARCHITECTURAL PERSPECTIVE

America by Design, a five-part TV series hosted by architectural historian and author Spiro Kostof, *below,* takes a fascinating look at how America was designed and built on the grand scale. Much more than a travelogue, the series richly illustrates episodes on the home, the workplace, the street, monuments, and the shape of the land with striking aerial photography and scenes of Kostof in front of a variety of sites from San Simeon to Almond Heights Mobile Home Park. Begins September 28 on PBS. *Gabrielle Winkel*



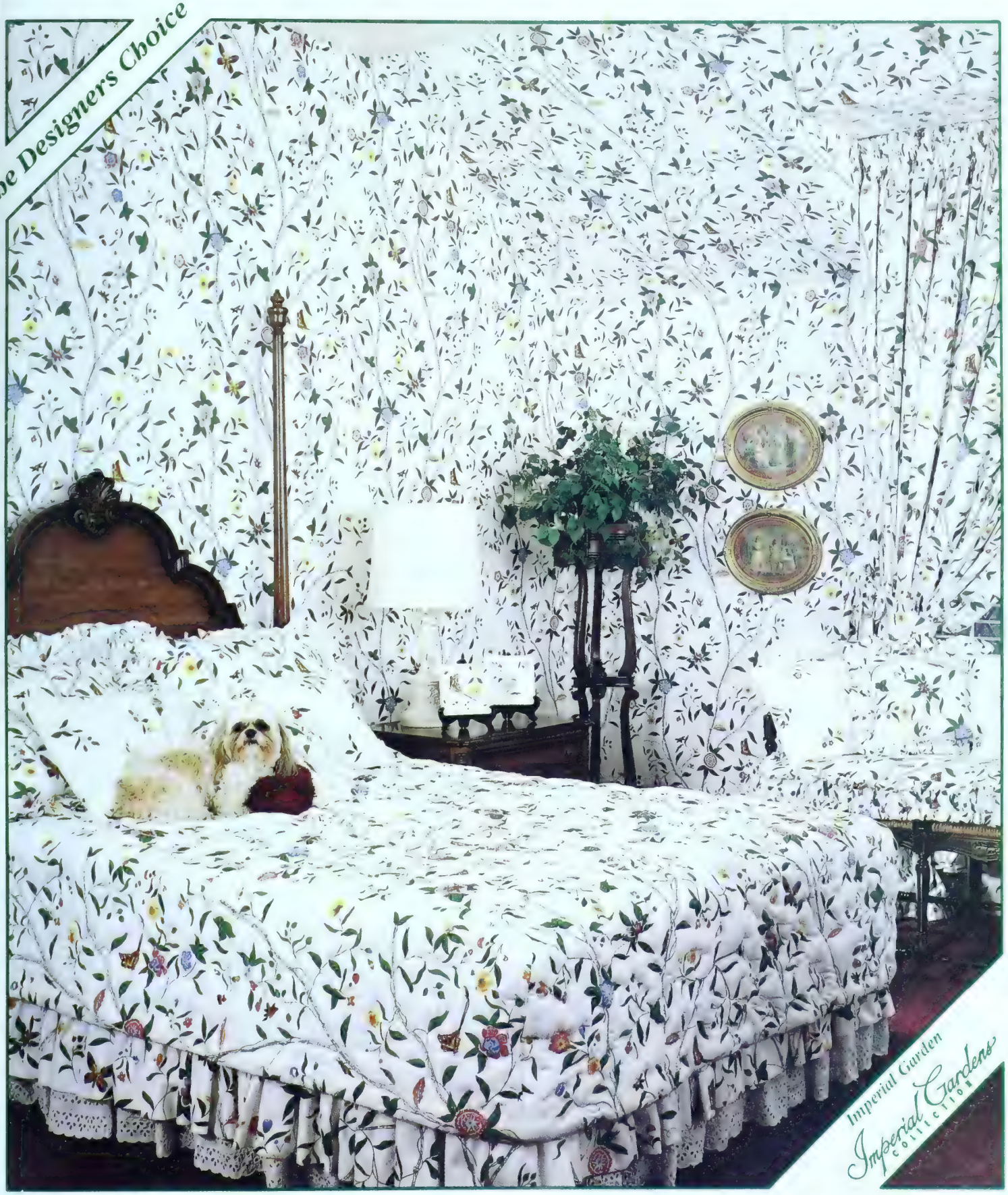


SUSHI SLESIN

East and West are integrated, *above,* with characteristic Japanese reticence and wit in a Zen garden. *Japanese Style* (Clarkson Potter, $35) by Suzanne Slesin, Stafford Cliff, and Daniel Rozensztroch chronicles this and other telling moments in current Japanese design. *Timothy M. Monahan*

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THE RULES OF THE GAME

Entertaining in France is no simple affair

By Jane Kramer

Food in France is ideology, and the French do not take ideology lightly. Every time someone chops or slices a piece of carrot in a new way, that piece of carrot gets a name of its own—*julienne, rapé, puré, frisé*—and a cooking of its own and enters a kind of gastronomic encyclopedia-of-the-mind as exacting in its categories and distinctions and prescriptions, and even proscriptions, as Diderot's.

When the French got tired of *nouvelle cuisine*—small portions on big plates at bigger prices—and started cooking mashed potatoes and flour gravies, they called it *nouvelle cuisine traditionelle* instead of mashed potatoes. When they got tired of the starch and started serving smaller portions of mashed potatoes (on big plates and at bigger prices), they called it *nouvelle* mashed potatoes. The point is that when the French settle on a dish, it belongs, like some irreplaceable *objet,* to what is called the "national patrimony." My concierge and the countess around the corner and an old farmer I visit in the Lot provided the identical wedding banquet at their childrens' marriages, from the foie gras to the *suprême de turbot* to the raspberry charlotte. I have carried my plate down the same table for innumerable "cocktails" (as in *le cocktail*), two christenings (as in *un goûter de baptême*), three weddings, and the Paris opening of *My Beautiful Laundrette.* It never occurred to me how fixed that table was until I became a Paris godmother and gave a christening party myself. It was summertime. I had thought of a party in the garden, with champagne and a lot of fruits and sherbets, but I needed advice, so I called the baby's parents. I talked about the party with beautiful ripe berries and bowls of *crême fraîche* and powdered sugar and scoops of sherbet in half a dozen colors. There was an awkward silence. So I talked about maybe cooking a Mexican supper with tacos and enchiladas and guacamole, with chiles and salsas that people in Paris never got to taste. Silence. I talked about ordering a Chinese banquet or putting together a summer smorgasbord or even digging a hole in the garden and having a Moroccan *méchoui.*



At a far remove from Paris and the author, a *fête de baptême* in the French provinces.

My friends are sweet and courteous people. It was obvious that they didn't want me to disgrace myself by giving the *wrong* party, and they certainly didn't want me to disgrace them. That night I called a banker I know—a preternaturally correct young bachelor—who told me tactfully but firmly what a christening party late on a summer afternoon (or for that matter any afternoon) should be. First there was the matter of the *dragées,* because every guest at a christening party gets *dragées.* I had thought *dragées* were aspirins, but it seems that they were also candy-coated almonds, blue for boy babies and pink for girl babies, and came in either a silk sack or a little white box tied with ribbon which had the baby's name on it. In all Paris there were only two *confiseurs* whose *dragées* were "acceptable"—and even then you had to make a choice, because one of them (Martial) was for bourgeois babies, and the other (Boissier) was for the babies of the *grande bourgeoisie* and the nobility.

The next thing I learned about my party was that I was not to prepare it myself. The only person permitted to touch my party was my *traiteur.* (The word *traiteur* is really untranslatable, but think of it as a cross between a fancy caterer and a delicatessen where you can buy your lunch on the run, in a napkin.) There were not that many acceptable *traiteurs,* either. If you came from an old family, you were a "classicist" in these matters and went to an old *traiteur* like Potel et Chabot, which has been around since 1820 and is supposedly the oldest *traiteur* in the country, or Dalloyau (but only the branch on the rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré). If you were a "new" family, you went to

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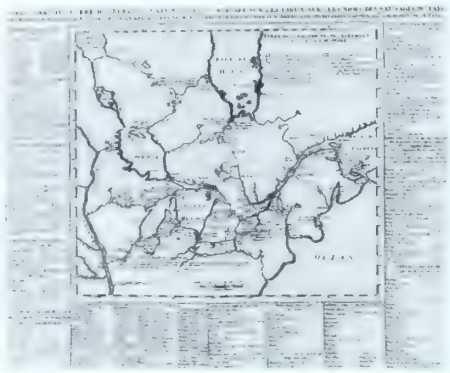
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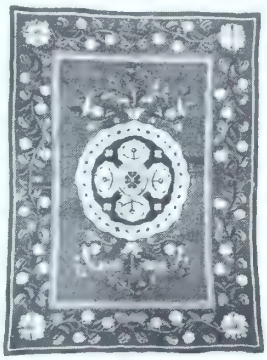
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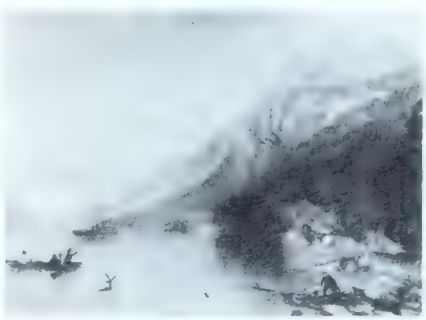
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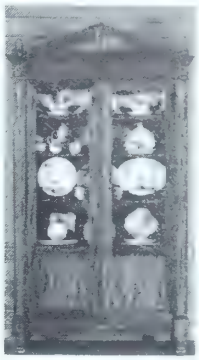
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ntitled to give a party was for someone else, someone who noticed. On the other hand, if you were young and poor, you could get by with trying to cook like a *traiteur*. The assumption was that you would use a real one if you had the money.

Finally I learned the menu for my party. There was only one. I stopped at each of the acceptable *traiteurs* and then some (the ones that didn't try to charge a couple of hundred francs for a consultation), and they were in agreement. I had to have "little sweet things" (*petits fours sucrés*) and "little salty things" (*petits fours salés*), along with champagne and canapés. The *sucrés* were on the order of miniature éclairs and miniature strawberry tarts, and the *salés* were hot stuffed puffs of one sort or another, and the canapés were little circles (or squares) of dry bread, some with caviar and some with smoked salmon and some with squiggles of mayonnaise or a pimento or two crisscrossed anchovies and a caper. The pièce de résistance, speaking "salty," was a big round loaf of crusty bread, about the size and shape of a wheel of Stilton, with the inside scooped out, sliced thin, spread thin (with soft cheese or pâté or tuna), and then reformed into a pinwheel of little sandwiches, layer on layer of sandwiches, and put back inside the crust. It was called a *pain surprise*. What *pains surprises* have in common is that they always look terrific and taste (if the word applies) tasteless. A *pain surprise* was obligatory. The only difference I could see between *my* party and the opening of *My Beautiful Laundrette* was that at my party the ratio of sweet things to salty things was (according to two *traiteurs*) "established by tradition," while at a party for an English movie about a gay skinhead and a Pakistani in the laundry business, the ratio was up to the producer. (It turned out that sweet things cost marginally more than salty things, so the traditional ratio, the ratio that avoided ostentation but suggested an appropriate *largesse,* was eight sweets to every seven salties.)

I thought I was saved when I heard about a young American woman running a *traiteur* service from her apartment, so I called her up figuring that she would be able to supply the right ratio and even the right number of turns on a squiggle of mayonnaise but also maybe something tasty and fresh and (I hesitated to say American) original. I was wrong. I got the christening special—or rather the *nouvelle* christening special. There was not enough. Even the Portuguese concierge from across the street, who came over to help me, was embarrassed. She had put on her mourning clothes (to look like a French *serveuse,* she said) and rounded up all the other concierges on the block who had dead husbands and

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What *pain surprises* have in common is that they always look terrific and taste tasteless. A *pain surprise* was obligatory

and they were go-
with champagne and
the dismal looking canapé plat-
But after a few minutes serving in
the garden, the conferees went into the kitchen and had a conference, and then they made a list, and fanned out into the neighborhood with their string shopping bags. They came back with what they referred to as "something to eat." They got a lot of compliments.

The fact is that people in Paris do not cook for company. The Parisians I know who have the best dinners and the best parties are the Parisians who *do* cook, but no one else seems to make the connection. A "good" Paris dinner is a stylized affair, and there is always a feeling of having come through once the evening is over ("*la grande bourgeoisie* trying to copy *le grand restaurant,*" is how someone put it). People who otherwise have a fine time together—people who go on vacations together and paddle canoes through the "wilderness" (which means anywhere north of Montreal) or lie around on nude beaches in Brazil drinking rum punch from a coconut—will convene at night in each other's Paris houses, dressed for discomfort, and try, in the manner of strangers, to be entertaining. For precisely an hour, a lugubrious gentleman in white gloves will pass champagne from a dinner party variation of the christening platter, and for precisely an hour the old friends at the party will make strained, conventional conversation. At table, the gentleman in gloves usually reappears to dispense cold fish in aspic (or in some sort of *coulis* or napped with the leftover mayonnaise), and then, followed by an elderly lady who holds the sauce boat and is presumably his wife, he serves from a platter of a tepid filet, string beans, and baby carrots. Sometimes there is a variation on the theme—say, rice and a chicken breast in white sauce, with a slice of truffle on top—but as often as not your dinner will taste like a state dinner during a dull administration.

Bachelors like the banker, however, are permitted and even encouraged to "present" something sexy. Bachelors' dinner parties tend toward *gigot en croûte* or *coulibiac*—though this depends on whether their *traiteurs* are up to a *coulibiac,* or whether their butchers will smother or stuff a lamb with foie gras and put it in a crust and tell them how long to keep it in the oven and at exactly what temperature. The good butchers do this for bachelors and charge a fortune. (The most startling Paris "presentation" I ever saw was a duck pot pie—a four-and-twenty blackbirds sort of pie—in a biscuit crust, laced with white wine and leeks and red peppers, but that was at a writer's house, and he was Canadian to boot and had a cook who cooked.) The dessert in dinner party favor at the moment is a *bombe*—ice cream wrapped in ice cream wrapped in ice cream, like the Pont Neuf after Christo finished with it—and the flavors are coffee, vanilla, and praline. The drink in favor is herb tea—a *tisane*—after dinner, because it is fashionable in Paris these days to have insomnia. People drink their tea—weak lemon grass tea, for example—and then they sit around waiting to go home. The evening ends with a signal as punctual and precise as the eleven o'clock exits at a diplomat's reception. The waiter is dismissed. The hostess disappears into the kitchen and comes back with a tray of glasses and a pitcher of fruit juice. It is usually grapefruit juice (very occasionally orange). Juice is the signal. Parisians do not dawdle over their grapefruit juice. They drink it down and say good-bye and go. Not even the champagne and the white wine and the red wine and







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ive *soin du corps* before vacation. The liveliest moment of the evening is at the door, when they make plans to meet the next night in a restaurant and have a good time.

When Parisians want to enjoy themselves, they eat out. There is nothing that pleases a Parisian more than going to a restaurant, and I suspect that, in the end, this has nothing to do with the food or the stars or the tocques or even with being seen (although being seen is a Paris obligation). It has to do with the fact that Parisians prefer going out with their friends to staying home with friends. They do perfectly well at home when they are with their families. In fact, they believe deep down that home is *only* for their families—which may be why they make such nervous hosts and anxious guests. They do not really feel that having people over is a natural thing to do or that they belong in one another's dining rooms. (What I like about being the godmother of a French baby is that it has turned me into a member of a French family. I get letters welcoming me to the family, and I go to Sunday dinners where everyone feels free to have a headache or a fight or talk about some awful problem, as if I wasn't there.)

I had to have "little sweet things" and "little salty things"

One of the first things a stranger notices in Paris is how many restaurants there are, and the second thing he notices is that those restaurants are full. They are full because they are not home. They are common ground. Nothing private is at stake in a restaurant, so people can meet and relax and have a good time. Parisians, in fact, become extremely exuberant in restaurants—especially in neighborhood restaurants where they are known. They laugh and embrace and talk too loud and wave their arms around. If they look forbidding to the tourist at the next table, it is often because they are so exuberant they make the tourist feel excluded—and the tourist probably comes from the sort of country where people relax at home and are intimidated in any restaurant with tablecloths and flowers. There are dozens of small restaurants in my neighborhood on the Left Bank. My favorite is a place where the lights are soft and the walls are covered in a deep patterned Provençal fabric and the regulars greet one another as if they were *en famille* (and liked the family). The food is welcoming, the sort of food they would probably want to cook themselves. There is *pot-au-feu gros sel* and stuffed rabbit and spicy salads tossed with baby haricots or with a little avocado and orange. There are wild berries and homemade ice cream in the summer and wonderful lemon tarts and pear puddings in the winter, and the couple that owns the place are never nervous or distracted or wan like last night's host and hostess.

When people in my neighborhood really want to let go, they choose a restaurant that isn't French at all, someplace with no associations of home. They go to a little Italian trattoria down the street where the pasta is cheap and the oil has occasionally turned (my husband calculated one bellyache for every three dinners and stopped going, but I am a devotee) and the wine is vinegar and the waiters wear jeans and gold chains and shirts open to the waist and shout a lot at one another. The crowd is young, good-looking, and flamboyant, which makes it hard for anyone over 25 to get a table—and once you do, it takes all night to persuade the cook to make your spaghetti. My neighbors go because it makes them feel like Latins. It makes them feel impetuous. In half an hour they are tasting the pasta at the next table or spilling a nineteen-franc carafe of *rouge* or starting to sing the suicide aria from *Tosca*. The best *traiteur* on the rue du Bac does not make anybody sing *Tosca*.



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GOOD SPORTS

P. J. O'Rourke looks at the best two-seaters on the road today

The sports car is one of the few *ars gratia artis* products of the machine age. It's an example of form following no function. The only purpose is delight. Or was. The Triumphs, Sunbeam Alpines, Austin-Healeys, and MGs of twenty-five years ago are extinct. Even worse, they are collected. Fussy car buffs putter with them thirty days in the month and on a dry and sunny thirty-first roll them slowly outside to be admired by other fussy car buffs. These people wear tweed caps.

Ugh. What a loss. Albeit the old sports cars were inconvenient, strangers to reliability, and not, to be truthful, all that fast. But when they racketed by, they trailed a cloud of fabulous adjectives: "young," "blithe," "devil may care," "wild," "nonchalant," and, let me repeat, "young."



Above: Caterham Super 7.
Right: Alfa Romeo Graduate.
Below: Morgan Plus 8.





When I was nineteen I had a rusted, crumbling, hopelessly dented baby-blue MGA. The top wouldn't go up, the trunk lid wouldn't stay down. The seats were split. The windshield was cracked. But if I live to own Cap d'Antibes, no possession will bring me as much pleasure or persuade young women to be as pleased with my company.

The hoggishness of the 1970s and '80s doomed most true sports cars. We ask too much of everything these days—of marriage, career, and even the car. An automobile must start all the time now, be as weather-tight as a hotel room, have electronic this and power-assisted that plus room for the baby and the dreadful blond oak dresser we bought at the yard sale. Thus the sports car has been replaced by the characterless hatchback "sporty car," the frumpy pricey "performance sedan," or, most horrible of all, the vainglorious "personal luxury vehicle."

It's worth ferreting out the remaining pure sports cars in the hope those fond adjectives can be summoned again. One might recapture one's

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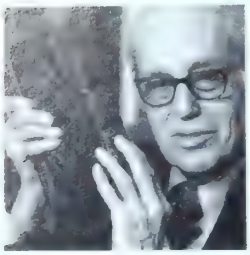
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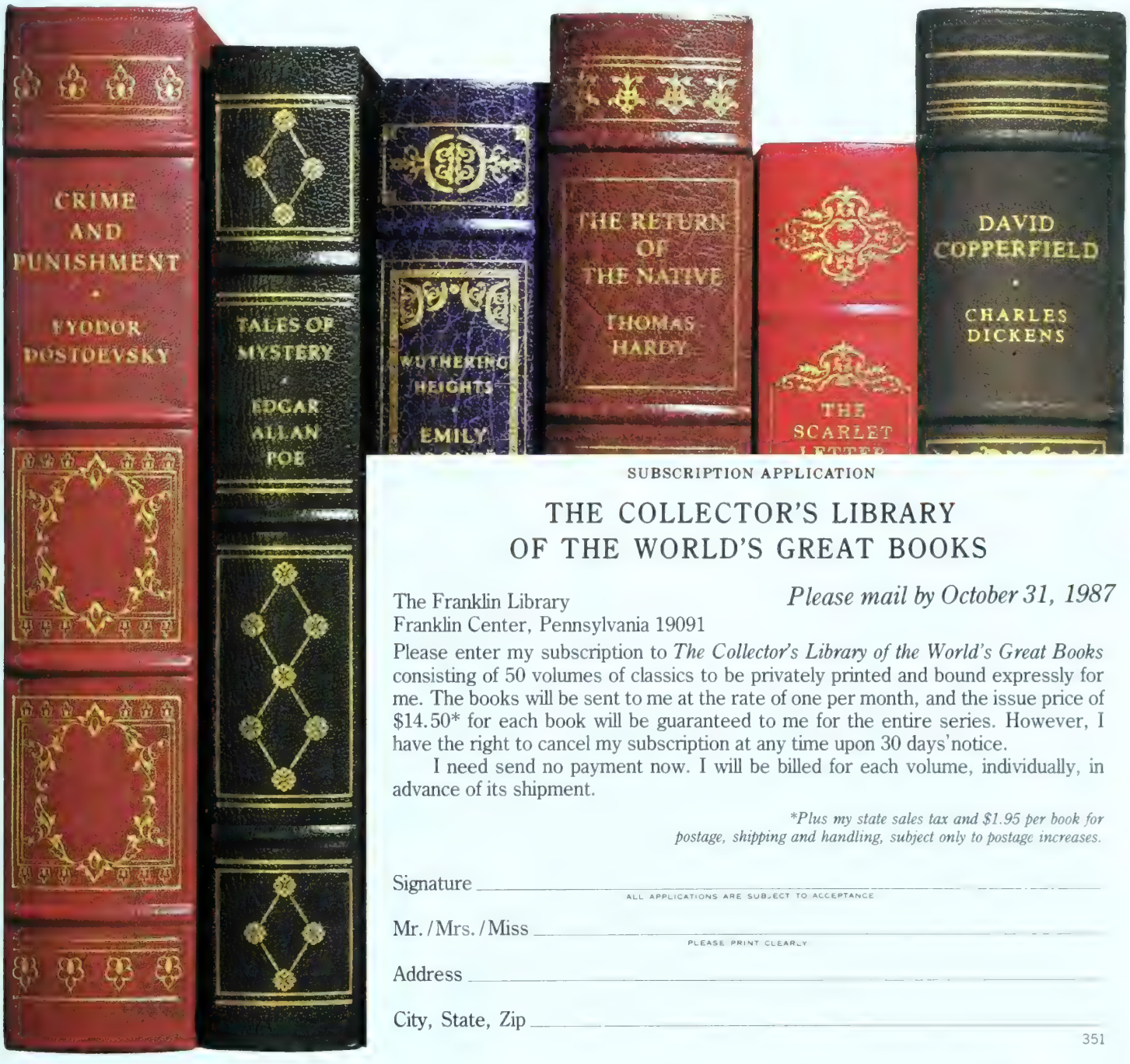
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And a sports car cannot seat more than two people. Romance rides a chariot not a bus. There has to be an unassailable excuse to leave the kids, the parents, the friends, and most of the luggage behind. If you need more than champagne, pâté, and a toothbrush, why are you going? The Alfa has space behind the seats for a dog—but only a thin stylish one, no Alsatians.

The basic Alfa is also priced under $15,000. A sports car must be reasonably inexpensive. Small pleasures shouldn't cost more than medical school. Porsche 911 Cabriolets, Mercedes Benz 560 SLs, and Corvette convertibles are extraordinary conveyances, but they aren't sports cars. You ought to be able to give your daughter a sports car for her eighteenth birthday without turning her into Joan Collins.

The Alfa has a vixenish exhaust note, a five-speed manual transmission, and is swell nimble fun to drive. The body was designed by Pininfarina, the Coco Chanel of Italian coach makers. And the engine is one of the century's most beautiful devices—a four-cylinder block cast in aluminum with handsome twin overhead camshafts and tidy fuel injection. There's a wicked dignity about an Alfa Spider, as good as a great-great-great-grandfather in the Chinese opium trade.

The Spider Veloce, however, is getting gray around the muzzle. The car was introduced twenty years ago, and the engine is older yet. Pollution-control equipment clogs the motor and silly U.S.-required 5 mph bumpers mar the styling. There's only 115 horsepower to shove the Alfa's 2,500 pounds down the road. By comparison, a Mercedes 190E 2.6 sedan weighs 2,835 pounds and has 158 horsepower. And the Spider's chassis, suspension, and drivetrain are not technologically au courant.

A completely modern sports car—the first in years—is being introduced this fall by the Mazda company. This is a convertible version of their excellent RX-7 coupe. The Mazda is about the same size as the Alfa and with 146 horsepower it is more powerful. Like the Spider, the RX-7 is a traditional front-engined, rearwheel–drive car, the kind that's a kick to drive because you can slide it around corners and act the fool without endangering yourself *too* much. Ultramodern mid-engined cars such as the Lamborghini Countach do hold the road better, but when they let go, they do so with both hands.

The RX-7 engine is highly efficient. There is independent suspension on all wheels for a first-prize ride and cornering and an antilock braking system to prevent skids in ugly weather. The Mazda also has retractable headlights, clean aerodynamics, and all sorts of creature comforts. Indeed it has too many comforts. Once you've added air-conditioning, electronic power steering, a burglar-alarm system, and a compact disc player to a sports car, it's hard to see where the sport comes in. Other sports don't have these things. Polo wouldn't be the same if the ponies came equipped with electric remote-control mirrors, illuminated glove compartment, digital clock, and orthopedically tailored seating.

The RX-7 has another drawback, a rotary engine. In a rotary engine there are things that replace the pistons and go all around instead of up and back. Not that rotary engines don't work, they do. But sooner or later someone is bound to ask you *how* they work. Either you can't explain—as I can't—and that's embarrassing, or you can and it leads to the kind of technical monologue that chases women away from the dinner table faster than cigars and baseball statistics. In any case, the romance of owning a sports car is undercut.

The RX-7 roadster's price is expected to be around $22,000—reasonable by today's terrifying standards. It's probably the sensible sports car to buy. But there's something too smooth and domesticated about it. The RX-7 needs character. That is, it needs more wrong with it.

This is not a problem with the Caterham Super 7, which is as loud as a dis-



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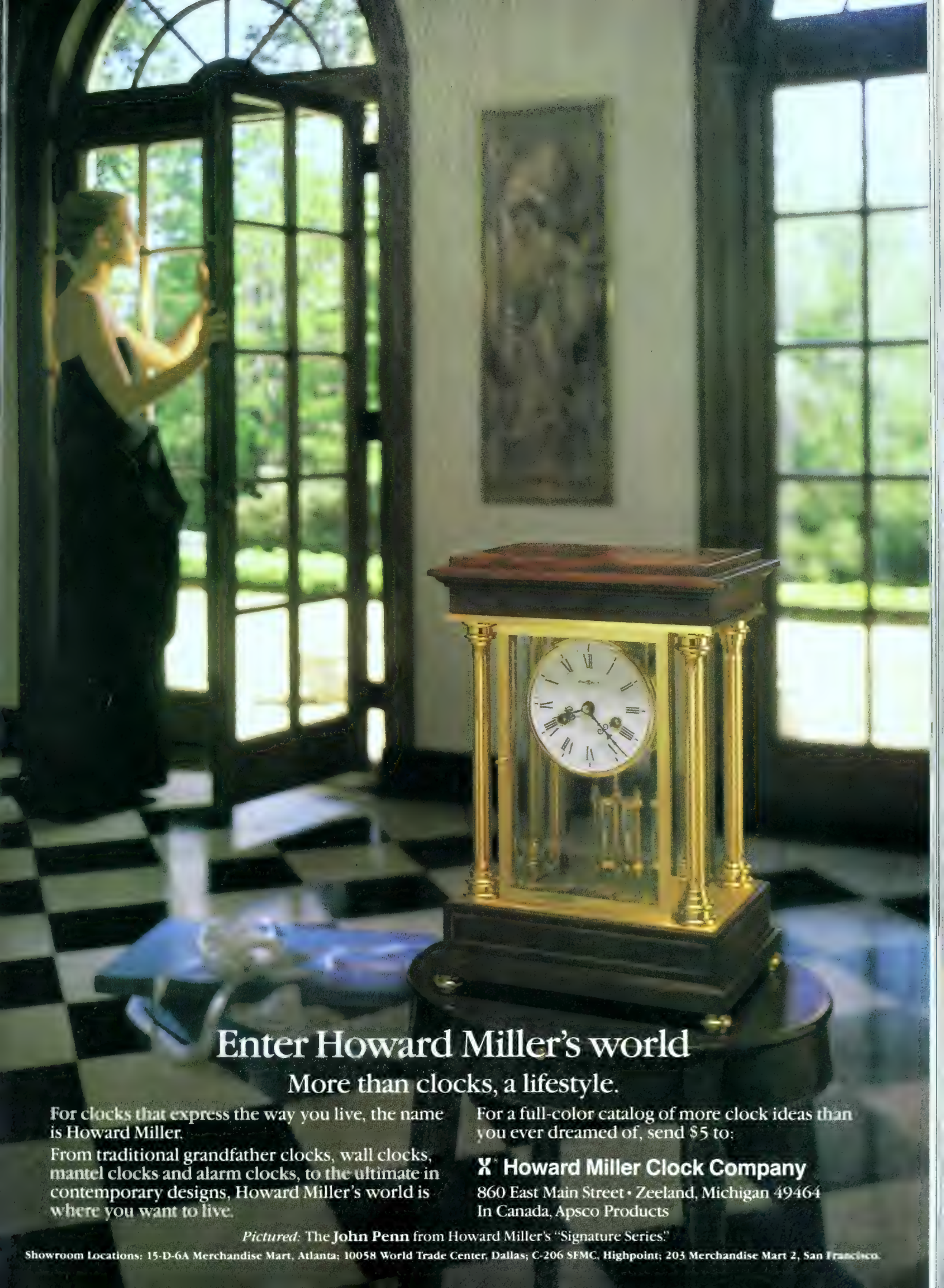
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brush. What's more, it comes in a kit. You have to build it yourself. The Super 7 is a godawful car and more fun than spending the whole Jazz Age in Paris. Caterham Car Sales of Caterham, England, has modernized the [illegible] to the early 1960s. Lotus quit making the 7 in 1973, and Caterham took over the tooling.

The Super 7's aluminum body and fiberglass fenders amount to what one British car magazine called "little more than an engine faring . . . mudguards and a low wall to stop you falling out of your seat." If there were any less Caterham, you'd be sitting alone in the street. The car weighs only 1,275 pounds. It's 42½ inches high at the roll bar. There's no sound or heat insulation—and no doors. There is a top, but it takes the household staff to erect it. With top up, you can't get inside unless you're inside already, then you can't get out. The sole creature comfort is an optional heater, which will broil your feet and leave your nose to freeze.

The Caterham 7, however, is no display from the Museum of Primitive Art in its engineering. It has a race-style tubular frame, fat modern wheels and tires, a sophisticated De Dion independent rear suspension, the best type of rack-and-pinion steering, massive brakes, perfect fifty-fifty front-to-back weight distribution, and a close-ratio five-speed gearbox to get the most from its power plant.

The kit version available in America can be had with a variety of engines, most of them based on the practical four-cylinder motor found in the Ford Escort. With sylph weight and refined drivetrain the Super 7 doesn't need anything gigantic or overcomplicated under the hood. A 110-horsepower Ford 1600 Sprint engine will propel the Super 7 from zero to sixty miles an hour in six and a half seconds. That's six tenths of a second faster than a Ferrari 308.

The Super 7 is also a bit cheaper than a Ferrari. The American agents for Caterham Car Sales, the Sevens & Elans Company of Cambridge, Massachusetts, sells the complete kit, sans engine, for $11,500. Engine prices start at about $1,600. And for a relatively modest fee Sevens & Elans can get the thing put together.

It's worth all the bother and twice the discomfort to own a Super 7. This is as close as a normal human can come to legally driving a Grand Prix car. The handling is as immediate as thought, and the ride as exciting as love. Up to 100 miles an hour, when the toaster-shape aerodynamics takes over, the car is faster than arbitrage rumors. And it's adorable. It gets a public reaction equaled only by beagle puppies and small blond children in sailor suits. A person who can't look dashing and youthful in a Caterham Super 7 must have the face of a trout and the soul of an insurance adjuster.

The one thing a sports car has to do really well, of course, is deliver you to a house party with éclat. You and your inamorata should roar up the drive with hair and scarves and dinner clothes aflap and come to a halt beneath the portico with just the slightest spray of gravel, to the admiration of all. Morgan, another tiny English manufacturer, also makes a perfect car for this. The Morgan Plus 8, sold through Isis Imports in San Francisco, has a stunning, thesaurus-bruising Pre-Raphaelite beauty.

The Plus 8 comes with a muscular Rover aluminum V-8 engine, but otherwise it's a rolling antique show. Except for a few fender and cowl flourishes, the design has been unchanged since 1936. The sliding pillar front suspension was patented in 1911. The clumsy single-piece 100-pound rear axle wouldn't be suited to a modern farm cart. The frame is made of wood, and the chassis is a ladder-style affair dating back to the era of Babylonian city-states.

A Morgan is as uncomfortable as a Caterham Super 7 and much harder to steer. It's not cheap. Even the 4/4 model with a Super 7–type Ford engine starts at $25,000. And in order to meet U.S. emissions standards, the car is powered by propane gas. This means that you have to seek your fuel among recreational-vehicle types recharging their kitchen stoves. Can looks make up for this? We know they can. So

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what if the Morgan is a back number? Even if we are pursuing youth, Anouk Aimée is to be preferred to Amy Carter.

There are several other cars for sale which have the sports car spirit if not the sports car flesh. The best of these, in fact one of the best cars in the world for the price, is the Toyota MR2. The styling is painfully like a portable stereo's, and the top won't go down, but the MR2 has a postmodern mid-engined chassis and a small but intense twin-camshaft sixteen-valve supercharged 145-horsepower engine. The base price is only about $15,000, and throwing this car around on a windy road is joy itself.

Even better fun to drive is the cute little Honda CRX Si coupe. Only twelve feet long and as low-roofed as a dog kennel, it is a bit too cute and too little. But price is a mere ten grand, and Honda is famous for engineering and craftsmanship. Front-wheel drive and a peppery miniature sixteen-valve 102-horsepower engine give the CRX the same verve as those wonderful Austin Minis of the days when London swung.

The Pontiac Fiero GT is the best looking of the current sportslike cars. A 135-horsepower V-6 engine makes it fast. But the Fiero is lumpy and confining to drive and hasn't shaken its American big-car antecedents. We want real exhilaration on the gravel drive.

There's hope for the future, too. Lotus claims that by 1989 they'll have a Little Lotus M100 roadster available for $25,000 or less. Porsche will soon introduce the convertible version of its 944 Turbo. No doubt this will cost the earth, as Porsches do, but the fabulous 944 Turbo with its top off may be the exception to the small pleasure–med school rule. And for several years Ford has been exhibiting a Ghia-designed show car called the Barchetta (little boat). Lovable rounded fiberglass bodywork recalls the Austin-Healey Bugeye Sprite.

There is nostalgia for the sports car. I hope this bodes well for the coming decade. Maybe we can get Mrs. Onassis back in the White House, reunite the Dave Brubeck Quartet, see some surprising new art, and have another young, blithe, devil-may-care era—but without riots, please, or tweed caps. □



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ON VIEW

Current exhibitions not to be missed

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Through a chance introduction to Édouard Manet in the 1860s, the painter Berthe Morisot (1841–1895) became his model, confidante, sister-in-law (she married his younger brother, Eugène), and the only Frenchwoman among the key members of the Impressionists. She participated in seven of the eight landmark exhibitions the Impressionists themselves organized in Paris between 1874 and 1886, missing one of them only because she was expecting a child, her daugher Julie. Like her American counterpart Mary Cassatt, Morisot excelled at informal portraits of smartly attired mothers and their adored children, sensuously rendered in long loose brushstrokes. Curiously Berthe Morisot—in many ways the "unknown" Impressionist—has never before had a comprehensive exhibition of her work in this country prior to the retrospective organized by the Mount Holyoke College Art Museum and now at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., through November 29. It's about time. *David Bourdon*



Top: Self-Portrait with Julie, 1884.
Above: On the Veranda, 1883.



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Top: Newcomb Pottery lamp, 1904.
Above: Terra-cotta architectural ornament by Louis Sullivan and George Elmslie, 1908–09.

phenomenon—" 'The Art That Is Life': The Arts and Crafts Movement in America, 1875–1920"—is at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art until November 1. *D.B.*

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Sporting an impeccably waxed mustache and splendid velvet jacket, with his regal wolfhound at his side, the flamboyant American Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849–1916) was second to none in his belief in the ennobling effects of art. In addition to being a highly regarded painter, he was also a zealous and popular teacher. For eleven years starting in 1891, Chase directed the Shinnecock Summer School of Art in the town of that name on eastern Long Island, New York. During those summers he also produced some of his finest, most inspired paintings and pastels including sunny images of his wife and children, outfitted with sunbonnets, parasols, and pillows, reclining on the grassy dunes overlooking the beach. The artist's characteristic summery images are currently gathered in a small, charming, narrowly focused exhibition—"William Merritt Chase: Summers at Shinnecock, 1891–1902"—at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., through November 29. *D.B.*



Top: At the Seaside, c. 1892.
Above: Alice in the Shinnecock Studio, c. 1901.

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Marisa del Re Gallery	41 East 57th Street	688-1843	**Conrad Marca-Relli: Three Decades of Paintings Sept. 22-Oct. 17**
Sid Deutsch Gallery	20 West 57th Street	765-4722	**Sept.: Works On Paper: Murch, Glackens, Marin, etc.** **Oct.: Edmund Lewandowski Nov.: Evsa Model: Paintings**
Andre Emmerich Gallery	41 East 57th Street	752-0124	**Michael Steiner: Sculpture in Steel Sept. 10-Oct. 3** **Friedel Dzubas: Monotypes Sept. 8-Oct. 10**
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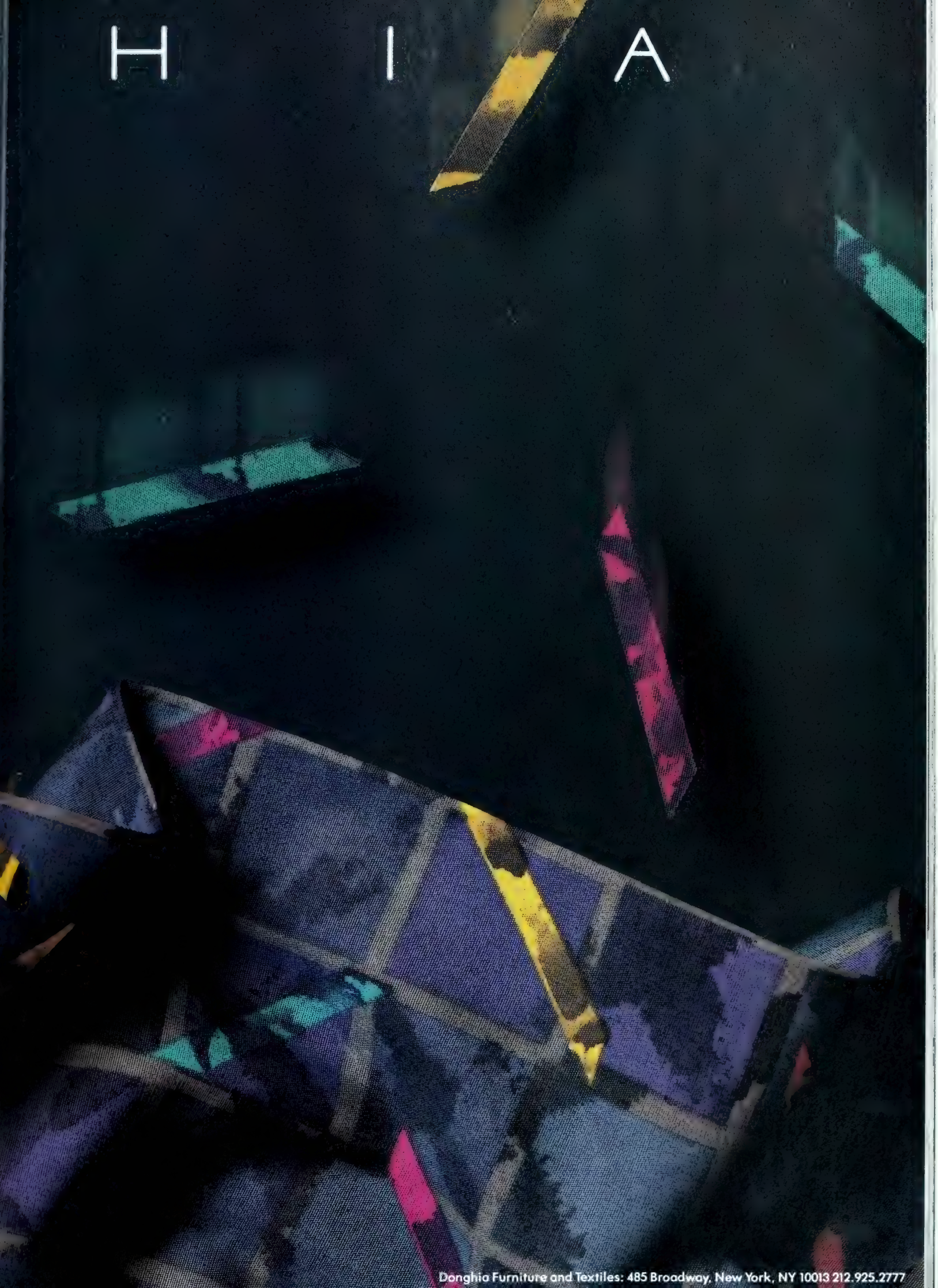
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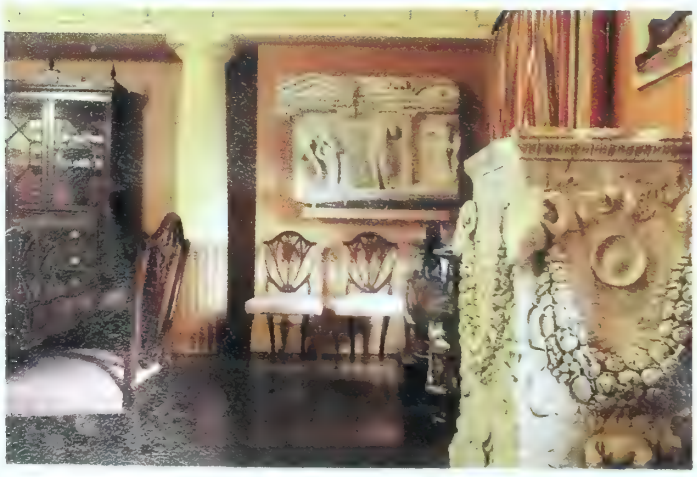


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HOUSE & GARDEN

THE 1987 WINNERS FOR DECORATION AND ARCHITECTURE

Architect Frank Gehry and interior designer Patrick Naggar are the 1987 winners of House & Garden's Design Awards in Architecture and Interior Design and Decoration. Chosen by two separate juries, both the award-winning guesthouse Gehry created for a family in Minnesota and the stunning apartment Naggar designed for art collectors in New York City reflect the synergy between art and architecture, decorating and design in the best work being done today. On separate days in the spring of this year, the two juries met to pore over the entries House & Garden received from architects and interior designers documenting projects they had completed in the United States within the past two years. The assignment to each jury–one for architecture, one for interior design and decoration—was to choose the single best project submitted. Photographs of the distinguished jury members and some of their comments during the judging are on the page opposite. The winners each receive a $25,000 award from House & Garden, and their prize-winning work is shown on the following 20 pages of this issue.



FOR DECORATION: PATRICK NAGGAR



FOR ARCHITECTURE: FRANK GEHRY

DESIGN AWARDS

JURY FOR DECORATION



ANDRÉE PUTMAN
Designer
Paris
"A design should age well. This has a timelessness about it—it is not too trendy or extreme. It is subtle."



PAUL F. WALTER
Collector
New York
"An award-winning residence should still be a place that people can live in—not a stage set or a series of vignettes that simply photographs well."



ALICE COONEY FRELINGHUYSEN
Associate Curator, Department of American Decorative Arts
Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York
"In this scheme the rooms relate very nicely to one another; the lighting for the art is handled extremely well."



MRS. HENRY PARISH II
Parish-Hadley Associates
New York
"This apartment shows an integration of art, furniture, and architectural details. But the juxtaposition of the elements is interesting: it doesn't look too decorated."



CHARLES PFISTER
Principal, Charles Pfister Associates
San Francisco
"In this design the Classical exterior architecture of the temple is turned inside out—it reinforces the sense of antiquity. The detailing—such as the way the lighting is integrated into the ceiling—is of high quality."

JURY FOR ARCHITECTURE



PHILIP JOHNSON
Partner, John Burgee Architects with Philip Johnson
New York
"This design is a congeries of villagelike units, loosely grouped together. It is most subtle and original."



PHYLLIS LAMBERT
Director, Canadian Center for Architecture
Montreal
"We've seen too many sterile Georgian Modern kinds of houses. This scheme takes its cues from other forms of architecture."



THOMAS H. BEEBY
Dean, School of Architecture, Yale University, New Haven, Principal Hammond Beeby & Babka
Chicago
"This structure uses materials associated with commercial buildings very elegantly. It looks like a Midwestern farm."



MARIO BOTTA
Architect
Lugano, Switzerland
"Not only is the unity of the traditional house broken apart through the use of diversified materials, but the abstract elements are transformed into a new image of a house. It suggests a different direction."



MILDRED FRIEDMAN
Design Curator, Walker Art Center
Minneapolis
"It is bathed in a beautifully modulated light that enters through the central tower's monitor. And the windows are carefully placed to frame the views of the surrounding landscape."

OPPOSITE LEFT: OBERTO GILI. OPPOSITE RIGHT: GRANT MUDFORD. ABOVE: WILLIAM WALDRON





WINNER OF THE 1987
HOUSE & GARDEN DESIGN AWARD FOR DECORATION

ROOMS FOR ART

Patrick Naggar's sophisticated design for distinguished collectors reveals his ability to balance modern comfort and timeless treasures



Naggar created a gallery with a pitched and coffered ceiling and a floor of black granite and white marble for the over-lifesize early Severan bronze statue of Emperor Lucius Verus, c. A.D. 196–211, and Roman portrait busts. Walls have a matte finish in a Naples yellow to suggest limestone, and mahogany doors lead to the living room and the library. *Preceding pages:* A Roman marble portrait of a woman, 1st century A.D., is beside a Renaissance bronze of the Farnese Hercules on the mantel in the library. Portrait of Patrick Naggar by Sheila Metzner.





BY SIR JOHN PLUMB
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

New York is full of apartment blocks—even Park Avenue and Fifth—of singularly little distinction. Fifteen to twenty stories high, their bleak barracklike exteriors often hide, perhaps deliberately, the wonders within. After all, they are run like fortresses: doormen and guards 24 hours a day, the checking of guests almost as severe as at 10 Downing Street. Management committees demand anonymity; often they prefer the unknown to the famous. It is understandable, but it means that neither the names of two of the greatest collectors in New York nor the location of their new apartment—created by the young French designer Patrick Naggar, the winner of the first House & Garden Design Award for Interior Design and Decoration—can be identified. I find it impossible to refer constantly to the "owners" or the "collectors," so I have renamed them—Alexander Greatorex and his wife, Sybil Boone. As for location, that can be a little more specific—the apartment has a splendid view of the river, whether Hudson or East you must guess—but the rooms have the loftiness that the collection demands. Furthermore, the river often throws up a soft pearly light into the drawing room and library, two rooms which could not be remodeled. Indeed in the library the paneling had to





In the living room, *above right,* painted a glazed pale parchment and filled with American furniture, a portrait by Joshua Reynolds, c. 1761–62, hangs over the English mantel. *Opposite below:* Another view reveals the monumental 9th century B.C. Assyrian alabaster reliefs from the palace at Nimrud flanking the doorway to the library. Curtains are a silk taffeta from Clarence House and sofas are covered in a pale yellow damask from Brunschwig, swatch right. *Above: Tête de Hilaire,* 1948, by Jean Dubuffet behind two amphorae, 6th century B.C.

In the drawing room, as in all others, the drama is created by one or two astonishing antiquities on open display





stay, creating fixed dimensions within which the designer had to work.

The problems were formidable for Naggar. Alexander and Sybil wanted a home, easy to live in, easy to entertain in, and they wanted their collections to be as carefully housed as in a museum. What they possessed was more than worthy of any museum: some pieces are monumental, some minuscule, some robust, some fragile, many delicate and at the mercy of time. There was another factor: most of the private houses that dot Fifth and Park avenues usually concentrate on specific collections such as old masters, new masters, furniture American or English, silver, ceramics, books or drawings, sometimes even on very specialized aspects of these fields, but Sybil and Alexander's collections range from sculpture of the ninth millennium B.C. to Hoffmann furniture. The geographical range was equally daunting: from the Bering Strait via Veracruz to Benin, then sweeping up through Egypt on to the Middle East and Asia Minor, a side glance at India, back to all countries in Europe as far north as Karelia. Still, every room had to have the feeling of a home, and every single object had to be displayed to its advantage and not put to the slightest risk or allowed to jar with other epochs or differing materials.

Sybil, who is a perfectionist, was determined not to entrust so complex a task to an established decorator with a troupe of assistants, nor did she want someone untried for whom antiquities might be a strange new world. The choice of Patrick Naggar was brilliant—his remarkable abilities had created an antiquities gallery in London which Sybil knew well—so this gifted young designer, who works in association with Didier Aaron in New York, was summoned from Paris. Within eighteen months he had created a remarkable apartment.

The way in which he solved some of the fundamental problems through his exceptional visual imagination can best be illustrated by looking first at the Greatorexes' private rooms. *(Text continued on page 234)*

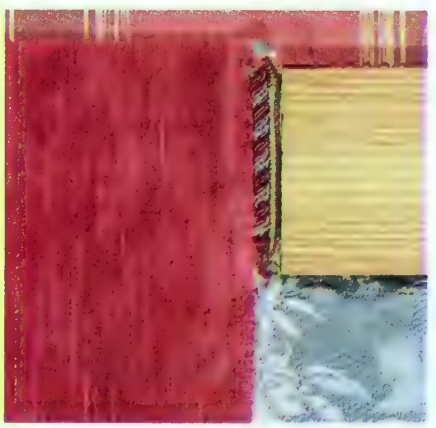




Antiquities and 19th-century American furniture make for a dramatic mix in the dining room, *above right*. A Duncan Phyfe table, c. 1810, with Hepplewhite chairs is complemented by Roman marble sarcophagi flanking a fresco of a reclining woman, 1st century A.D., over a grave altar, A.D. 69–96. *Above:* Another fresco hangs over a Hepplewhite sideboard with Attic black-figured vases and south Italian fish plates. *Right:* In the library, Soutine's *The French Cook*, 1924–25, hangs above the mantel beyond the Chesterfield sofas covered in linen velvet. Curtains are silk taffeta. Both fabrics from Brunschwig.









The heart of the collection—over three hundred objects—derives from antiquity, from the rubble of temples, the rubbish bins of villas and forums, and the graves of the dead

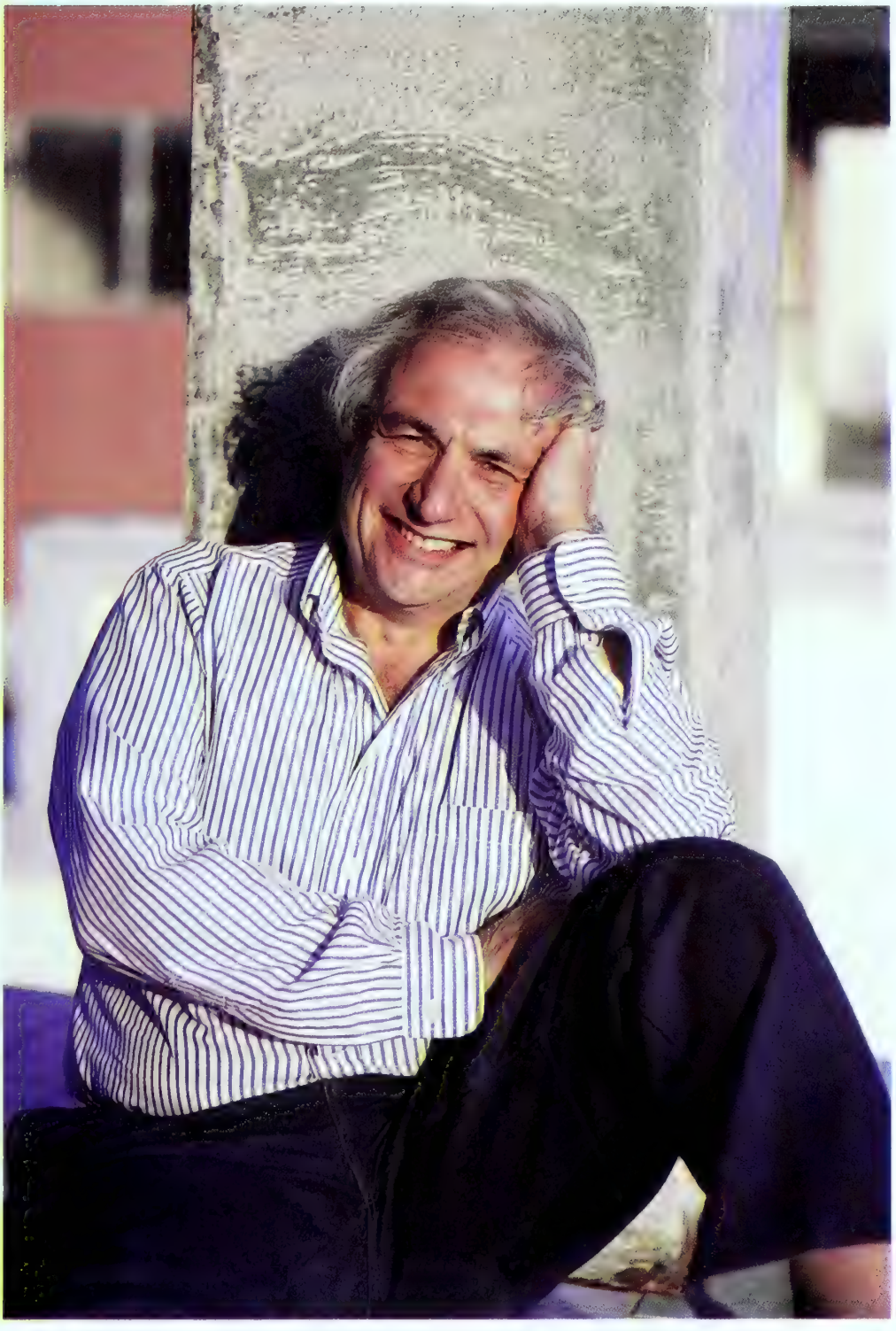




In the Bronze Room, *above,* Naggar designed a barrel-vaulted ceiling, textured the walls to look like terra-cotta, interspersed burnt sienna stars with recessed lighting. On open display are Attic, Mycenaean, and south Italian vases dating from 1500 B.C. to 3rd century A.D. On a pedestal in the distance, a Hypnos figure, 1st century B.C. *Right:* Bronze statue of a Greek youth in Polykleiton style, 3rd century B.C.



Set on a handsomely wooded site in Minnesota, the startling forms and unconventional materials of Frank Gehry's latest house attain a calm not often found in the hard-edged Los Angeles context of most of his work. *Opposite:* The architect in a portrait by William Waldron.

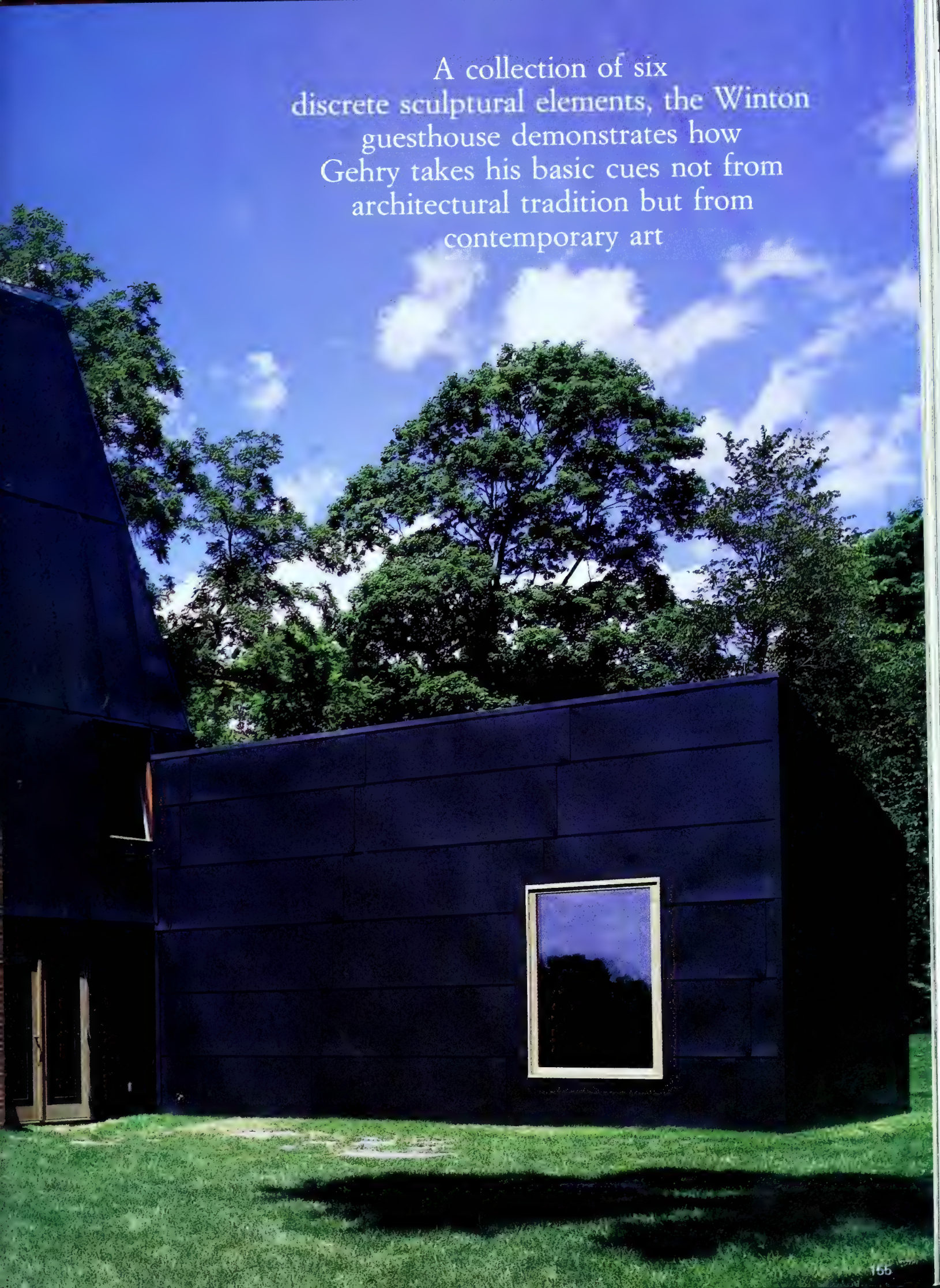


WINNER OF THE 1987
HOUSE & GARDEN DESIGN AWARD FOR ARCHITECTURE

THE HOUSE AS ART

Frank Gehry's masterful Winton guesthouse epitomizes his unparalleled gift for creating architecture of challenging originality




A collection of six
discrete sculptural elements, the Winton
guesthouse demonstrates how
Gehry takes his basic cues not from
architectural tradition but from
contemporary art







BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANT MUDFORD

Among high-style architects today, perhaps none is more perplexing to the lay public than the Los Angeles–based Frank Gehry. He is well aware of that, as indicated by the epigraph he chose for the catalogue of last year's Walker Art Center retrospective of his work (now on view in his birthplace of Toronto). "Being accepted isn't everything," he wrote a bit defensively, though one must of course ask whose acceptance does he seek? He has been praised for over a decade in the architectural press as perhaps America's most original architect, no small accomplishment during a period in which imitation and appropriation have been taken to new extremes. Gehry has long enjoyed the esteem of fellow artists, numbering among his friends and collaborators such heavyweights as Claes Oldenburg and Richard Serra. His central place on the L.A. art scene is undisputed, and his wide and surprising circle embraces virtually every creative discipline. Yet only now, at age 58 and following the flurry of national publicity that accompanied the Walker show, is Frank Gehry beginning to receive the kind of wider recognition that has eluded him even after years of consistent and frequently astonishing architectural achievement.

Gehry's latest building, a guesthouse in Minnesota, represents a significant advance in his career because with it he has taken some of his most interesting (and long gestating) ideas to a particularly impressive conclusion. Although this is one of his most polished performances in an oeuvre notable for its offhanded attitudes toward materials, details, and finishes, it is by no

The windowless elevations of the guesthouse, *left,* that face the main house emphasize the sculptural nature of Gehry's conception. Here five of the component structures are visible, though all six can be seen at once only from a single vantage point behind the guesthouse. The vaulted prowlike form, clad in beige Minnesota dolomite limestone, shelters one of the two sparsely furnished bedrooms, *above.*

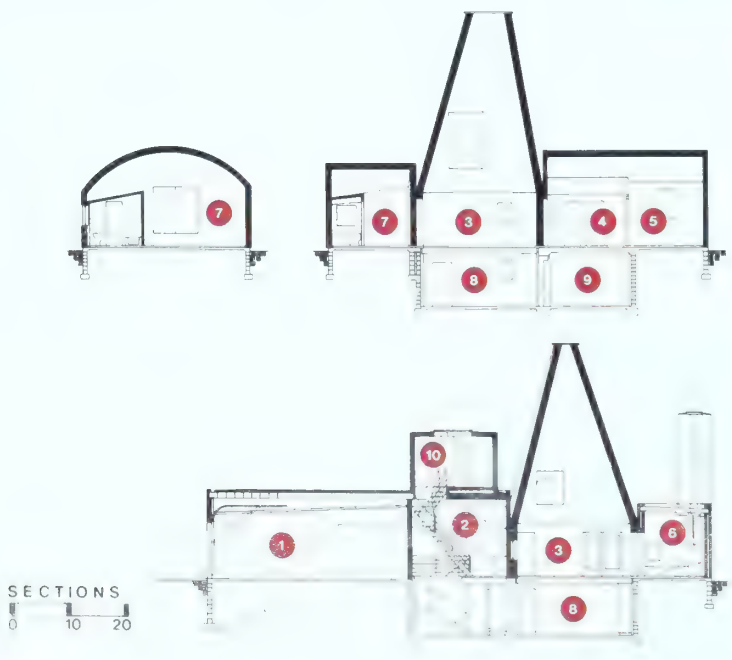


means an easy house for the average viewer to understand. Not long after its completion earlier this year, the first busload of museum-tour visitors arrived to inspect this unquestionable architectural landmark of the future. One of the women on the tour directed two questions to the owners: how many rooms would it have and when would it be finished? The news that it was already completed was met with a certain bemused amazement. What would that person have thought of one of Frank Gehry's notorious designs of ten years earlier, which looked as though a cyclone had hit the construction site?

In the Winton guesthouse, the confrontational torment palpable in Gehry's schemes of the 1970s has given way to a calm but by no means complacent confidence, a mastery of technique matched by a clarification of forms. Importantly there has been no loss of excitement or slackening of intellectual rigor in the bargain, only the clear evidence of a maturing artist who is now moving from strength to new strength. If, as is so often the case in avant-garde architecture, the private house serves as a kind of sketchbook for new ideas later executed on the public scale, then the Winton guesthouse predicts that America at the end of the century of Modernism can expect from the hand of Frank Gehry some major contenders for the history books.

In 1964 the Wintons became the second owners of Philip Johnson's Davis house of 1952, a characteristic

Although Gehry's seemingly loose ensembles have the air of random occurrences, they are in fact carefully plotted, first through models and then in drawings, accounting for their strong compositional logic



example of the architect's stolid Miesian mode which followed the completion of his famous Glass House three years before. The Wintons raised their five children in that flat-roofed brick-and-glass structure set on a gently rolling, handsomely landscaped site overlooking a sparkling Minnesota lake. As their offspring married and had families of their own, the Wintons decided to build a guesthouse on their twelve-acre property and logically called Philip Johnson to ask if he would design the annex to his own original. By 1981, Johnson had long since ceased designing houses, and in fact had developed a busy sideline in *(Text continued on page 242)*

Floor plan, *above,* and sections, *left,* indicate Gehry's success in devising a rich array of spaces within relatively small areas. *Opposite above:* A galvanized sheet metal column supports the similarly clad sleeping loft. *Opposite below:* The garage is sheathed in resinated Finnish plywood paneling outlined with aluminum strips, much like Gehry's Loyola Law School chapel in L.A.







The underside of the stairway leading up to the sleeping loft is encased in unfinished wood and wire glass, requested by the clients as an affectionate reference to Gehry's controversial "deconstructed" style of the 1970s. *Opposite:* The central tower room, with skylight and large oblique windows, is a family gathering place.



Climbing hydrangea frames the doorway from the garden into the living room and parlor beyond. The floor is painted in an early-18th-century design; the tiger maple clock was made in Temple by Bartholomew Ballard, c. 1800. *Opposite above:* Wood-framed relief of ship, 19th century. *Opposite below:* Chinese gilded metal cat, also 19th century.

AMERICAN SIMPLICITY

On a village green in New Hampshire, William Nathaniel Banks and his 1797 house are at ease with history

BY BRENDAN GILL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



Driving at a speed well within the law, one enters and leaves the town of Temple, New Hampshire, so quickly that an unexpected sneeze may cause one to miss seeing it altogether—bad luck for travelers with an eye for modest beauty but reckoned to be good luck by many local residents, who seek to avoid the tourist attention that other New England villages ardently pursue. The township of Temple, incorporated in 1768 and named for John Temple, lieutenant governor of the province, is a vast tract of some 15,000 acres of forest and field in the Monadnock region, but the town center itself is on a diminutive scale. It consists of a handful of sturdy, white-painted, wood-frame structures, built mostly in the late eighteenth and early to middle nineteenth centuries and scattered more or less at random around a green whose boundaries appear also to have been chosen at random. (Traditionally in New England, highways, like watercourses and wandering cattle, follow the line of least resistance; many a village green that was laid out a couple of centuries ago as a proper rectangle is today an endangered trapezoid or triangle.)

The Temple green is perched at an elevation of a thousand feet on a rocky shelf of Temple Mountain. Facing the green are a church, a town hall, a few clapboard and brick houses, and an ample burying ground. It is not, and doesn't strive to be, a picture-book assemblage; the blight of a calculated cosmetic quaintness is mercifully absent. Instead the note struck is one of down-to-earth dignity, based not on some link to a celebrated event or person but on the simple, difficult feat of enduring for generations in a harsh climate, tilling an intractable soil. Temple's most famous citizens are General James Miller, a hero of the War of 1812, and Daniel Pratt, who designed and built a number of handsome plantation houses in the Georgia Piedmont in the prosperous years before the Civil War. Neither of these worthies may be said to be a household name, even in Temple. No matter—the present and the past, though that past be half-forgotten, crisscross in unlooked-for and often highly productive ways.

In the last issue of this magazine an account was given of how the writer and historian William Nathaniel Banks came to acquire one of those Pratt plantation houses, then in a near-ruinous condition, and to restore it to its former glory. He did so on the strength of a coincidence: as the owner in Temple of the Colonel Abijah Wheeler house, which occupies a site at the southwest corner of the green, Banks had learned that Pratt was a native son of Temple (the Pratt family homestead is still standing). Coincidences startle us by flying in the face of what we consider reasonable, and only a confirmed romantic is likely to respond affirmatively to them; it happens that Banks is just such a romantic and that he found the Pratt connection irresistible. The happy consequence is that, thanks to him, two superb American houses a thousand miles apart have been preserved and put in immaculate order within and without.



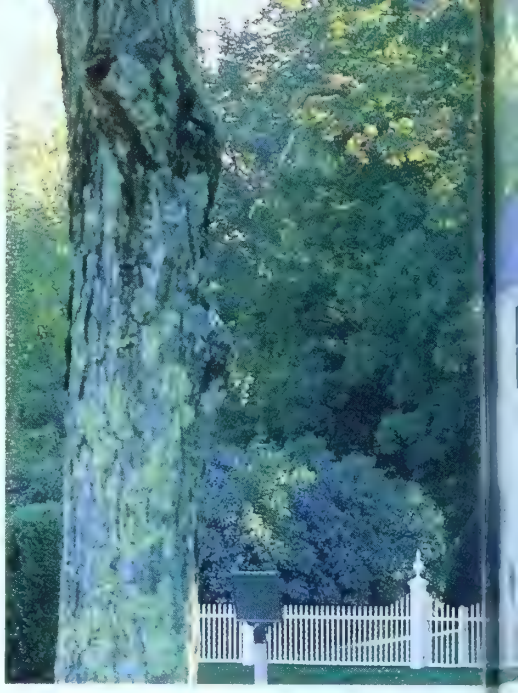
The houses are not only widely separated in space but in time as well. The New Hampshire house was built in 1797, the Georgia house in 1828, and they are therefore highly unlike in their natures. The Georgia house is truly grand, while the New Hampshire house only aspires to be grand and ends by being what Banks calls an "attempt at stylishness." The attempt is cer-



The long, commodious living room, which also serves as Banks's study, was once three smaller rooms. To the left is the original kitchen fireplace; in the foreground a 17th-century Italian Jacobean table; beneath the 18th-century botanical prints, a pair of late-19th-century Shaker side chairs; at the end of the room, a Louis XV–style fruitwood desk. A 19th-century carved-wood eagle hangs over the door to the garden.













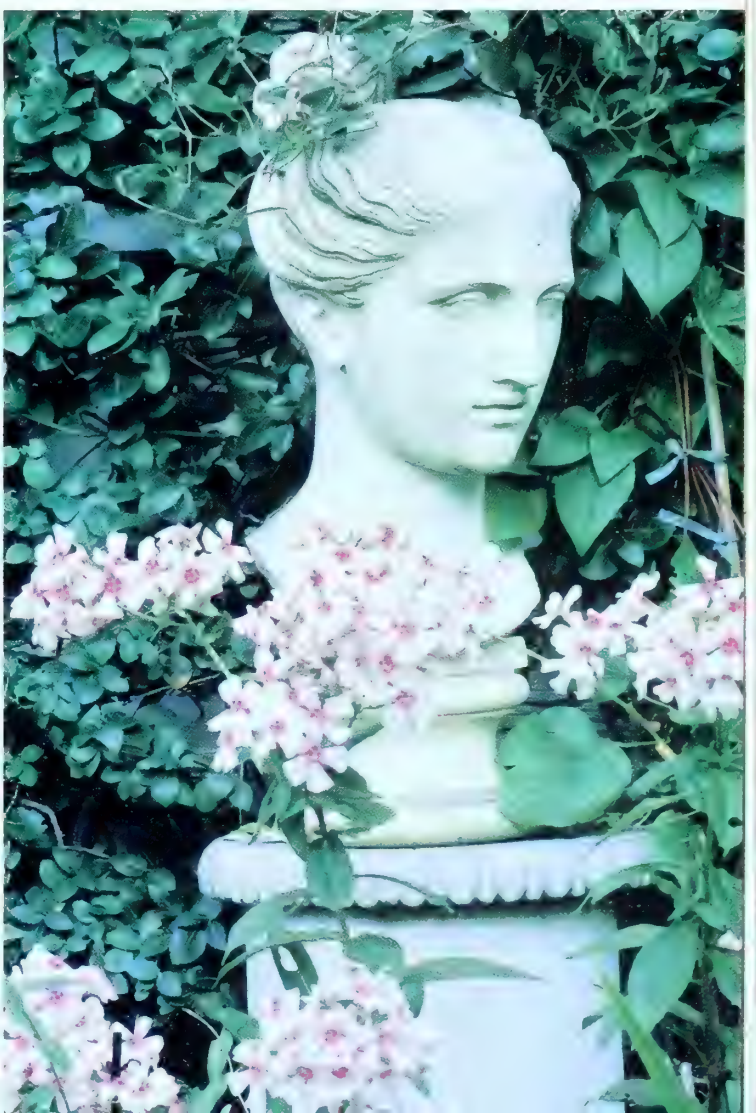












Views of the house and garden. *Opposite clockwise:* A "moon-gazing pavilion" designed by Atlanta architect Henri Jova. The 1797 house, a hipped-roof Georgian, has elements of the later Adam style. The garden with espaliered apple trees against house. View from the garden to the orchard. Adirondack-style furniture in the garden. View from the orchard to the house. *Above right:* Detail of front door with fanlight. *Right:* Late-19th-century bust of Greek goddess.





The parlor, *opposite above,* combines English and American furniture, including an 18th-century English chinoiserie lacquer desk, a c.-1770 Massachusetts wing chair with claw-in-ball feet, and at right a Philadelphia armchair, c. 1750. Carpet is an early-19th-century Aubusson. *Opposite below:* In the dining room are faux-bamboo chairs around a New York mahogany table, c. 1790. Sideboard and serving table are both Massachusetts Sheraton, c. 1800. *Above right:* A guest room has an Empire-period French provincial bed, tambour table, and French chair, c. 1800. *Above left:* One of the pair of New Orleans fabric pictures, c. 1810, in the guest room.

tainly a successful one: the proportions and detailing of the Wheeler–Banks house have an air of sophistication compared with most of the twenty or so other eighteenth-century houses that have survived in Temple and that silently evoke an agrarian world—instinctively one looks about them for the usual rural complement of barns, sheds, cribs, and byres. The Wheeler–Banks house, built for merchants, is an urban structure, next to which the formidable height and breadth of a barn would amount to an impertinence.

The builders of the house were Colonel Wheeler and his son Artemas, and we may gauge their proud intentions with respect to it by the fortresslike foundation upon which it has been placed. The cellar walls are composed of gigantic blocks of hewn granite, some of them eight feet in length and weighing many thousands of pounds; these blocks were brought, presumably in winter on stoneboats dragged through the snow by yokes of oxen, from a quarry several miles away. The granite base of the great central chimney of the house measures twelve feet wide by fifteen feet long and contains a vaulted passageway through which a tall man can walk with ease and which provides an ideally cool resting place for wine.

Despite its air of being a considerable mansion, the house in terms of number of rooms is a small one. On the ground floor, looking out toward the green, are a tiny stair hall, a parlor, and a dining room; across the back of the house stretches a long room that was once a kitchen, buttery, and small bedroom and is now the owner's combined living room, library, and writing room. In this room, which opens onto a prospect of hillside and orchard crowned in the distance by a dainty white gazebo, stacks of books, magazines, and manuscripts rise helter-skelter from every available flat surface, with an inevitability that causes the stacker himself to throw up his hands in defeat. Banks the connoisseur is a tidy man, but Banks the author and omnivorous reader is the despair of even the most forgiving of New Hampshire housekeepers. On the second floor are three bedrooms and two bathrooms, and in a small wing affixed to the north side of the house and said to have once served as a shop are a kitchen, pantry, and other necessaries.

Banks's Georgia house is filled with appropriately exquisite furniture, paintings, and objects of art. The New Hampshire house has its just share of treasures as well, but in deference to the comparative simplicity of their surroundings they are less awesome than their Southern counterparts and are therefore, from a guest's point of view, more easily to be lived with. If, for example, the seat of a fine old wing chair in the Temple house were suddenly to give way under one's weight, it would be an occasion for embarrassment but not for contemplating a life of permanent exile in Patagonia.

Banks has long been an indispensable figure in the activities of the MacDowell Colony, located in nearby Peterborough, and his house has become a sort of underground railway for Colonists and visitors to the Colony. MacDowell is the oldest and perhaps the most distinguished of the many artists' colonies that have become so valuable a *(Text continued on page 256)*


The Architecture of Georgia







In the kitchen are a Hepplewhite country table, Windsor chairs, a 19th-century American wood-burning stove. Above the early fall harvest bounty hangs a 19th-century Irish still life of cabbage and bacon.





In another guest room are a pair of Massachusetts Sheraton tester beds and dressing table, all c. 1800. *Opposite:* A folk-art mirror in the bathroom formerly held portraits of American presidents. The copper bathtub dates from the late 19th century.



PICASSO'S SECRET LOVE

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

Despite all that has been written about Picasso, there are still vast gaps in our knowledge of his life. Certain things the artist chose to keep dark, others he contrived to forget, and like many great men he came to believe his own legends. One episode he chose to forget was his passionate love affair in 1915–16 with an unknown Parisienne, Gaby Lespinasse. Apart from a brief mention by Pierre Daix of a mysterious "Madame L," nothing has been recorded of this ravishing girl whom Picasso kept a secret from even his closest friends, not least Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas. Witness their account (in the former's





Gaby Lespinasse, *opposite above,* photographed, possibly by Picasso, 1915–16. *Opposite left:* His geometric watercolor designs of 1916. *Left:* Nude study of Gaby Lespinasse, pencil, early 1916, private collection. One of a series of drawings the sitter put on the market in the late 1950s after erasing the compromising inscriptions. *Above:* Photograph of Picasso, c. 1915.



Picasso



Gaby's independence explains Picasso's insistent cajolery



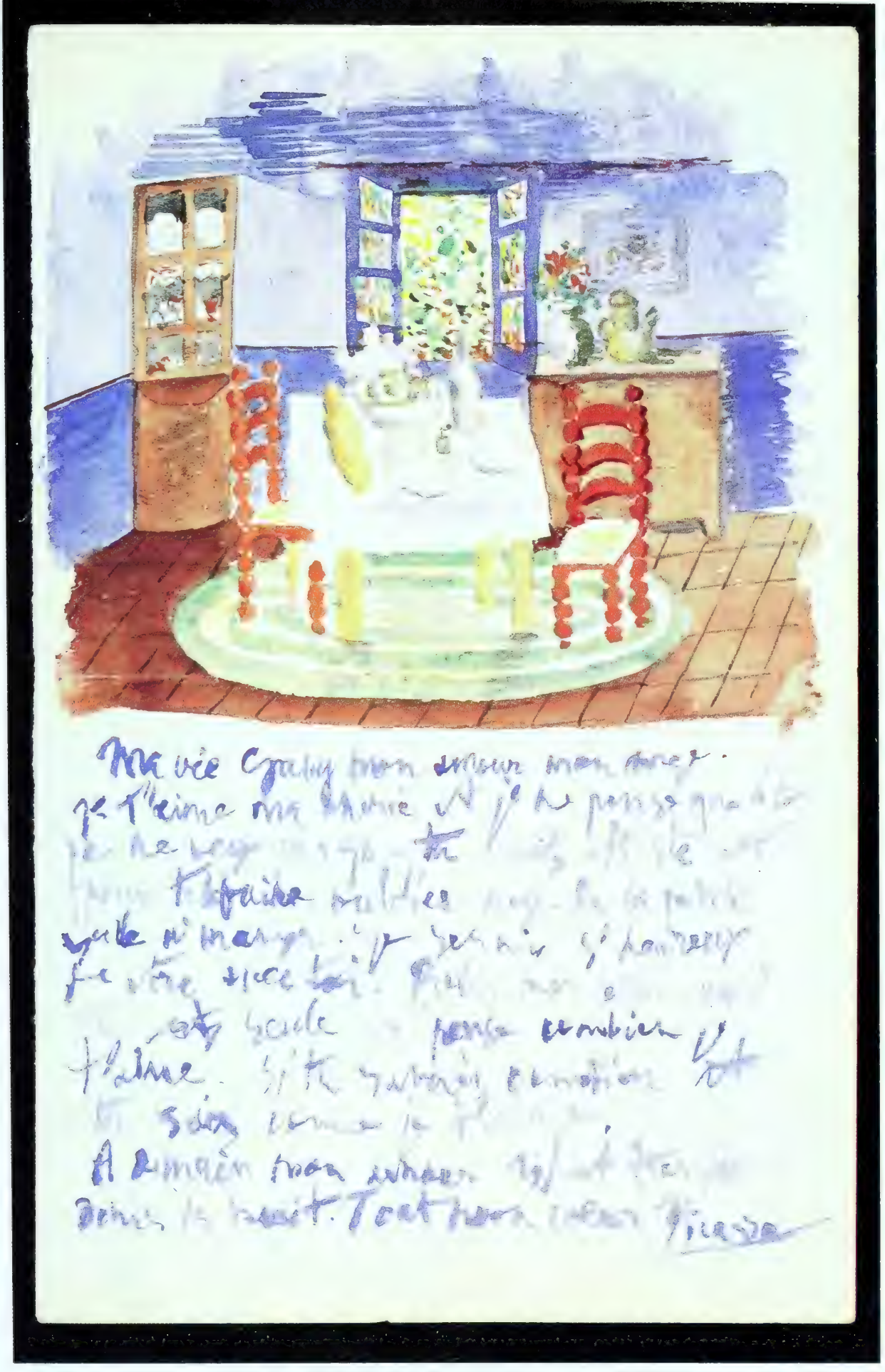
gossipy *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*) of a visit in 1916 to Picasso's little house in that dismal Parisian suburb Montrouge. They found him very cheerful, but the only girlfriends they identify are "Paquerette a girl who was very nice [and] Irene a very lovely woman who came from the mountains and wanted to be free. . . ."

Why no mention of Gaby Lespinasse, his principal love of this period? Because nobody—not even Stein or Toklas—had been vouchsafed a glimpse of her. Picasso was often secretive and jealous where his mistresses were concerned, and he had a pasha's tendency to lock them away, above all from predatory men and nosy women. There were other excellent reasons for keeping this romance secret: Gaby, it seems, was already involved with the American-born engraver and poet Herbert Lespinasse, whom she would eventually marry; at least she had adopted his name. We also have to bear in mind the discreditable fact that the romance began sometime in the fall of 1915, when the artist was supposedly inconsolable because tuberculosis was about to carry off his current mistress, the frail and beautiful Eva Gouel. (Picasso had symbolically changed her name from Marcelle to Eva, "the first woman," he said, thus implying that he was the first man.) In fact he was all too ready to be consoled. Ever since his younger sister, Conchita, had died of diphtheria twenty years earlier, Picasso had suffered from a guilty fear of disease and mortality, and in order to generate the courage to hold Eva's hand, as he dutifully did every day while she faded away in a clinic the other side of Paris at Auteuil, he needed someone to hold *his* hand. Bear in mind, too, that for Picasso guilt acted as an aphrodisiac. And so he embarked on a passionate affair with a girl who was as gentle and sweet and vulnerable as the one who was dying

Picasso's *The Moonlit Bedroom, opposite,* watercolor, 1916. *Above left* Another watercolor of Gaby Lespinasse, early 1916. The artist preferred to portray his beautiful mistress in profile. He painted each of the 36 wooden beads of his necklace for Gaby with a different pattern. *Left:* Even Picasso's plea that Gaby should come back to him took a decorative form.



The Provençal Kitchen ends with a characteristically Picassian conceit—*Je t'aime de toutes les couleurs,* the words *Je t'aime* reiterated in six different colors



A quaint device that recurs
is his name entwined with hers—
calligraphic lovemaking



Picasso was often secretive and jealous where his mistresses were concerned, and he had a pasha's tendency to lock them away, above all from predatory men and nosy women

and, significantly, very similar in looks.

Where and how Picasso met Gaby we do not know. Was she perhaps a friend of Eva's? This is very possible. They were much the same age, and although Gaby is said to have come from a good family and to have had private means, they frequented the same bohemian milieu. All we know for certain is that Gabrielle Depeyre was born in Paris in 1888 and was thus 27 when she met the artist. To judge by photographs Picasso took and many portraits he did of her, Gaby was a great beauty, particularly in profile, with her fluffy fringe, big soulful eyes, and exquisite upturned nose—the kind plastic surgeons always try and usually fail to contrive. One of those laid-back catlike girls dreamed up by Colette, I imagine. And to judge by the lengthy and loving inscriptions on most of the pictures he gave her, the artist developed an obsessive passion for Gaby. In the four years of his relationship with Eva he had never executed a likeness of her ("I love her very much," he told his dealer, "and will write her name on my pictures"—hence the words *Jolie Eva, J'aime Eva,* or *Ma Jolie* on so many Cubist compositions), but he now did portrait after portrait of Gaby. Indeed he wooed her with the drawings, art, witness the watercolors illustrated in these pages, not to speak of the love letters in the margins. How sad that some forty years after they were executed the recipient should have erased the adoring and, if I know the artist, erotic messages before putting the drawings on the market. In several cases the last words—*de tout mon coeur* (with all my heart)—and the artist's signature are all that remain.

Fortunately the less compromising inscriptions on two of the three watercolor interiors have survived. For instance, the unpunctuated one in blue watercolor on *The Provençal Dining Room* reads as follows: "...Gaby my love my angel I love you my darling and I think only of you I don't want you to be sad To take your mind off things look at the little dining room I will be so happy with you...you know how much I love you...Till tomorrow my love it is very late at night with all my heart Picasso." Given the desperate efforts Gaby has made to delete the message beneath *The Moonlit Bedroom,* this must have been erotic. But the one below *The Provençal Kitchen* is still legible. It has a characteristically Picassian ending: *Je t'aime de toutes les couleurs,* with the words *Je t'aime* reiterated in six different colors. Only Picasso would have had the childishness, imagination, and infatuation to think up this conceit. Another quaint device that recurs in these works is his name entwined with hers—calligraphic lovemaking.

Besides painting these interiors and contriving a charming necklace out of wooden beads, each one decorated with a different geometric motif, Picasso gave Gaby a whimsical collection of mini-masterpieces: three oval Cubist still lifes and an allegorical portrait of her with a putto hovering overhead. What delicacy and ingenuity—none of them is bigger than a cameo—yet what authority and originality they have. These miniatures (each has a different declaration of love on the back) were framed together, with photographs of Gaby and Picasso, around a central decorative emblem that announces once again *Je t'aime.*

But to the biographer the most astonishing element is the scrap of paper, dated February 22, 1916, that is mounted at the bottom of the frame and inscribed in Picasso's writing, *J'ai demandé ta main au Bon Dieu* (I have asked the good God for your hand). Astonishing because the artist had hitherto shown no interest in marriage, not even to Eva, "the first woman," dead a mere couple of months earlier. Astonishing, too, because Picasso always denied his faith, a denial that this heartfelt little prayer once and for all contradicts. And illuminating because almost exactly a year later Picasso left for Rome, where he immediately laid siege to one of Diaghilev's Russian ballerinas, Olga Koklova. Having failed with Gaby, he was determined to succeed with Olga, a neurotic woman of iron virtue who trapped the besotted Picasso into marriage by making a wedding ring the price of sex. Meanwhile (April 23, 1917) Gaby married Herbert Lespinasse at Saint-Tropez,



Picasso's portrait of Gaby, *opposite,* pencil, early 1916, private collection. His drawings of Gaby were characterized by a tenderness rare in his work. *Above:* Gaby on the beach, c. 1915.

JE T'AIME JE T'AIME JE T'AIME JE T'AIME



Picasso

these watercolors—rooms that evidently had very special memories for the artist, given the tenderness that imbues them. The Provençal rusticity could hardly be less Parisian, nor does it correspond to the look of either of Picasso's Parisian abodes in 1916: the studio on the rue Schoelcher or the little house at Montrouge. The tiled floor (*tomettes de Marseille,* if I am not wrong), the earthenware pots, the rush chairs, the Provençal *bahuts* (chests), the bundle of *sarment de vigne* (faggots made of vine prunings), and the open fireplace with the cooking pot on the hob would indicate the Midi, the south of France. The Mediterranean, one feels, is not too far away, and one can almost smell the lavender and rosemary outside the window. True, there is no record in the literature of the artist's leaving Paris in the course of 1916, but isn't it only too likely he would have abandoned the death-haunted capital for a spring or summer vacation in the south, as he had done in the past and would do again and again in the future? *(Text continued on page 252)*

Gaby Lespinasse, *below,* 1915–16. *Right:* Gaby's memorabilia of her romance with Picasso: photographs of the two, a declaration of love, and a prayer to God for her hand in marriage. *Opposite:* Three still lives and a portrait of Gaby with a cherub.







The artist with his guard down, passionately, abjectly in love, for once at the mercy of a pretty girl instead of the other way around











BAY AREA SPIRIT

A creative San Francisco couple transforms a classic Shingle-style house

BY MARILYN SCHAFER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Along the steep streets of beautiful polyglot San Francisco, known affectionately as Baghdad by the Bay, you will find rare and coveted oases of green punctuating the hillsides of pastel stucco buildings. On one of these verdant and secluded strips of land, between high walls that buttress the hill from above and from below, is a long narrow house and guesthouse linked by a swimming pool. The property is cool, self-contained, and well hidden from the outside world by trees and layered curtains of leaves.

Just beyond the entrance you come upon the trim little guest cottage with its handsome chimney made of smooth, flat, hand-picked stones. It was in this cottage that the original owners lived after the infamous 1906 earthquake while the large house—designed in 1907 by the prominent San Francisco architect Willis Polk—was built horizontally across the plot, hugging the hill. Charred beams of an earlier house that burned in the earthquake are still visible in the vine-covered wall above the new pool.

The main house is only one or two rooms deep at the widest and has a series of view windows looking out through the trees onto the expansive



San Francisco Bay. Outside, the house is covered in natural brown shingles and is typical of a simple early California look. Inside, however, the present owners have made alterations that both lighten and pare down the space. Walls, paneling, moldings, and beamed ceilings have all been painted white to form a crisp spare background for an intensely personal collection of art. Into this quiet oasis the owners—a husband-and-wife team totally immersed in a demanding business they created—retreat to enjoy a private world that renews and restores.

The furnishings in the house are deliberately low-key. In the living room soft modular sofa pieces center the open space. Throughout the house are chairs, tables, and lamps, handsome examples of the sleek 1930s Machine Style gathered piece by piece over a period of ten years. Known for its lightness and functionalism, this old but new furniture was influenced by the designs of Le Corbusier and the Bauhaus. Exhibiting the best side of the industrial age, these pieces are all machine-made, often of metal tubing, and have a serenity and comfort, purity of line, and honest practicality much appreciated by the owners' petite Korean-American housekeeper. She is happiest when she has time to create enchantingly simple flower arrangements and to put in place the jars, bottles, and tins in the Mondrian-like pantry of this neat uncluttered house.

Are these rooms plain? Yes, but influenced by a special time when the simple black sweater, as worn by Coco Chanel, spelled the ultimate in chic. The dramatic design contributions made in that period of minimalism and forthright function are surprisingly fitting in this turn-of-the-century house.

Original view windows and paneled walls, now painted white, offer a crisp background for the owners' art collection. In the living room, *above,* custom-made tables and lamps blend with contemporary canvas-covered seating from Italy. *Below:* *The Musicians,* 1979, by Fernando Botero. *Opposite above:* Preparations for lemonade on the terrace. *Opposite below:* Afternoon sun at the pool.





In the guesthouse, *above,* pale floors and white walls set off a black leather Tripolina chair. *Below:* In the living room is Francis Bacon's dramatic *Three Portraits—Triptych, Posthumous Portrait of George Dyer, Self-Portrait, and Portrait of Lucian Freud,* 1973.

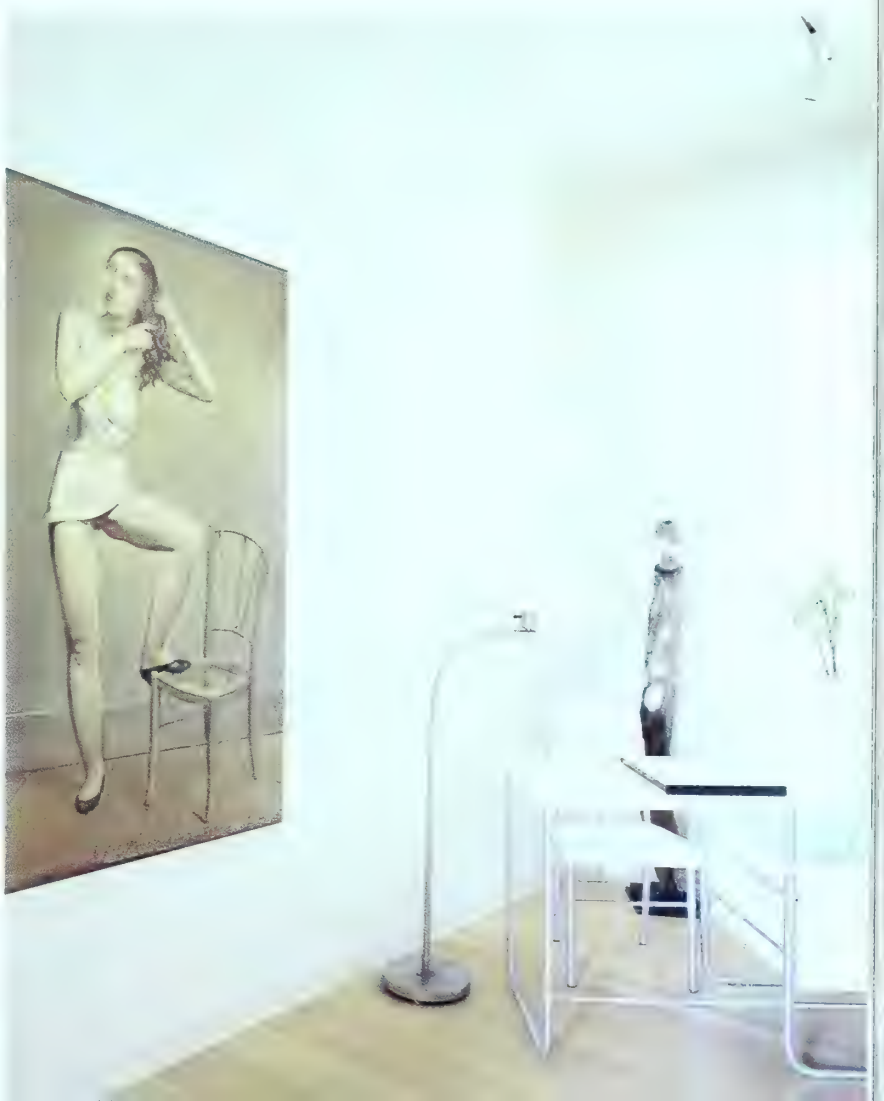




The shingled house, *left,* built shortly after the 1906 earthquake, seen from across the lawn and garden. *Above:* Pale weathered primitive sculptures, actually village markers, seem at one with *La Flûtiste* by Surrealist Paul Delvaux, 1975. *Below:* In the office/study, *Alice,* 1933, by Balthus, and another village marker.

The carefully disciplined background illuminates the owners' fascinating collection of art. Predominating are the astonishing large-scale works of Fernando Botero. Born in Medellín, Colombia, the 55-year-old painter, who lives in Paris, creates inflated figures that seem so much at home here as to be members of the family. In the dining room his all-enveloping *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe*—a play on Manet's once-controversial picnic scene—also reflects the humor and open-mindedness of the imaginative couple who live with these paintings. Instead of Manet's nude woman and gentlemen dressed in frock coats, it is the man who is nude, recumbent in rosy pink flesh, while a bright red snake winds down the tree behind him. Asked once why he used snakes so often in his paintings, Botero answered, "I like snakes because they are flexible and come in all colors." Another Botero, *The Musicians* (1979), hangs in the living room; two others, *Lovers* (1969) and *Dancers* (1982), bring their fleshiness and wit to upstairs rooms.

If the Boteros are the heart of this collection, then the Balthus is the soul.



A figurative work by Surrealist Marcel Delmotte, *Dans l'Atelier,* 1937, in the guest room, *above.* Patina sport quilt and duvet by Esprit Bath and Bed. *Below:* The kitchen, filled with flowers ready for arranging.



It hangs unobtrusively in the small office/study. Named *Alice* (from *Through the Looking-Glass*), it shows a young woman, dreamlike and unguarded, fixing her hair. Although painted in 1933, it could almost be a symbol of the free, easy, yet madly complicated world of the young in the 1980s.

Exquisite, wraithlike sculptures also quietly enhance the rooms. These aged wood columns were actually village markers—attenuated figures that seem almost memories of what they once were. Some came from the African Botechio and Lobi tribes, one from Tanganyika, and another from Indochina.

For pure eye-riveting drama, however, there is the triptych by Francis

Bacon that dominates the living-room wall. This self-portrait, along with portraits of George Dyer and Lucian Freud, was painted in 1973. There is an explosive quality to Bacon's work, as if a charge had just been detonated and was in the process of going off. He has said that art is a "method of opening up areas of feeling rather than merely an illustration of an object."

Strong paintings add a special vivacity to the bedrooms, which are also enlivened by the collection of bed linens and towels from Esprit Bath and Bed. Their pale geometric squares, stripes, and tidy leaf-and-flower designs fit perfectly here. Beds banked with pillows are covered in puffed duvets, thermal blankets, and random sport quilts, becoming islands of quiet comfort in this pristine welcoming house that has equally as much excitement as it has peaceful calm.



In the gray-toned master bedroom, *above,* a 1972 painting of a young woman sprinting down the street by the contemporary American artist William Theo Brown. *Below:* The focal point of the dining room is Fernando Botero's *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe,* 1969, after Manet.



MAN ABOUT TOWN



AT HOME

Christopher Buckley pays a call on Jerry Zipkin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC BOMAN





Come in. I'm dying of the heat. I don't care if it's October. You want a drink? No? All right. Now how do you want to do this?" Jerome Zipkin's red-and-white candy-striped shirt is open at the neck, the tie slung low and folded back over the knot, as if on its own hanger. We are high above the midafternoon thrum of traffic on Park Avenue in the fourteen-room apartment he has inhabited since he was a child. We view the library, the living room, the dining room, the kitchen. We view the albino tortoiseshells, the Jacob Epstein bust of Somerset Maugham, the Henry Moores, the dozens of paintings and lithographs of snakes, the Fabergé egg. We remark on the profusion of reptiles just as Jerome hands us a large and distressingly hairy tarantula preserved in Lucite. We are about to inquire into the provenance of this alarming *objet* when, hand on the doorknob to a room as yet unseen, he says, "Now let me show you these two other rooms where I live, *completely* without clutter."

As the door swings open, we are reminded of the words Howard Carter used when his anxious assistant asked him what he saw upon first peering into the tomb of Tutankhamen. "Wonderful things."

We sit in two supremely uncomfortable chairs made in Ireland two hundred years ago or so out of interlocking stag antlers. We tell our host that life in Ireland must have been hard enough back then without having to sit in chairs made from the least hospitable parts of deer. We are told to admire the palomino with which he has had the chairs re-covered. We respond that the palomino is very nice indeed but that the antlers are still digging into our vertebrae. Jerome rolls his eyes for the first of many times during our visit, and the tour of his famous collection begins.

"These," he says, picking up one of a dozen porcelain figures of leopards, "are eighteenth-century Meissen. Of course, 'e-i-s-s-e-n.' How do you want to spell it? With a 'y'? The leopards are all supposed to face the same way. But I have thrown them around so that you don't get the boredom of them all lined up like little soldiers."

We observe that there are snakes everywhere. On the walls, on the tables, on the floor, on the desks, on the sofa.

"I like the form. It's attractive because it isn't static. But if I saw a real snake, I think I'd pass out."

But the needlepoint snake cushions on the sofa—they do not seem to beckon one to come sit, do they?

"I hate needlepoint that's done in a boring way. Old ladies making baskets of flowers. Boring. The other pillows are Mondrian and Matisse. And that one there in about six different kinds of needlepoint is a Vasarely. You want me to spell it?

"That—the shoe behind you—in gold passe-partout is a shoe that was done by Andy Warhol about thirty years ago, when he went through the phase of doing portraits of people as shoes. And I think that big clunky one looks just like me. There's also a wonderful shoe over there. I commissioned that of a woman I adored, who was like a second mother to me, called Ruby Schin-

Jerome Zipkin, *preceding pages,* amid the wonders of his sitting room off the bedroom. Drawings, lithographs, and watercolors by Ellsworth Kelly, Milton Avery, and William Brice, among others, crowd the walls. Meissen leopards, yellow Staffordshire leaf dishes, and Kangxi figures are on the 18th-century Louis XVI desk, flanked by 18th-century Irish antler chairs in palomino. On the table, in left foreground, is part of Zipkin's snake and shell collections. Chair on right has a needlepoint seat made by the late Rory McEwen.

asi—as in tobacco—and she had beautiful legs and beautiful feet. I gave it to her as a birthday present and it was an enormous success. She died about two years ago, and her daughter gave it to me after she died. But I did pay Andy the heavy commission price of $75.

"Now in that vitrine are the remains of the porcelain and enamel playing cards that I used to collect, and then I became bored because people used to give me all kinds of things with playing cards which I didn't really care about. I like the rare and esoteric ones. The cup and saucer are eighteenth century. That's an ivory cane handle. Above it is a remarkable thing, a phrenology head, in perfect condition. It's very rare to have a phrenology head in ivory. Most are done in porcelain. I love this. It's one of my favorite pieces.

"Now that ball—no, on the right, the large sort of purple thing, yes—that's blue john, also known as Derbyshire spar. A lot of it was used in the eighteenth century, for *objets,* lamps mounted in bronze, et cetera. Now it's become a rarity because the hill in which it was mined seems to be giving out.

"There's going to be a large charge for this seminar. I thought you had finished your education, but I can see there's a *great* void.

"Below you is a miniature eighteenth-century buffet. It's a cabinetmaker's model, which he would travel around the country with to take orders, and it's in very good condition. I used that for my collection of Battersea and Bilston enamel boxes. I'm not all that crazy about Battersea and Bilston boxes, but I particularly like the spotted ones. Leopard spots. Because they're harder to find than the ones that say, *A Gift from Liverpool* or *How's Your Aunt?* That's a Graham Sutherland. Ever heard of *him*? Oh, I really . . . Here's a Henry Moore, and this is a wonderful Moore made of six sketches that eventually would become *(Text continued on page 246)*



An Alexander Liberman collage and Calder gouache, *above,* hang over Zipkin's Regency bed with original bronze-doré roosters; a Barbara Hepworth is at the foot. *Opposite:* Some of the amazing objects on Zipkin's bedside table: a small Henry Moore stringed bronze, three clocks, ivory and malachite boxes, pheasant and egret feathers, and a Russian icon. *Right:* A detail of the bedroom sitting room: a portrait of Zipkin at home by Julian Barrow hangs over five rubber spacemen, commemorating the last moon shot at Cape Canaveral, and a black figure by Ernest Trova.





LANDSCAPE OF HIGH ROMANCE

Noble conspirators, flamboyant women, and 350 years of alternating neglect and renewal have given a unique patina to the Villa d'Este on Lake Como

BY FLEUR CHAMPIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

"A torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing their silver speed down channeled precipices and hasting into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old footbridge, with a broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage or the ruin of a hermitage!" Horace Walpole discovered alpine landscapes at Aix-les-Bains in 1739, but his splendid description fits Lake Como today like a glove, especially Villa d'Este. But there at the foot of the cliff lies the quintessence of Italian gardens: a huge cypress allée leading up to a grotto with the expected Hercules and framing a double chain of water on either side of a *tapis vert;* at the bottom of it, near the house, is an oval open-air room around a fish pool and a screen wall dressed up in a mosaic of colored pebbles and stucco bas-reliefs. The serenity is palpable in this fully alive heaven of civilization. Successively a convent, a princely sixteenth-century *villeggiatura,* the home of a queen and of an empress, romantic secret headquarters during the fight for Italian independence, and since 1873, a grand hotel unlike any other.

Renamed Villa d'Este by Caroline of Brunswick, then Princess of Wales, when she owned it. Il Garrovo was originally named after the torrent, now partially covered, that made access by land impossible. Isolation and the cold eventually drove the nuns out of a derelict convent, demolished in 1568. Young Cardinal Tolomeo Gallio built his private residence there. Born in 1527, the year Lombardy became a Spanish possession

Surprises lurk at every turn of path through the wooded hillside: urns, pools, mysterious façades, grottoes. Here, surrounded by clipped laurel, the Temple of Telemachus, a nonsensical bit of 19th-century architecture usually found in exclusive graveyards.





A cool cypress allée—actually alternating cypresses and magnolias—in the best tradition of Renaissance gardens.





Rotunda in the Ceramicus, a 19th-century folly now under restoration. A fantastic labyrinth of Classical and Gothic rooms and grottoes, it includes bits of sculpture supposedly from the original convent.

and peace brought back prosperity, he was the son of a rich Como merchant. He had been brought up on the lake, and as Pliny had done in the first century, he commuted from Rome as often as possible.

The archives have disappeared—Villa d'Este was a military hospital during both world wars—and the name of the architect can only be inferred: it was almost certainly Pellegrino Tibaldi, known as Pellegrini di Valsolda. A contemporary of Sansovino and Vignola, he had worked in Bologna, Rome, Ancona, and Genoa before being appointed by Carlo Borromeo, the cardinal of Milan. In 1587 he was working for Philip II at the Escorial. In the meantime he seems to have built for the cardinal of Como not only the Garrovo but also nearby Balbianello and a palace at Gravedona where the Council of Trent was to have been housed. The grand Renaissance house on the waterfront was equipped with the right sort of gardens for the cardinal and his brilliant court of artists and scholars. Near Rome other cardinals were building Tivoli, Lante, or Caprarola at a time when Spanish galleons were bringing gold and silver, and luxury was taken for granted. It is safe to assume that the water from the hills was collected into a spectacular cascade. Grottoes too were a must in a humanist's garden, and such a public figure as a Vatican secretary of state and prince of the church would have had a *giardino segreto*—perhaps the one demolished to make room for the kitchens?

After the cardinal's death the villa passed to his nephew whom the king of Spain had made duke of Alvito. He entertained in 1615 the son of the sultan of Morocco and kept the place as the landmark it had been when his uncle was alive. Besides, the gardens of Lombardy were especially famous for the abundance of water and consequent fertility of the soil. The next generation, however, moved south, and unknown tenants and farmers *(Text continued on page 250)*



Mock battlements were built by General Pino's wife to amuse her husband



Gothic-style room in the Ceramicus



Plinian couches and bridge above cascade



A 19th-century print of a sham battle organized on Lake Como by General Pino

Scaled-down turrets and fortifications above the villa, *opposite. Right:* Sunset view from the battlements, a 19th-century print from the hotel's collection.





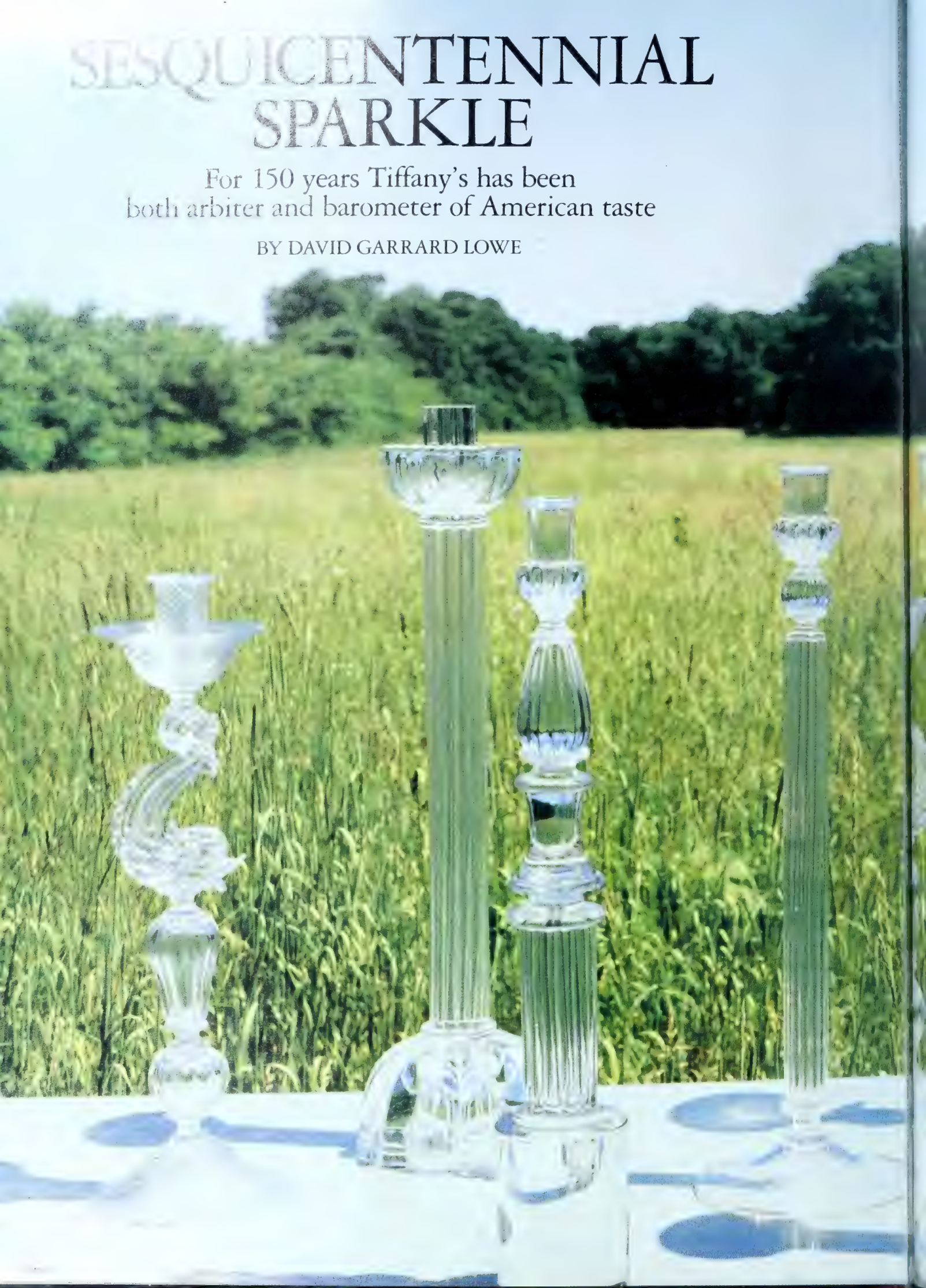


The 18th-century *mezzaro* screens an outdoor room with a central fishpond. Beyond, the cypress allée leads up to the Grotto of Hercules. Ivy garlands are a Plinian tradition.

SESQUICENTENNIAL SPARKLE

For 150 years Tiffany's has been both arbiter and barometer of American taste

BY DAVID GARRARD LOWE







Urns, platters, clocks, pearls, as well as heroic statuary fill a window of the original Tiffany's, *left,* in an 1867 photograph. *Far left:* Turn-of-the-century drawings of Tiffany jewelry designs. *Below; left to right:* The site of Tiffany's at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street as it appeared about 1863. Tiffany's founder, Charles Lewis Tiffany, teaching his grandchildren the art of sipping champagne, about 1896. Mrs. George Gould displaying her million-dollar Tiffany pearls, late 1890s.







A silver bowl, *right,* inlaid with niello and copper, part of a collection using indigenous American designs created by Tiffany's for the Columbian Exposition of 1893. *Far right:* A hand-fabricated silver tray, after the c.-1904 original ordered by the Belmont family as a racing trophy. Both photographs were designed by Gene Moore, Tiffany's longtime director of window display. *Preceding pages:* Oversize Venetian glass candlesticks, some with dolphins, are made for Tiffany's in Murano.



The objects in a Tiffany window have a suave disparity about them: a splendid silver sailing trophy and a length of common rope; an ice-cream cone encircled by a precious diamond bracelet; a Victorian cash register whose open drawer is filled with a mix of candy and ruby hearts. These brilliant displays have a way of bringing even the most blasé passerby to a halt before the windows of the store's late Art Deco edifice at the corner of New York's Fifth Avenue and 57th Street. Gene Moore, the man behind the magic that transfixes pedestrians with such telling regularity, has been whipping up Tiffany's windows since 1955. When asked about his craft, Moore, whose accent is redolent of his native Alabama, says, "I find doing the windows now just as much fun as when I started. Every day holds a surprise. I'm always finding beauty where I least expect it, from the most ordinary thing to the rarest. Just keep your eyes open!" Moore, who asserts that the novels of Colette taught him how to use all his senses and maintains that he can see beauty in a splintered piece of wood or in a handful of dirt, is typical of the controlled unconventionality that has marked Tiffany's since its birth.

Former Tiffany chairman Walter Hoving once observed that the "European businessman is usually aware of good design. . . . Living in cities like Rome, Florence, Venice, Paris . . . he has 'walked in beauty' all his life." Tiffany's supreme accomplishment is that for a century and a half it has maintained a standard of excellence for Americans who are not fortunate enough to live in cities with buildings by Michelangelo or Palladio. It is the firm where in the last century a miner who had taken $200 million in silver out of the Comstock Lode could send a half ton of his own ore to be shaped into a silver service and know that he would get something worth bragging about, and it is also the firm that prides itself on its $28 sterling Atlas bookmark. It is the shop where in the 1920s Reginald Vanderbilt purchased a 16½-carat diamond for $75,000 to proclaim his forthcoming marriage to the glamorous Gloria Morgan and the shop where half-carat engagement rings are snapped up as bargains by hopeful young couples. It is the store where Abraham Lincoln bought a seed-pearl necklace for his jewelry-loving wife and where John F. Kennedy was persuaded he should order custom silver calendars after Walter Hoving declined to make them in Lucite. It would be a dull person indeed for whom a pale blue box with the name Tiffany & Co. on it did not conjure up visions of luxurious possibilities.



MARK DARLEY

What was to become Tiffany & Co. was the creation of Charles Lewis Tiffany, a Connecticut Yankee, who in 1837 at the tender age of 25 opened a shop in lower Manhattan near New York's City Hall. The all-important Broadway frontage of that historic establishment was a mere fifteen feet, and the merchandise featured was advertised as "stationery and fancy goods." Among the latter were Japanese papier-mâché fans, hand-painted Chinese vases, and gentlemen's English walking sticks with ivory handles carved in the shape of bulldogs. Business was slow the first day—sales totaled a mere $4.98—but matters quickly improved, and on the last day of the year receipts were a healthy $679.

Not a little of this success was due to the fact that in its infancy Tiffany's was already reaching out across the seas for rare and beautiful objects. Charles Tiffany, who combined a superb business acumen with an almost infallible eye for style and quality, began haunting the bustling New York docks and making friends with captains of clipper ships just back from the Far East. Soon Tiffany's was handling on consignment fine Japanese black-and-gold lacquered tea tables and handsome blue-and-white Chinese export dinner sets.

In 1840, Charles Tiffany did something that would change the future course of his fledgling firm. In an era when real gems were sparse in the United States and a roseate Italian cameo was considered adequate ornamentation for a proper republican bosom, Tiffany began importing elaborate paste jewelry. In the very year that William Henry Harrison was elected president Tiffany's windows were suddenly chock-full of sparkling necklaces and earrings and, to the disdainful disapproval of many, tiaras. At first the imports were garish German fabrications, but within a year Tiffany had discovered the French Palais Royale line whose brilliants were fake but whose settings were elegantly crafted. The sensational success of the Palais Royale ornaments made Charles Tiffany aware that although conservative New Yorkers like Mayor Philip Hone might rail against his fellow citizens' new "love of show," New Yorkers were ready to opt for opulence. By 1845 he was selling no fake jewelry, only genuine stones in real gold settings from the finest makers in London and Paris.

Beginning with the Palais Royale costume pieces, Tiffany's has had a vigorous French connection. In 1848, just as its buyers arrived in Paris, revolutionary barricades were raised against the troops of King Louis Philippe and with an ease no one had expected the august house of Orléans was swept away. The French monarchy's adversity proved to be Tiffany's opportunity. Within a day the price of diamonds fell by half, and Tiffany's representative began purchasing gems at such a rate that the revolutionary authorities arrested him on suspicion of being a royal conspirator. The badly shaken man was eventually released, and when he arrived back in New York, among his staggering haul of diamonds were some that had been part of the French *(Text continued on page 236)*

UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED, PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY TIFFANY & CO

DECORATING SCRUPLES

The best-selling author describes how designer Joan Axelrod read her character in their collaboration on her Bel-Air house

BY JUDITH KRANTZ
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI





Judith and Steven Krantz, *left*. Framed best-seller lists that include Judith Krantz's books are on the table, at right, in Krantz's soundproof office, which overlooks the garden and golf course. The bronze bust called *Sarah* is always kept in the room where Judith Krantz works. Rose Cumming chintz is on table.


Best Sellers



Our privacy is punctuated only by the occasional blasphemy of a



In the late summer of 1985 my husband, Steve, and I moved back home to California after living in Paris for almost three years. I started house hunting immediately, determined that at last I was going to find my dream house. Blissful infatuation has always seemed to me to be the proper condition in which to buy real estate. *Oh, yes!* I would say to myself, reading accounts of people finding a ruined tower in Tuscany, an abandoned farmhouse in Derbyshire, a tumbledown stable in Bucks County. Their intensity of passion, their immediate craving to own one special part of the surface of the earth must be the only right way to feel.

However, in more than thirty years of marriage and a number of moves I have never known this enviable spellbound condition, at least not when faced with a house that was for sale. I was hopeful when I started looking, but 112 houses and many months later I was almost in despair.

There had been one house that struck me as a possible fall-back compromise if worst came to worst. I didn't like it, but not as much as I'd disliked every other house I'd seen. Finally, out of weariness rather than conviction, Steve and I decided to buy the "compromise," to be realistic and forget about the dream. The house was dauntingly gloomy. It was decorated lavishly, largely in shades of brown; it had vast stretches of dark green marble floors and walls marbled to match. The land around the house had been utterly neglected, the trees cruelly pruned, and the soil allowed to go sour.

Why on earth did we buy it? For sensible, utterly unromantic reasons. The location was wonderful, at the end of a

Joan Axelrod used topiary trees from White Gates in Los Angeles and vibrant batiks from China Seas in the sun-filled garden room, also a dining room. The house had the two things Judith Krantz was looking for—"enough light and enough space, space of a most particular kind."

golfer who has lost his ball



People who think it's chic to say that chintz is dead do not *understand women*



In the bright double-height library, *right,* a wicker side table from G. R. Durenberger is in foreground; 19th-century miniature chair just behind. Couch and chair and windows all done in chintz or checks from Pierre Deux. *Above:* An 18th-century French mirror, in the living room, hangs over a collection of blue opaline glass on an 18th-century black and red lacquered Chinese secretaire. Sofas covered in a chintz from Roger Arlington are on either side of coffee table created by Joan Axelrod from pieces of a kilim. *Left:* A 19th-century tole birdcage chandelier from Richard Mulligan hangs in the winter dining room whose walls are covered in a Pierre Deux toile de Jouy. The table is set with part of Judith Krantz's collection of majolica. Chairs from Rose Tarlow are covered in check from Pierre Deux.







Because of the endless green space and great trees beyond our boundaries, there is the illusion of living in the country

cul-de-sac that opens directly onto the grounds of the Bel-Air golf course, a spot blessed with a rare quiet and birdsong. Our privacy is punctuated only by the occasional blasphemy of a golfer who has lost his ball. Because of the endless green space and great trees beyond our boundaries, there is the illusion of living in the country.

But most important of all, the house possessed the two basic things I was looking for: enough light and enough space, space of a most particular kind.

Scruples was written on the ground floor of the house we lived in ten years ago, and with every writer's superstition I immediately became convinced that I could not write a word unless I was in mute contact with the earth through the floorboards of my office, near a door that opened directly into a garden. *Princess Daisy* and *Mistral's Daughter* were also written in that room, and *I'll Take Manhattan* was written in Paris in a room with a garden.

I've always liked to do my own decorating. I had coped effectively with the problems of Manhattan apartments, Westport summer houses, and apartments in Paris and Monte Carlo. However, this new house seemed so impossible to me that I couldn't imagine doing it without professional help.

I had seen a single room that Joan Axelrod, then a stranger to me, had

Tea in the garden: antique table linens and old silver inherited from Judith Krantz's mother. The antique French park chair is from G. R. Durenberger.



Ten months after I first met Joan, the house is finished and I have



done for a friend, and it had made an instant impression. I felt that it was a place in which I wanted to sit, a place in which I would feel happy. I called Joan and made an appointment for an hour's conference. We talked nonstop for six hours. During that time I began my apprenticeship in the immense and fascinating difference between a woman who "does her own decorating" and a professional decorator.

In this new house, done with Joan, I see for the first time what might have been if I had known earlier how to open the many doors she opened for me, if I had her magical creativity and unfailing ability to make charm happen.

A process took place as we worked together in which I recognized that my own personality and tastes had been widened, expanded, and at the same time distilled, as if a fine portrait painter had been at work. I cannot imagine any rooms that could more "belong" to me, could feel more intensely personal, and yet they were done in happy collaboration.

The process was not passive, as sitting for a portrait must be, but intensely active, requiring an enormous amount of work from both of us.

Nor did I come empty-handed to this party. Over the years Steve and I had built up, in an unserious way, collections of things we liked. Among them was the collection of what the French call *barbotine* and everyone else calls majolica. On our honeymoon we had bought our first opaline, two little green bottles, and added pieces year by year as we visited France. I started collecting silver Georgian and Victorian snuffboxes fifteen years ago when we moved from New York to California. Rare botanical prints, old mirrors, *(Text continued on page 254)*

Judith Krantz had the original roof of the master bedroom removed and a high peaked roof with beams added. Walls and curtains are in a fabric from Lee Jofa, chair in a pink-and-white check is from Rose Tarlow, and bench at the foot of the bed is designed by Joan Axelrod in a cotton from Scalamandré. All rugs in house from Stark.

no excuse not to start another novel

AN EYE FOR THE BEST

The collection of George Lois reflects a passion for formal purity

BY E. GRAYDON CARTER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI









Superb quality and elegance of form unite the Loises' eclectic collection of art and furniture. Standing at left is an Uli from New Ireland, Oceania. Behind the Frank Lloyd Wright stained-glass window is a Josef Hoffmann chair on a Navajo rug. Mies's Barcelona chairs sit on a Bokhara carpet. Lamps are by Louis Comfort Tiffany.



George Lois is perhaps best known as an art director who starts up advertising agencies—he has founded three of them, most recently Lois Pitts Gershon Pon/GGK—and as the creator, from 1962 to 1972, of 92 *Esquire* covers, many of them so exquisite or powerful they are remembered still: Andy Warhol disappearing in the swirling eddy of a tomato soup can; the actress Virna Lisi shaving; Lieutenant William Calley Jr. surrounded by a flock of smiling Vietnamese children. He worked on the political campaigns of Senators Jacob Javits, Robert F. Kennedy, and Bill Bradley, provided founding inspiration for both *New York* and *Manhattan, inc.* magazines, and has written with Bill Pitts two books, *The Art of Advertising* and *George, Be Careful,* both about advertising and both ultimately great ads for George Lois. The Lois hand has created designs as diverse as the program for the "Thrilla in Manila"—the Muhammad Ali–Joe Frazier fight—and the menu and logotype for the Four Seasons in New York. George Lois's wife, Rosemary Lewandowski-Lois, is an artist, and her flat outsize paintings of machines—the insides of a watch; the cockpit panel of a Boeing 727—evoke the early machine age *Fortune* covers of George Giusti.

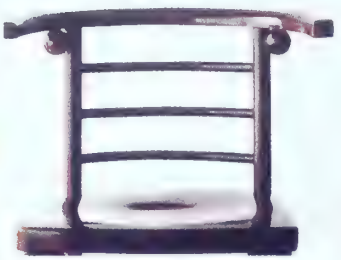
Delights and some surprises await the visitor to the Loises' apartment—two apartments, really, that they bought 25 years ago and joined together—on a leafy Greenwich Village block. Not the least of the surprises is the host himself. Lois has the most impervious of Bronx accents, and the experience of hearing him learnedly describe his art collection—for instance, the provenance of a nineteenth-century Fang reliquary figure from the collection of the late English sculptor Sir Jacob *(Text continued on page 248)*

A still life of intriguing shapes, *above,* includes, from left, a 19th-century Dogon figure, Tiffany lamp, Art Nouveau desk by Louis Majorelle, Mies chair, and on desk African and Northwest Coast sculpture. *Opposite top, from left:* The Wright window. Early 19th-century Fang head surrounded by *pâte de verre* by Almaric Walter. Hoffmann chair and in display case Greek vase, 520 B.C., three Cycladic figures, assorted ancient jewelry, 18th-century Easter Island figure. *Center:* Fang figure and, at right, the Uli. Corinthian helmet, 450 B.C., Eskimo mask, photograph of Loises' late son, Harry. Folk-art figures of John L. Sullivan and Bob Fitzsimmons. *Bottom:* A 1770 Windsor chair, Tiffany lamp, and Northwest Coast screen. Kwakiutl graven figure, American Revolution powder horn. A 1780 Windsor chair with rare mid-placed scroll ears.







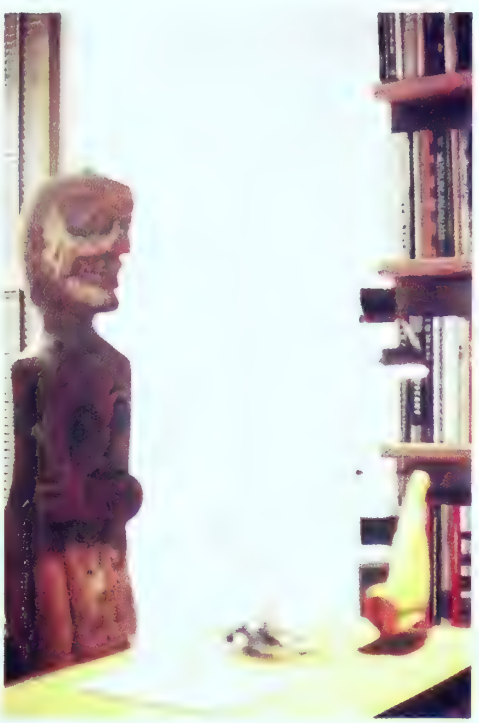




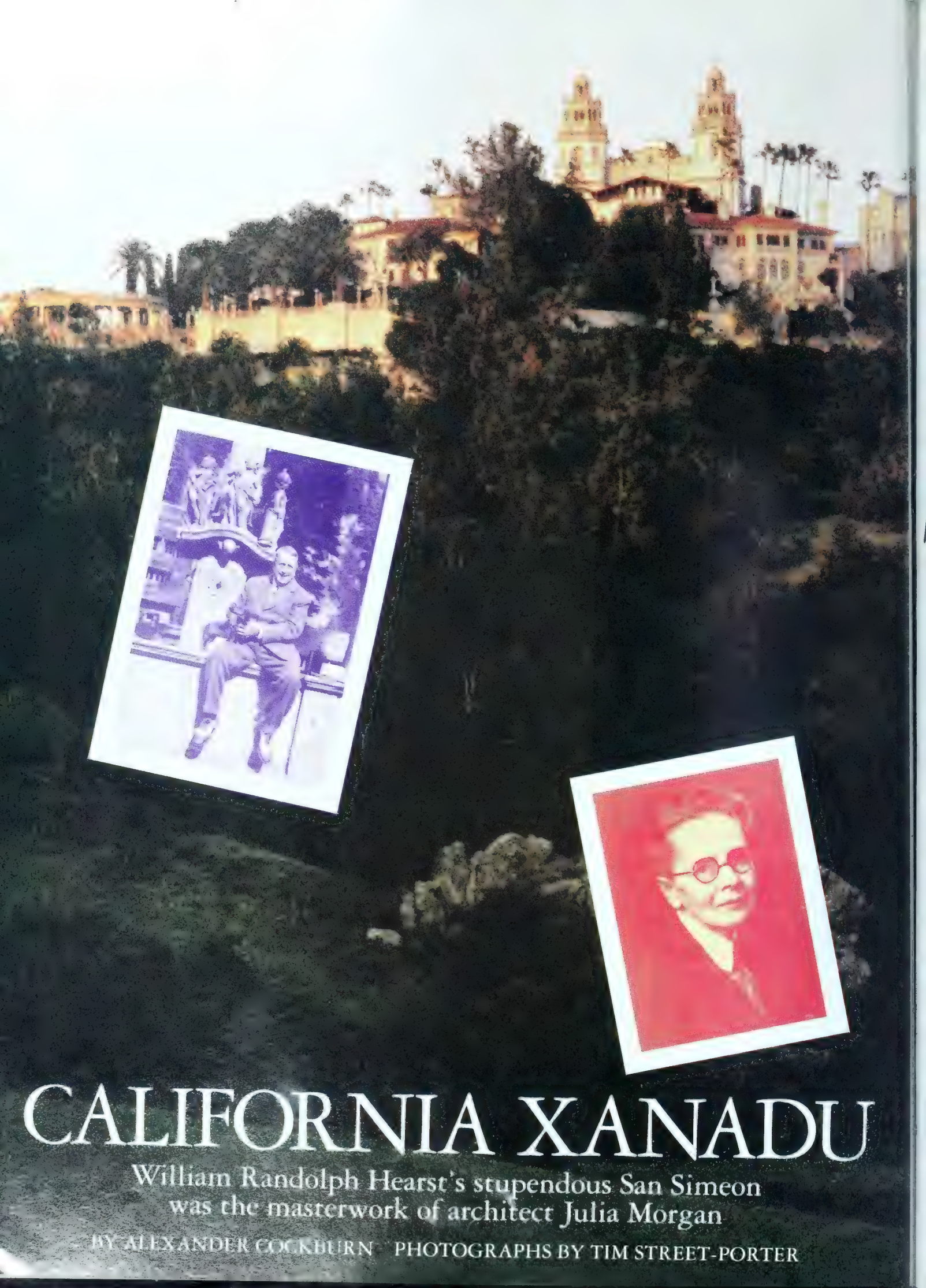












CALIFORNIA XANADU

William Randolph Hearst's stupendous San Simeon was the masterwork of architect Julia Morgan

BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER

If La Cuesta Encantada is the story of a dream arduously achieved, it was Morgan rather than Hearst who prevailed over the more formidable odds



The year its destiny was altered forever, 1919, Camp Hill—part of the old Mexican land grant bought by William Randolph Hearst's father, George, in 1865—was just one more surge in the Santa Lucia coastal range, empty and windswept, spotted with manzanita, oak, and greasewood. By 1947, the year Hearst and Marion Davies finally left, La Cuesta Encantada, the Enchanted Hill, had become the most singular individual exploit of domestic architecture in the country. Amid the hostile passions Hearst provoked while he was alive and shadowed by the döppelganger of Welles's Xanadu, the Enchanted Hill was long seen as an outcrop of California kitsch, Camp Gothick on Camp Hill, vulgarity on a titanic scale. Now, amid shifting tastes Hearst's castle can be seen for what it is—as powerful an expression of the American soul as the Brooklyn Bridge, Rockefeller Center, or the Ford plant on the Rouge River, and all the more striking because the dream was given concrete form by one indomitable woman, Julia Morgan.

Morgan was, along with his mother, Phoebe, and Marion Davies, one of the most important women in Hearst's life. When the Enchanted Hill became the property of the state of California and was opened to the public on June 2, 1958, plaques at the foot and top of the hill mentioned both Hearst and his mother. Morgan was ignored. Of the hundreds of thousands of visitors who pour through the castle each year only a fraction can know her name, yet if La Cuesta Encantada is the story of a dream arduously achieved, it was Morgan rather than Hearst who prevailed over the more formidable odds.

She wanted to be an architect when the profession was unheard of for a woman and when architecture was not even an official part of the curriculum of the University of California at Berkeley. One of the first women there to graduate in engineering, Morgan went on to storm the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. She was the first woman in the world to study architecture at the École, and four years later won her certificate. By 1905 she had opened her own architectural practice, and by clear force of personality commanded the respect of the clients, draftsmen, contractors, and artisans with whom she had to deal.

Morgan died six years after Hearst, at the age of 85, and although their joint endeavor at San Simeon will be the work for which she will be most famously remembered, it was only a fraction of her output; by the time she closed her office in 1951 it amounted to almost eight hundred projects, mostly in the Bay Area—many of them unrecorded since she commanded her files be burned upon her death. It is hard to imagine another

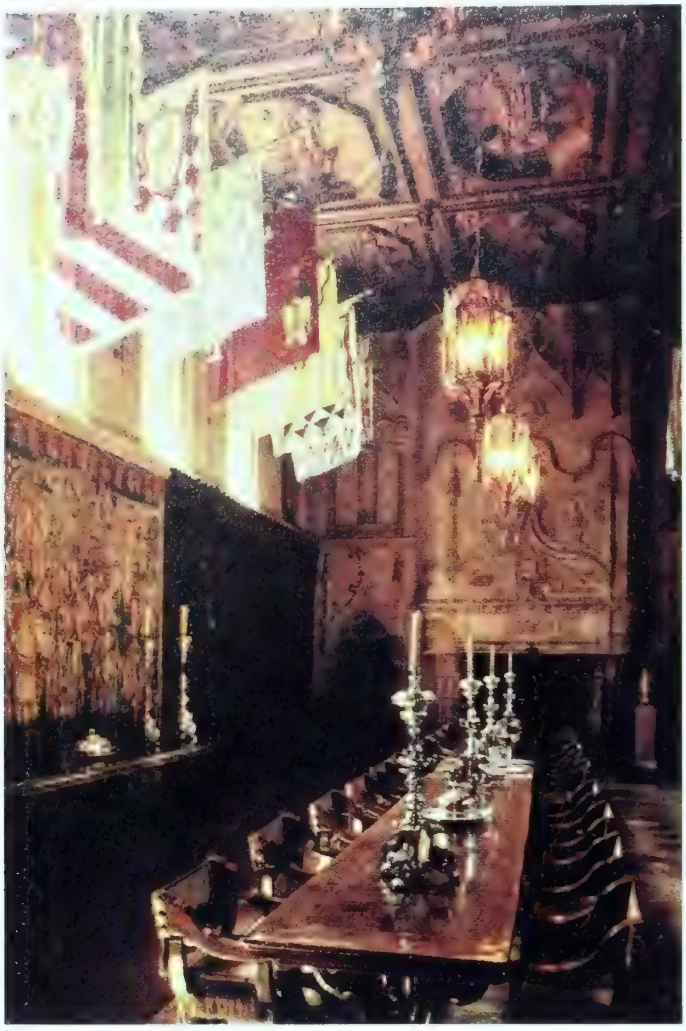
San Simeon, *opposite,* rises, like some Xanadu, from Camp Hill in the Santa Lucia Mountains 1,500 feet above the roaring surf of the Pacific. Julia Morgan, *inset right,* the architect of San Simeon, came to the attention of William Randolph Hearst, *inset left,* through his mother. *Above:* Lively weekend house parties included such Hollywood regulars as Greta Garbo, Buster Keaton, King Vidor, Beatrice Lillie, Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, and John Gilbert, among others.





A large temple façade and Classical colonnades, *opposite*, summon up the world of antiquity at the famous 104-foot-long Neptune Pool—made of white marble detailed with green marble—filled only with spring water. *This page:* Light plays off gold and blue Murano tiles of an alcove in the 84-foot-long indoor Roman Pool, which took three years to build.

His agents fanned across Europe in the service of his rabid collecting



person surviving such a partnership with Hearst. And if Morgan and Hearst were right for each other, the time and place were propitious for both. They were both nourished by that fortunate constellation of architects who began work in San Francisco in the 1890s and who, out of an academic and eclectic tradition, helped create a regional style and distinctive cultural disposition.

Of these, the most influential on the life of Julia Morgan was Bernard Maybeck. Son of a profoundly idealistic German cabinetmaker, he had studied at the École des Beaux-Arts in the early 1880s before returning to the United States. It was Maybeck who urged upon Julia the importance of studying at the Beaux-Arts, Maybeck who encouraged her through all the obstacles thrown against this plan, and finally Maybeck who introduced her to the Hearst family.

In 1895 Phoebe Apperson Hearst, as diminutive as Julia and equally as determined, approached Martin Kellogg, the president of UCB, and discussed the prospects of a memorial building for her husband, George. Mrs. Hearst was already a lavish philanthropic donor to education, and Kellogg made haste to introduce her to Maybeck. It was not long before Phoebe had approved his design for a memorial building and responded alertly to his enthusiastic introduction of Morgan. Hardly had Maybeck done so than Phoebe was offering her financial assistance. Although the financial help was declined, Phoebe Hearst's patronage was helpful to Morgan as she began her career as an architect. Sara Holmes Boutelle, whose long-awaited life of Morgan is nearing publication, has traced the influential network of California women who gained for Morgan the commissions that helped establish her reputation; they range from Mills College campus, through the YWCA headquarters at Asilomar in Pacific Grove, to other YWCAs as far afield as Hawaii, to the scores of private houses and club buildings around Berkeley and San Francisco.

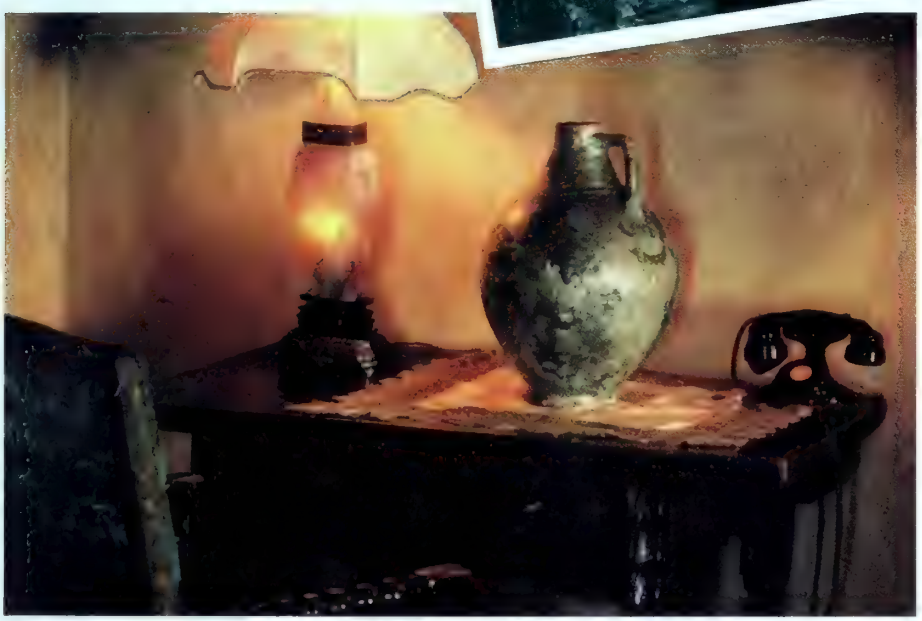


No less effective than her patronage of Morgan, through the ownership of two houses, was Phoebe's influence on the architectural ambitions of her son. From Maybeck she commissioned in 1902 the country estate of Wyntoon, set amid the Siskiyou forests of northeast California on the McLoud River. Drawing on his own predilections and also his Beaux-Arts grounding in expressive form and appropriate materials, Maybeck realized a Gothic dream, which he lyrically described in 1904 in *The Architectural Review:*

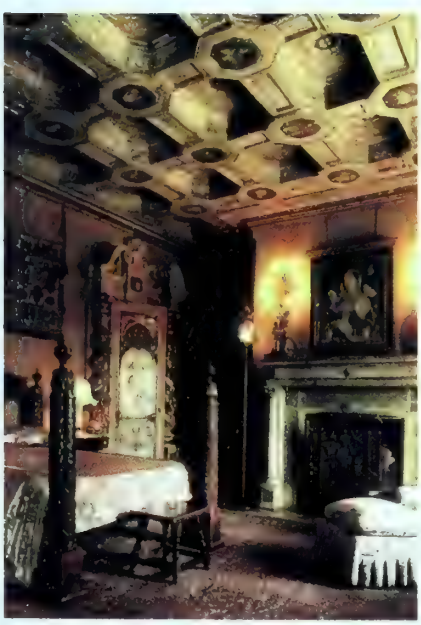
Imagine *(Text continued on page 230)*





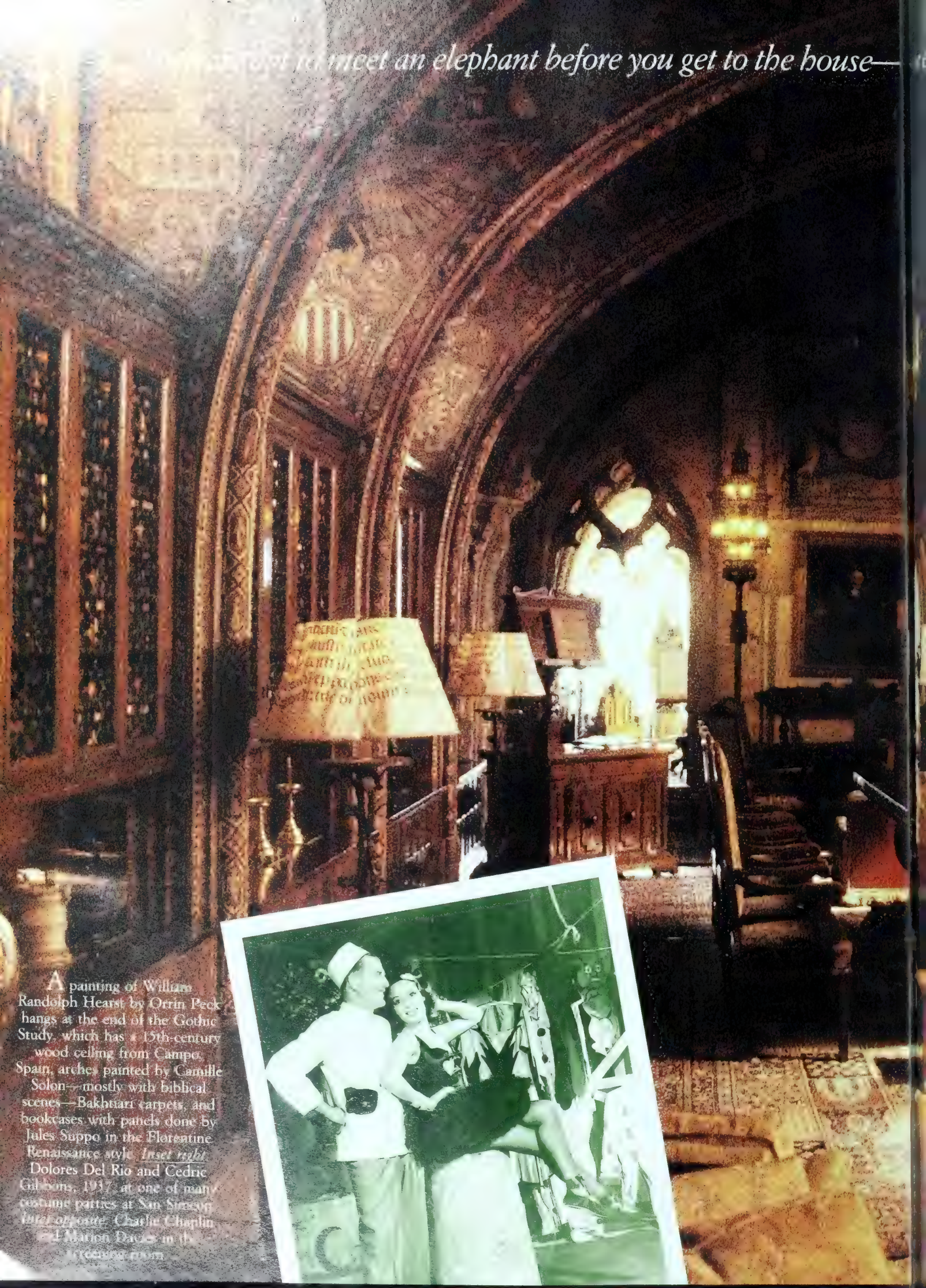


Five-hundred-year-old choir stalls from Catalonia, *opposite above,* as well as Siennese Palio banners, 17th-century Italian refectory tables, and a 16th-century Flemish tapestry in the room called the Refectory, where most meals were served. *Opposite below:* From the guest book—a cartoon of north bedroom of Doge's Suite by the artist Swinnerton. *Above left:* Ketchup and mustard to give ranch flavor. *Above:* Marion Davies with Charlie Chaplin and others ready for dinner. *Left:* A detail of Hearst's bedroom. *Below left:* A 17th-century bed in the north bedroom of the Doge's Suite. *Below:* Blue damask covers the walls of sitting room of the Doge's Suite. Over the 16th-century Italian fireplace, a bas-relief of Virgin and Child in a frame by Giovanni della Robbia.





...expect to meet an elephant before you get to the house—



A painting of William Randolph Hearst by Orrin Peck hangs at the end of the Gothic Study, which has a 15th-century wood ceiling from Campo, Spain, arches painted by Camille Solon—mostly with biblical scenes—Bakhtiari carpets, and bookcases with panels done by Jules Suppo in the Florentine Renaissance style. *Inset right:* Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, 1937, at one of many costume parties at San Simeon. *Inset opposite:* Charlie Chaplin and Marion Davies in the dressing room.

or even Sam Goldwyn"



(continued from page 226) the clear . . . foam of the river in the foreground roaring ceaselessly, and . . . at the dawn of day, an enchanted castle. . . . The dark height of the room, the unobstructed archways . . . the tapestries, the little flicker of the fire . . . and you satiated, tired, and inspired by the day's trip among . . . aged pines, rocks, cascades, great trunks of trees fallen years ago,—a dishevelled harmony,—here you can reach all that is within you.

In Alameda County, 250 miles south of Wyntoon lay another property belonging to Mrs. Hearst on which, in 1895, her son decided to raise an edifice "totally different in every way from the ordinary country home." He commissioned A. C. Schweinfurth—who, along with Maybeck, Willis Polk, and Ernest Coxhead, was one of the Bay Area's innovative architects—to build the resoundingly named Hacienda del Pozo de Verona, described by the architect as "provincial Spanish Renaissance." Hearst thought of everything except the elementary task of informing his mother that he was making his first foray into architectural eclecticism on her land. Phoebe was in Europe when she was apprised of this surreptitious endeavor. She hastened west and expropriated the expropriator. Desiring to make the Hacienda into a home for herself, she commissioned Morgan to remodel it.

Here, in 1902, as her mentor Maybeck labored on Wyntoon, Julia Morgan met William Randolph Hearst for the first time, thus rounding out the encounter of persons and of architectural ambitions that would engender San Simeon. Seventeen years later, within weeks of the death of the mother he adored, Hearst was urging Morgan toward a grandiose fusion of the spirit of the Hacienda and of Wyntoon. Even as his relationship with one determined woman was severed, his association with another truly began, with a torrent of telegrams and letters from Hearst to Morgan, which persisted throughout their relationship and to which she assiduously responded down the years. They agreed fairly quickly about the basic plan for La Cuesta Encantada: the Casa Grande or "ranch house," as Hearst rather affectedly called it, fronted on the Pacific side of the hill by the smaller Italianate villas—Casa del Mar, Casa del Monte, and Casa del Sol. On October 25, from his newspaper offices in New York, Hearst wrote Morgan:

> In plan A the sitting room ran parallel with the front line. I have made it run perpendicular . . . and have partially shut off the sides of the old sitting room with bookcases about 4′ in height.

This detailed flow continued from wherever Hearst found himself. A month later he wrote:

> Dear Miss Morgan,
>
> I have just bought a very stunning tapestry screen or panel, 9′4″ high and 13′6″ wide. It occurs to me that this might be placed at the north side of the sitting room in my little house [Casa del Mar] where we now have the fireplace. . . . In that case we could put fireplaces at the east and west ends of the library recesses, where we now have windows. I had suggested putting bookcases there.

Nor was Hearst's desire to tamper and to change quelled when plans had been rendered as architecture. Time and again fireplaces were ripped out, relocated, then ripped out again and put back where they started. Morgan later said that demolition formed a good part of the project.

By December 1919, Hearst was holding forth in two long letters written on the thirtieth and thirty-first about the Spanish Baroque and urging Morgan to see Allan Dwan's film *Soldiers of Fortune,* which had some scenes set in the San Diego Panama-California International Exposition in 1915: "I understand the San Diego expo stuff is largely repros from Mexico and Latin America." Then, after ruminating that the Mission style of California was too "primitive" and that of Mexico "so elaborate as to be objectionable," Hearst pondered: "The alternative is to build . . . in the Renaissance style of southern Spain. We picked out the tower of the church of Ronda. . . . The Renaissance of North Spain seems to me very hard, while the Renaissance of southern Spain is much softer, more graceful."

But who was leading whom? A week later Morgan was edging Hearst away from the Churrigueresque effects associated with the San Diego exposition:

> I question whether this type of decoration would not seem too heavy and too clumsy on our buildings. . . . We have a comparatively small group and it would seem to me that they should charm by their detail rather than overwhelm by more or less clumsy exuberance. . . . I believe we could get something really very beautiful by using the combination of the Ronda Tower and the Sevilla doorway with your Virgin over it and San Simeon and San Christopher on either side.

Day after day, month after month, the work crept forward. The bungalows were completed by 1922, the central section of Casa Grande by 1927. Never fewer than 25 men, and often five times that number, toiled on the Hill. During the Depression it was the largest private construction project in California. Hearst's agents fanned across Europe, shock troops in the service of his rabid collecting. Most assiduous were Arthur and Mildred Stapley Bynes, expert at skills of conjuring whole suites from Iberian palaces and maneuvering them past Spanish custom officials. Not once but twice the couple, over roars of outrage from Spanish villagers, managed to deconstruct whole cloisters stone by stone and shipped them to the States, where one still lies in a rude tumble of rocks.

Year after year, never letting the rest of her practice decline for a moment, Julia Morgan pushed the enterprise along. Designs for everything—from the Hill's water supply to the five-mile drive (both major engineering undertakings) to the tilework—flowed from her drafting table. With the contractors she organized argosies of small ships carrying building supplies from San Francisco to San Simeon. Three out of four weekends she would step into a sleeping berth on the San Francisco–Los Angeles express and work at her drawing board till three in the morning, when she disembarked at San Luis Obispo. Then Steve Zegar, the local taxi driver, would take her through the dawn for a few hours, north to San Simeon. Saturday and Sunday she would work with Hearst when he was there or with the superintendent of construction and the master craftsmen on the site. Many of them—

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woodcarver—devoted much of their [illegible]. On Sunday evening Zegar would drive her back to San Luis Obispo, and she would get back on the midnight train to San Francisco and be in her office in the Merchants Exchange on Monday morning. According to Sara Holmes Boutelle, Morgan's invoices show that between 1919 and 1942 she made that journey 518 times. In a practice almost unheard of at the time, she divided profits among her staff and kept only a small percentage for herself. She had little money when she died, and as for her funeral, she had asked to be "tucked away without any fuss." She lived entirely for her work, never married, and seems to have developed no significant personal attachments. She worked up to sixteen hours a day, often seven days a week. A mastoidectomy in the mid 1920s left her temporarily with a half-frozen face, a lisp, and impaired balance, but this never prevented her from clambering up and down scaffolding, often sustained for days by nothing more than Hershey bars.

And Hearst? As San Simeon grew toward the sky, he was also building the Beach House for Marion Davies in Santa Monica, acquiring St. Donats in Wales, buying a Long Island mansion for his wife, expanding Wyntoon, running his empire steadily toward near ruin which in 1937 finally halted construction on the Enchanted Hill as salvage work on Hearst's affairs began. He was 74 by that time and the rituals of life at the ranch were firmly prescribed. P. G. Wodehouse sent an entertaining description to his friend Bill Townend in 1931:

> The ranch—ranch, my foot; it's a castle . . . Hearst collects everything, including animals, and has a zoo on the premises, and the specimens considered reasonably harmless are allowed to roam at large. You are apt to meet a bear or two before you get to the house, or an elephant, or even Sam Goldwyn. There are always at least fifty guests staying here. . . . The train that takes guests away leaves after midnight, and the one that brings new guests arrives early in the morning, so you have dinner with one lot of people and come down to breakfast next morning and find an entirely fresh crowd. . . . Meals take place in an enormous room . . . served at a long table, with Hearst sitting in the middle on one side and Marion Davies in the middle on the other. The longer you're there, the further you get from the middle. I sat on Marion's right the first night, and then found myself getting edged further and further away, till I got to the extreme end, when I thought it time to leave. Another day and I should have been feeding on the floor. You don't see Hearst till dinnertime. . . . He's a sinister old devil, not at all the sort I'd care to meet down a lonely alley on a dark night.

Dinner, the only compulsory event of the day, would come at nine and then at eleven a film in the private theater. Guests detected bringing alcohol onto the premises could find their bags packed the following morning, though Marion Davies was known to slip empty bottles of gin behind the commodes in her bedroom.

It was a strange experience to drive for an hour north along the Pacific shoreline, then climb 1,500 feet up the five-mile drive and find oneself in a refectory with a ceiling from a sixteenth-century monastery munching broiled honeycomb tripe (served, for example, for lunch on December 31, 1946) beneath the banners of Siena. Everywhere, in every room a profusion of objects from almost every century and style. Volume one of the inventory of antiques on the Hill and in the warehouses below in San Simeon runs to 6,776 items, and here one can see precisely the prices, far from reckless in many cases, that Hearst or his agents had paid. High up in the Celestial Suite, an architectural afterthought on top of the towers, there are two Gérômes of Napoleon in Egypt, and one can see from the inventory that Hearst bought one from Knoedler in 1898 for $900 and the other for the same price from the same gallery fifteen years later. Although his frenzied collecting may have skewed the art prices of two continents, the most Hearst paid for anything on the Hill was $100,000 for a tapestry. For the whole of San Simeon, Hearst paid about $8 million. More than once Morgan, superintending the payroll at the site, complained that they were two months behind. She finally announced that she would yield to another architect to continue the project and by the mid 1920s Hearst forced himself to organize a regular system of transfers.

How does the Hill strike a visitor now? As Thomas R. Aidala points out in his admirable monograph, the experience of the main house is "hermetic and episodic" in that there is little sense of flow between the rooms on the main floor and even less sense of connection between the various floors.

Both Hearst and Morgan stated on more than one occasion that what they were really building was a museum of architecture of which Hearst was only an interim tenant. What gives the museum its emotional strength, rounding out the Gothic and Renaissance themes of the various casas, is the Neptune Pool on which construction commenced in 1927 after Gertrude Ederle, the cross-channel swimmer who happened to be staying at the Castle, remarked that the previous one was too small. The Neptune Pool, with its green and white Vermont marble, Italian temple façade, Classical colonnade, and Italian cypresses, subtly redefines the character of the Hill from obsession to dream, from the weight and religious frenzy of the Gothic and Spanish Baroque to the tranquil reason of antiquity. The pool and the five levels of terracing, the landscaped hills nearby on which Hearst's men planted over 6,000 trees, the wild beasts roaming, the mile of pergola ("the longest in captivity") embrace the Casa Grande as orders of nature soothing the orders of architecture massed at the Hill's crest.

Hearst would work through the night in his private office behind the third-floor Gothic study, reading his newspapers sent to San Simeon from all quarters of his empire. The wall of this office was largely glass, and the sun, which rose from behind the Santa Lucia Mountains, had earlier lit his properties across the continent, leaving this one till last. Behind him lay only the Pacific. San Simeon must have seemed to him to be the final résumé: the triumph of the New World, expressed as a triumph of art and architecture imported from the Old, down the centuries from the Athens of Phidias and Pericles. □

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(continued from page 148) Collectors with a wide range of tastes obviously like to live with diversity, and diversity brought into harmonious relationship is what Naggar created in this suite of rooms. In Alexander's small study, bathroom, and dressing room the following objects live happily together: a seventeenth-century Dutch chandelier, a headless Sumerian priest in his fleece petticoat, an astonishing collection of a Roman physician's bronze instruments, a superb eighteenth-century American burr-walnut flat-topped high boy, and a sixteenth-century Netherlandish painting by Joachim Patinir. These objects, all considerable works of art in their own right, are brought together in a small room to which Naggar has given a strong Neoclassical feel not only by the dark mahogany doors but also by the coved bookcase, which he built against one wall, and by the stipple painting of the woodwork in which a soft grayish green predominates. I have not seen such wonderful stipple painting since I dined fifty years ago with Richard Attenborough's father at Knighton Hall: that too was grayish green and was used in a Neoclassical circa-1780 room. Some of the greatest collectors of antiquities were British country gentlemen in the period between 1770 and 1870. Their ghosts were in attendance throughout this reconstruction.

The heart of the collection—over three hundred objects—derives from antiquity, from the rubble of temples and palaces, the rubbish bins of villas and forums, and, above all, the graves of the dead. The majesty of antiquity, in spite of the ravages of time, had to be stated emphatically, if possible with a sweeping grandeur—not easy to achieve in any New York apartment. It was a major difficulty for Naggar and brilliantly overcome. He created a sense of space and growing loftiness by gently, almost imperceptibly, raising the ceiling in the large gallery, which is the central feature of the apartment—the first room one enters from the elevator hall. The eye is guided to the far end, dominated by the bronze nude figure of Lucius Verus—coemperor with Marcus Aurelius—a statue so huge that it demanded distance and height. But what building, what forum, it graced in antiquity no one knows. It is godlike in its dignity and candor. It is flanked and complemented on each side of the gallery by Roman portrait busts on black marble pedestals—grave, lifelike, intensely moving objects. They sit on pedestals made by a great master of the craft, the Englishman Colin Bowles. At a mere touch of the finger, the busts can be turned; the top tier of the pedestal together with the bust can also be removed, lessening the chance of damage when sending them off for exhibition. Like all the work done in the apartment, the craftsmanship of Bowles, who has mounted most of the objects, is exemplary.

The gallery creates an indelible impression. It is a New York apartment's equivalent of the entrance hall at Syon where Robert Adam created a Neoclassical setting for the Duke of Northumberland's Roman statuary.

The library, to the right of Lucius Verus, functions as libraries did in eighteenth-century British houses, as a warm family room in which the fine American furniture and rich Venetian silk draperies dominate and create a sense of blissful comfort. George Romney's portrait of Master Hotham gazes down on a fine Gupta head of Buddha, a small marble Roman head, and an exceptional wood bust of Athena. Here and there, almost casually dispersed, are other splendid works of art: the Renaissance Hercules that belonged to Robert von Hirsch, a profoundly moving portrait bust of an elderly man of power—careworn and stoical—and a head by Dubuffet.

In the dining room it was the objects for display—the great altar, the famous sarcophagi, the huge kraters and amphorae—which posed the greatest challenges for Naggar. The problem was brilliantly solved. Naggar introduced two bold columns to create a recess on each side and brought forward the cornices to shelter the friezes of the sarcophagi and so delude the eye, for, massive as they are, they do not seem to jut out into the room at all. The room is dominated by antiquities, including a haunting painting of a naked girl in a pose erotic certainly but speaking of love; it is the pose in which Giorgione and Titian painted their Venuses—never, of course, having seen this one, which was buried in the ash of Herculaneum—the pose, too, that Goya used for his maja and Picasso for his Classical goddesses. In this room there are other fine and rare paintings, particularly on the Greek black- and red-figured vases; perhaps the finest is the great krater that relates the story of Hercules and the centaur king Pholos. Nearby on the great sideboard are more homely objects of antiquity: the fish dishes painted with realistic prawns, squid, ray, flounders, tuna.

The dining table itself is a remarkable Neoclassical table by Duncan Phyfe, a masterpiece in its own right. In this room, too, the lighting rises to new heights of excellence, bringing an unobtrusive sense of depth to the carvings in relief on the altar and the sarcophagi. It is one of the most original and dramatic dining rooms in New York.

Domesticity reasserts itself in the drawing room with its quiet, relaxing cream-colored tones. The furniture is American Chippendale—elegant, opulent, dignified, and restrained—a setting into which the splendid Reynolds over the fireplace fits with ease. In this room, as in all others, the drama is created by one or two astonishing antiquities on open display: two Byblos figurines—one retaining a great deal of his covering of gold leaf—sitting side by side posed and clothed in a style derived from the Egypt of the pharaohs and behind, flanking the doors to the library, two large Assyrian reliefs in alabaster from Nimrud now some 3,000 years old.

Older still by another two millennia is the Sumerian copper bull that once belonged to Baron Elie de Rothschild—one of the finest and earliest of realistic animal sculptures. Splendid and rare as these objects are, there is a group in the drawing room that I found even more haunting. Most are in one of the vitrines that hold smaller objects of great fragility, but one is freestanding—a female fertility idol from the Cyclades still bearing traces of the paint which picked out not only the tattooing on face and body but her necklace as well. In the vitrine are two figures of seated males, each playing a harp, and another Cycladic figure, a pregnant female supporting on her head a young female not pregnant. These figures, which are extraordinarily rare, are in exceptional condition. The female idols, abstract yet realistic with delicate economy of line, were

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low graves, they were deliberately broken into three and placed next to the corpse. With their mystery of a lost culture that lasted for over 2,000 years, they are for me the most memorable sculptures in a collection that contains scores of masterpieces in bronze and marble. They are disturbing, too, creating as they do the sense of a world almost totally lost to the modern imagination. It is important to brood about these figures before entering the last room, whose cleverly concealed door in the gallery appropriately gives it an air of anticipation. In the Bronze Room some of the greatest pieces of the Greatorexes' collection are to be found. A room for connoisseurs, it has a coved ceiling painted light Pompeian red and like an Etruscan tomb has tiers of shelves for display. Among the treasures: two spectacular Greek bronze Pans—highly unusual to have two—an Apollo of the third century B.C., a helmet that still carries its deliberate air of menace. But for me the most fascinating bronze is not early but late, Hellenistic in fact—a dancing girl with castanets held high above her head. Unlike so much that is here, she seems not only to defeat time but also to belong to a culture much closer to our own.

I do not think anyone can view this great collection without a sense of awe at the accomplishments of man. These antiquities are largely the damaged remnants of time, fragments of the past, but they speak to us of the fragility of life and the certainty of death. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

SESQUICENTENNIAL SPARKLE

(*Continued from page 207)* crown jewels, including gems once worn by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

The boost it received from its French haul helped make Tiffany's the leading American dealer in precious stones in the second half of the nineteenth century. By 1870 it had left lower Manhattan far behind and was established on Union Square in an Italianate cast-iron building of its own. When the jewels of an old customer, the empress Eugénie, were auctioned off in Paris in 1887, Tiffany's bought a four-strand necklace composed of 222 large perfect diamonds. The firm felt no uncertainty about finding buyers for such trinkets, for with Mrs. John Jacob Astor wearing $800,000 worth of their diamonds to a Vanderbilt ball and Mrs. Leland Stanford possessing no less than sixty pairs of their diamond earrings, Tiffany's was effortlessly disposing of $6 million worth of the dazzling brilliants annually.

In the 1880s Tiffany's introduced a revolutionary new setting for its stones. For centuries diamonds had been deeply set, almost buried, within a mound of silver or gold. This allowed the jeweler to hide the stones' flaws and to change their color by backing them with foil. The Tiffany setting, whereby a diamond is lifted and held in place by six small prongs, made concealment of flaws and discoloration virtually impossible while at the same time displaying high-quality gems to better advantage.

Yet it was not of diamonds that Holly Golightly, the heroine of Truman Capote's bittersweet novella *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* was thinking when she revealed her recipe for beating the blues: "What I've found does the most good is just to get into a taxi and go to Tiffany's. It calms me down right away, the quietness and the proud look of it. . .and that lovely smell of silver." Charles Tiffany had known from the first that no jewel house could be considered great until it had its own line of silver, and in 1851, he brought in the already-established father-and-son team of silversmiths John and Edward Moore to create pieces exclusively for the store. He did something else that reverberated within the just-completed dome of the United States capitol in Washington. Most American silver was still being made from Mexican and Spanish coins whose purity certainly could not be guaranteed. Tiffany proclaimed that the silver used in every item he sold would be the same purity as that found in the wares of such legendary English houses as Garrard's—that is, 925 out of 1,000 parts pure silver. Tiffany's policy eventually pressured Congress to make sterling the American standard in 1906.

At first the Moores concentrated on tea sets, coffee services, and water pitchers, but in 1869 Edward Moore designed the firm's first flatware pattern, named appropriately Tiffany's, and in time Tiffany silversmiths would also create the more elaborate Audubon and Olympian patterns to grace the tables of the Gilded Age. In those champagne and lobster years Tiffany not only wrought one-of-a-kind silver services for the Vanderbilts and Belmonts, but it was also called upon for other specialties. Lillian Russell, the queen of the American music hall, received a silver bicycle, and the French tragedienne Sarah Bernhardt asked for a sterling bathtub. "It's dusty in some of your Western towns," the Divine Sarah explained.

The nineteenth century and the first decades of the twentieth could be characterized for Tiffany's as a stately, unfaltering march onward and upward. By the turn of the century the string of monarchs to whom the firm had been appointed jewelers included the kings and queens of England, Belgium, Greece, Spain, Italy, Denmark, and Portugal, as well as the khedive of Egypt. In 1905, Tiffany's decided to exchange its Union Square locale for the more fashionable neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and 37th Street and commissioned Stanford White, America's top society architect, to design its new home. The result was a shimmering Venetian palazzo which the novelist Henry James characterized as a "great nobleness of white marble."

In 1919, as the Gilded Age was giving way to the platinum dawn of the Roaring Twenties, Tiffany's did more than $17.7 million in business. In 1920 its profits were high enough that it could squirrel away $9.6 million for a rainy day. Typically, on one afternoon Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker, of the Philadelphia department store family,



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out with a $1 exclaimed at the price, Mrs. Wanamaker looked surprised and explained, "It's real, you know." It wasn't only old money that was rushing to Tiffany's. Hollywood stars like Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks loved to browse among its baubles, and Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald cherished their solid-silver Tiffany chocolate set. But curiously as the Jazz Age grew hotter and flappers shortened their chemises, Tiffany's cooled toward both potential customers and the public at large. Following the death of Charles Tiffany in 1902 and that of his successor, Charles T. Cook, in 1907, John C. Moore, a grandson of silversmith Edward Moore, had become president. John C. Moore had none of Charles Tiffany's panache. Typical of the new atmosphere was Al Jolson's experience when he bought a $1,000 Patek Philippe watch and handed over a check for it. "Do you have any identification?" the credit manager asked haughtily. "Shall I sing 'Mammy' for you?" the outraged Jolson replied. Charles Tiffany certainly never asked Sarah Bernhardt for identification.

Just before Black Tuesday, October 29, 1929, the day when, to paraphrase *Variety,* Wall Street laid an egg, Tiffany's agent in Europe, in expectation of a bonanza Christmas, purchased more than $3 million in emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds. Christmas 1929 proved to be somewhat less than merry, and by the Depression year of 1932, Tiffany's sales for the entire year did not equal the $3 million it had paid out in the month of October 1929. But the store had the vast cash reserves salted away the previous decade, and in 1940, even after years of the Great Depression, Tiffany's moved uptown to the corner of Fifth Avenue and 57th Street where the limestone and pink granite structure designed by Cross & Cross is still its home.

World War II brought about a temporary business boom, and Tiffany's silver factory, which had made surgical instruments during World War I, began turning out precision parts for antiaircraft guns. The firm's merchandise, though, remained appallingly out-of-date. For example, John C. Moore's rule that Tiffany's carry only genuine pearls cost it millions in sales and led to its being one of the world's last jewelers to offer the cultured variety. Indeed Tiffany's did not sell cultured pearls until 1956. In the early 1950s the troubled business caught the eye of Walter Hoving, a brilliant merchant who was president of Bonwit Teller. After a sensational battle over the company's stock, which involved Tiffany heirs, New York real-estate interests, and the Moore family, Hoving gained control. The year was 1955, and a revolution was about to take place.

A great white elephant sale quickly cleared the premises of everything that Walter Hoving did not like. Hoving brought in Gene Moore, who had been decorating windows for Bonwit Teller. "What do you want me to do?" Moore asked Hoving. "I want you to make our windows as beautiful as you can," Hoving replied. "Don't try to sell anything; we'll do that in the store." With the help of Van Day Truex, the former head of New York's Parsons School of Design, Hoving attracted an exciting new design team, which included Jean Schlumberger whose witty custom brooches for *Vogue* editor Diana Vreeland and *Reader's Digest* cofounder Mrs. DeWitt Wallace once more made Tiffany's the place to go for jewelry.

In late 1978, shortly before Walter Hoving retired, Tiffany's became a subsidiary of the giant Avon Products. Most observers felt that this liaison with a company whose specialty was the door-to-door sale of inexpensive cosmetics tarnished the sterling Tiffany image; in 1984 it was chairman William R. Chaney who led a group of investors in the acquisition of the store and made it independent again. Working closely with Chaney to guarantee that the firm's well-earned laurels remain brightly burnished is design director John Loring, who came to Tiffany's under Hoving and stayed on through the Avon regime. Loring is particularly proud of the introduction

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SQUICENTENNIAL SPARKLE

[illegible] private-[illegible] ordinary services. William V and Excalibur Crystal, as well as a less expensive child pattern, Lauriston Hall, which features a garland of soft pink roses. He is also pleased by the expansion of the popular Chrysanthemum silver pattern with the addition of pieces such as a splendid footed champagne cooler.

For the past few months Gene Moore has been occupied thinking up ideas for the windows of Tiffany's new store in Munich. "I'm desperately trying to understand the Bavarian sense of humor," he announces in mock distress. When asked what the themes of Moore's Munich windows might be, William Chaney smiles, pauses, and then says: "I don't know. He never discusses his windows with me." To whom does Moore report? Chaney smiles again. "I believe it's God." □

Editor: Babs Simpson

Commemorating Tiffany's 150th anniversary, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is showing "The Silver of Tiffany & Co., 1850–1987" from September 15 through November 8. Also on view, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, are objects in silver and gold as well as drawings and documentary materials, in "Triumphs of American Silvermaking: Tiffany & Co., 1860–1900" from September 15 through January 10.

THE HOUSE AS ART

(Continued from page 158) passing those commissions on to younger and less commercial architects, earning himself the sobriquet of the Godfather. He told the Wintons he would get back to them, but nine months later they were still without a suggestion from the Master. Then, on May 16, 1982, in one of those instances when publications have a very direct effect on the course of design history, the Wintons saw Joseph Morgenstern's *New York Times Magazine* profile on Frank Gehry and instantly knew they had found their architect. To verify the decision, they called their friends Martin and Mildred Friedman, respectively the director and design curator of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. When the Wintons asked the Friedmans what they thought of the architect's work, they were told that the Walker had just decided to give Gehry his first major retrospective exhibition.

Art collectors and museum supporters, the Wintons fully appreciated Gehry's idiosyncratic aesthetic and put no restraints on the approach he might take. Unlike many of his prospective clients mindful of his penchant for offbeat motifs, they did not preface their discussions by asking him please not to use chain-link fencing. Instead they followed his first instructions quite directly. "Fantasize for me," Gehry said, encouraging the kind of revealing free association he has become expert at through his years in psychoanalysis. "I can't," replied Mrs. Winton. "I've lived in a Philip Johnson house too long for that. It's been killed off." Mr. Winton, on the other hand, had no trouble at all, and much to his surprise and that of his wife the image he suddenly came up with was a "potting shed in the woods."

Aside from Gehry's desire to probe the unconscious wishes of the Wintons, the architect had several other important factors working for him on this job. One was the clients' willingness to allow the design to evolve slowly over a relatively long period, which turned out to be more than three years. Since they were not in need of the structure as their primary residence, the Wintons had ample time to mull over Gehry's proposals, which involved three essentially separate schemes along the way. Gehry for his part was delighted by the absence of deadline pressure and was able to turn back to this small commission during the lulls between his larger projects.

Furthermore, there were no significant budgetary concerns, though this was by no means a spendthrift operation. That encouraged the architect to use materials without an eye constantly on the bottom line, as had frequently been the case with his typically bohemian clientele in southern California. Yet Gehry has never used inexpensive materials solely for their cost-effectiveness; he likes their informal but expressive qualities and indeed has continued to use them even when he could afford better. There were, however, quite practical reasons for Gehry's departure from his standard specifications, which have included such humble components as unfinished plywood, stucco, and the cheapest kind of shingles. Most obvious was that the harsh Minnesota winters would not permit complete dependence on cladding suitable for a mild climate.

The original conception of the house as a cluster of discrete structures containing one room each remained throughout the design process. That motif of house-as-village has recurred repeatedly in Gehry's oeuvre, perhaps most notably before this in his uncompleted Whitney house in Santa Monica, which was halted by the client midway and which Gehry therefore disavows in its sadly cannibalized state. The idea of stressing the individual parts rather than joining them into a conventionally unified whole comes from the so-called distribution sculptures of the late sixties and early seventies by such artists as Carl Andre and Barry LeVa.

Another certain influence on Gehry's Winton guesthouse was Philip Johnson, and not only because Gehry felt bidden to respond to the older architect's existing house on the site. The precedent of Johnson's sculptural outbuildings scattered around the Glass House on his New Canaan, Connecticut, estate—especially the library—is clear; a more significant inspiration is less obvious. Gehry has a tremendous admiration for Johnson's role as one of the most prescient art collectors (and generous donors) of our time. As he puts it, "Philip is the only other architect I know who's into the art thing, and when we meet we don't talk about architecture, we talk about art."

Although Gehry intended from the outset for the Winton guesthouse to be an homage to Johnson, he didn't proceed in as literal a fashion as Johnson does when he makes reference to another architect. But the arcadian impression of a strikingly unexpected architectural object set on a perfectly manicured lawn and shaded by mature spec-

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...ings. ...Santa Monica apartment of 1978—...demonstrates how skilled he can be at working with subsumed and cost-effective materials, commanding the careful detailing and accomplished workmanship that some of his detractors felt he would be incapable of when such opportunities presented themselves. The Winton guesthouse reconfirms Gehry's skill in handling fine substances, though the clients here favored a more discreet range of materials than those employed in the lavish Beverly Hills penthouse. For example, one bedroom wing (if a single room can indeed be called a wing) of the Winton guesthouse is clad in beige Minnesota dolomite limestone, a native mineral with impressions of prehistoric flora still visible on its surface. Another is faced with brick, a third with resinated Finnish plywood framed with aluminum strips detailed with Miesian precision. The remaining three of the six distinct segments of the guesthouse are sheathed in metal: two in matte black–painted sheet metal (with welded seams arranged in an attractively staggered pattern) and another with galvanized metal in its shiny silver state. As opposed to some of Gehry's earlier southern California projects, such as his corrugated-steel Spiller house of 1980 in Venice, the sparing use of the galvanized metal here seems like a suave accent rather than an industrial imposition.

Despite the diversity of its surfaces and the idiosyncrasy of its forms, the Winton guesthouse, like all of Gehry's residential designs, is a surprisingly comforting series of interior spaces, eminently suitable for habitation despite its initially odd configuration. Though the house is small—only 2,300 square feet, including the basement—it has a number of secluded areas perfect for the privacy of adults as well as the hide-and-go-seek games of children. The focus of that loose confederacy of quirky volumes is a central room defined by a skylit tower (actually a cross between a squared-off cone and a lopped-off obelisk). Simply furnished with a few pieces of upholstered seating, it is the perfect place to watch the scudding clouds through the large windows cut in the sloping sides of the tower. The other rooms of the house—two bedrooms with baths en suite, a kitchenette, a large inglenook in front of the fireplace, a sleeping loft, and a garage—flare off the tower like the vanes of a highly irregular pinwheel. Just as the exterior seems apparently random even though it has been considered with the utmost calculation, so does the sequence of interior spaces seem more spontaneous than it is.

Gehry doesn't like to impose a rigid interior design scheme on his clients, and the Wintons responded to his free rein by allowing the rooms to speak eloquently for themselves. Rather than load them up with furniture, decorative objects, and art, they chose deliberately ordinary things—Thonet's classic turn-of-the-century wooden opera chairs, neutral linen carpeting, white chenille bedspreads—to play their roles with as much understatement as possible. The only thing even more suitable would be Gehry's hallmark cardboard furniture (a new series of which is in progress) or perhaps one of his ColorCore fish lamps.

What makes the Winton guesthouse wonderful cannot be easily recommended for application elsewhere, but that has never been the point, strictly speaking, of avant-garde architecture. Frank Gehry, with the help of the Wintons, set out to experiment with the same freedom and daring possible in the far less constricted media of painting and sculpture. That domestic architecture can indeed capture the immediacy of those other art forms has been amply demonstrated by this lively work. Like such other one-of-a-kind compositions as Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum, which needs nothing at all inside it to make it an object of magical presence, so does the Winton guesthouse prove that it can stand on its own as a work of art. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

"The Architecture of Frank Gehry," organized by the Walker Art Center, is at the Power Plant, Toronto, through October 14. It then travels to the High Museum of Art in Atlanta (Nov. 21, 1987–Jan. 9, 1988) and concludes its tour at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles (Feb. 9–May 18, 1988).



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litho- original drawings. all very very reason- I would come back from Europe with at least one or two Moores. One year a friend called before I left and I said, 'Can I get you anything while I'm over there?' She said, 'Yes, get me three Henry Moores, because I want them for Christmas.' So that year I bought her three Henry Moores. I didn't bring one for myself. Instead I bought myself that harlequin bronze over there by the table. A Marino Marini, and the amusing part of it is that it's a painted bronze. You can see with the gold swatches and the rust-colored ones. And when I arrived back, she said, 'I'll send for them. How much do I owe you?' And I said, 'I don't know, whatever three times $175 is.' Twenty years ago. One of them just went for $65,000—like that. I lost my interest in them when they became extravagantly expensive. I liked the idea of buying them when he wasn't that well known.

"I've been a collector since I was a child. My first was an etching by Picasso called *Le Repas frugal*. I paid $120.

"I didn't say a copy, did I? I said a Picasso. Isn't that what I said? Are you deaf too? I do mention the price because eventually I was offered something between two and three thousand for it and I was hysterical at the idea, so I sold it. And I think it has since reached $90,000 or $100,000."

We move on to the bookcase and the small bust of a Roman nobleman.

"I like this because it looks like porphyry, but it isn't. It's eighteenth-century porcelain and the head is in bronze. That's a Giacometti head, and that's a reclining Henry Moore."

On the wall is a portrait of Jerome, which, but for the greenish color of the walls, looks like this same room. In fact it is. He stands to one side, framed in the doorway, a Noël Coward figure in blazer, cigarette in hand. The painting was done in 1966 by British artist Julian Barrow.

"Green? It was yellow. You're blind, and you're deaf. I mean, what I've got here is not to be *believed*. Those editors are gonna hear from me. Does that look like a green room?

"It was Barrow's first or second painting of an interior he ever did. Either Brooke Astor came before me, or she came after me. I wanted to be very incidental in the painting."



More collections against the books

On the glass table is an incongruous mélange: another icon, a royal scepter, a miniature gold door from Greece, a pair of Limoges medallions of the Roman emperors Vespasian and Otho, a long glass baton from the eighteenth century still filled with candy, boxes from Zanzibar, more ivories. In the midst of all this, a half-dozen plastic astronauts.

"Oh, they're my favorite possessions. I bought them at the last evening moon shot at Cape Canaveral, I paid fifty cents apiece and everybody was *furious* because they all wanted them, now they can't have them and I like them as much as anything I own."

It is dizzying, this sumptuous clutter of ivory monkeys, Chinese crabs, spotted frogs, lapis eggs, narwhal tusks, lacquer boxes, Russian stones, exoskeletons, Chelsea scent bottles, stirrup cups, trompe l'oeil, tortoiseshells, worry beads, and porcelains.

We pass through the Noël Coward doorway into the bedroom, a Regency cocoon of canary yellow. The bed, with its bronze-doré bantam roosters crowing from the headboard, is covered with a skunk skin throw. At the head are the Mondrian needlepoint cushions. A snake lies coiled in an Eskimo basket next to three Babelish towers of books. A blackamoor stands ready with tray. The bedside table is awash with *objets:* icon, reticulated mother-of-pearl fish, Henry Moore stringed bronze, ivory fists, scrimshaw, a malachite box, silver pot with pheasant quill ballpoints.

On one shelf of an étagère are dozens of photographs in silver frames.

"Yes, I love my pictures. This is where they should be. Not out there." He gestures through the wall. Amid this Tiffany thicket we notice a black-and-white of Somerset Maugham, signed. We ask how the friendship began.

"Actually through cards. I used to play cards with his secretary, and he was a cardplayer himself. Bridge. I don't play anymore. It's too refined.

"I had a big Maugham collection, which is sitting in the University of Texas. Forty-four cartons. First editions, ephemeral things, the original manuscript of *The Moon and Sixpence*. I bought it at auction in London. He was in town and I said, 'Here, inscribe it.' That took care of that. I had marvelous things, wonderful things.

"Well, I asked him what he thought, and he suggested the Library of Congress. They have a good Maugham collection. And I went there on a rainy day, like a slob, took twenty minutes to find it. They didn't know where it was. I finally got there.

"They have the original manuscript of *Of Human Bondage,* which he gave them as a gesture to America, and I asked to see it. They said, 'Oh no, that's locked up downstairs, you can't see that.' Then I asked for a couple of other things, and I couldn't see those, so I said to hell with it. I went to Princeton. They have a Maugham collection, but they were going to sell off any duplicates, despite the fact that they were inscribed, and I wanted them kept intact.

"So one night Donald Klopfer—he's the one you don't hear of, the original founder of Random House with Bennett Cerf—was here and the books filled the whole library, all slipcased in black pin seal, *wonderful*. And he kind of went bananas and suggested John Fleming. Ever heard of *him*? Well, he's the most charming, knowledgeable man, and he's the one who suggested the University of Texas. I have some more things I will most likely give to them, and I'll give them the Maugham bust as well. Better not print that or I'll have them sitting at my door waiting to collect it.

"What do you mean, 'Is the obelisk real?' What is this? Everything is real. Except me." □

CORRECTION: Dr. Milo Cleveland Beach was misidentified in our September issue. He is assistant director of the Arthur M. Sackler Gallery in Washington, D.C.

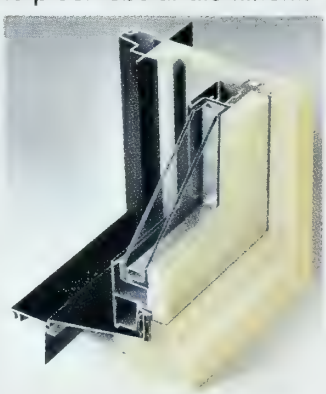







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[illegible] Egyptian or [illegible] Hammond [illegible] in Paris to the Wiener Werkstätte for the Hagenauer Galleries can be likened to the image of the late Nat Pendleton reciting a Noël Coward soliloquy. George Lois may in fact be the only serious collector of Cycladic art and Northwest Coast Kwakiutl graven figures who describes his acquisitions in terms of how many Gs they set him back. He will fondly appraise his St. Gaudens gilded-bronze study for *Victory,* the statue of Nike leading Sherman which stands in Central Park across from the Plaza Hotel, as a "great hunk of sculpture."

So classic, so severe are the Loises' digs that they would seem at first to be totally out of character for a preeminent architect of playful, exuberant advertising. His office is also ordered and rather well mannered—as clean and barren, he says, as the deck of an aircraft carrier. On the surface anyway, neither environment would seem suitable for the hurly-burly reality of George Lois's chosen profession. But isn't the essence of great advertising the facility to bring order out of chaos, to reduce complicated concepts to their simplest, most pointed terms? And besides, it is Lois's lifelong appreciation for art that more than anything else guides his professional instincts. (One of Lois's most striking *Esquire* covers, that of Muhammad Ali tied at the stake and bloodied by arrows —for refusing military service—was modeled on Andrea del Castagno's fifteenth-century painting of the martyred Saint Sebastian.)

In the expanses of the Loises' living room, the meticulous placement of objects and furniture is almost museum-like. Once a setting has been created, it stays that way for some time. Adding to the institutional orderliness are the rectangular marble-and-brass display cases—built for the Loises by an old friend, New York craftsman Nicos Zographos. The Loises have had three cases built over the past two decades and Zographos is at work on a fourth. These hold all manner of jewelry and artifacts. In just one such case are the following: an eighteenth-century Easter Island skeletal figure carved of rare toromiro wood; a 4,500-year-old marble Cycladic graven idol; a Greek vase from 520 B.C. etched with a depiction of Hercules slaying the three-bodied Geryon; an eighteenth-century Maori bone piece; a 1,500-year-old gold Coclé breastplate from Panama; and assorted jewelry and trinkets, including a twelfth-century Greek Byzantine ring bearing a likeness of Saint George, an Art Nouveau ring by Lalique, and a 3,000-year-old Egyptian gold ring in the shape of a serpent.

As Lois points out the objects in the case, he can hardly contain his enthusiasm. Of the Easter Island figure he says, "This is maybe the most important piece of art that we have. There are only six or seven of them that exist. It's from Nukuoro in the Caroline Islands north of New Guinea. When people who know Oceanic art see that, they faint." And when he comes to the Cycladic graven idol, he explains that it's by the Goulandris Master, named for a famous Greek collector: "The Cyladic people produced an art that's so superb and so perfect and so elegant it's mind-boggling!"

A fondness for reliquary artifacts and figures, both primitive and ancient, scores the Lois taste. "I think almost everything you get with this kind of art," he says, "has a content to it, in the sense that it's human or humanistic. I like human representation. I mean chairs are abstract enough for me. I just like the power of the form and the mysticism and romance and internal drive of the sculpture. The best of the primitive peoples created great art because they needed to exist with it. They didn't create it as art. They created it as images that guided their lives."

The almost willful eclecticism of the Lois collection can be jarring initially. There is, however, a plan at work, and the key here is purity of form. It is what enables a Fang figure, Walter Dorwin Teague's streamlined Polaroid lamp from the 1930s, and a litter of delicate *pâte de verre* by the turn-of-the-century French artist Almaric Walter to complement one another in exquisite fashion on the surface of a turn-of-the-century Majorelle desk. Then in front of the desk is a chrome and black-



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painted cigar-store Indian. All of these coexist admirably as do the objects in Lois's study where a standing Tizio lamp and a Noguchi tabletop lamp cast light upon a very urbane Art Deco Skyscraper desk from the 1930s by Paul T. Frankl. In front of the desk is a birch plywood Eames chair, and to the side a smallish burled-birch Alvar Aalto table.

If there is a drawback to this determined sense of everything being just so, it is in the area of comfort. Desks, lounge chairs, sitting chairs, and chaises abound, but there is really nowhere to sit. The Loises in fact don't sit on their furniture. Although they have six Windsor chairs, none of them are in places conducive to just sitting. Guests are generally directed not to the living room but to the chairs clustered around the dining-room table. (Lois says that most of the friends he brings home these days are the fellows he plays a punishing game of full-court basketball with every Saturday morning on 23rd Street.) Three chrome and leather Barcelona chairs and a Mies chaise in the living room—all decades old—look never to have been sat upon. But then to Lois, a piece of Mies furniture is not really furniture at all but a work of art.

The advertising man who wrote the slogans "I want my Maypo" and, twenty years later, "I want my MTV" has always felt similarly about his art. The Loises still have almost every piece they have ever bought. They have traded a few lesser pieces but only to acquire similar ones of greater quality. When they first began collecting 35 years ago, they had to borrow to buy the pieces they coveted. Now, George Lois says, as he gets older there is more out there that he likes, and fortunately his bank account has expanded to accommodate his more catholic tastes, a circumstance that gives him great joy. "What's interesting about life and living with things is that there are more and more things you want to live with. So you never finish!" He moves on to another display case, eager to show a visitor more. "It's like a wonderful disease. There're things now, if I don't get them, I'll kill myself." □

LANDSCAPE OF HIGH ROMANCE

(Continued from page 201) took over for a century. In 1749 the Garrovo was lent to the Jesuits and became once more a place of prayer and meditation. When they left in 1769, Count Odescalchi moved in, then Colonel Count Marliani, who bought it and left it to his nephew, Marchese Calderara, a patron of the arts who eventually married a ballerina.

In the 1790s the new marchesa (nicknamed La Pelusina), not quite at ease in Milan society, persuaded her elderly husband to move to Cernobbio, where they entertained lavishly. He had all the fun of playing Pygmalion while becoming a self-taught archaeologist. Just as during the Renaissance Serlio and Scamozzi had rediscovered Roman architecture through Vitruvius's treatise or Pliny's descriptions, the time had come to rediscover the Renaissance. And Calderara set about re-creating a sixteenth-century garden. We owe him the new cascade and cypresses, the unfinished grotto, and the bewitching *mosaico*.

The two small Classical façades carved out of the cliff must have been his idea, too, as they were easily reached by a gently rising leafy plane tree alley. On a hot summer day one can still sit there and dream that the noisy cicadas are the Muses trying to communicate with us, as Socrates suggested long ago before his celebrated siesta under a plane tree. The rest of the estate became a well-tempered orchard of vines and olives among the native planes and laurels Pliny had praised, the clipped boxes, and ubiquitous ivy.

When Calderara died, his young garden was famous for its beauties and his house for its parties. La Pelusina was ready for the new era. In 1806 she married the dashing General Count Pino, whom Napoleon had made his war minister in Italy, entertained Viceroy Eugène de Beauharnais, and prepared for Napoleon's visit—but he never came. Pino decided he preferred active service to desk duties, and she busied herself with her beloved garden. Her alma mater, the Scala, was finding a new rapport with the audience thanks to Sanquirico's inspired stage sets and light effects. As he was famous for his lifelike mountains and Gothic battlements, she may well have roped him in when she added the finishing touch to the landscape. The scaled-down turrets and towers on the cliff conjure up a vision of citadels taken by her husband in Spain. Pino was so pleased with this endearing folly that when the Austrians took over Lombardy and he had to retire, he used it for drilling the cadets of the military academy of Saint Luke. Since this is very much Stendahl's country, we may well imagine young Fabrice del Dongo storming the fortress before attacking the well-laden buffet by the lake.

When Caroline of Brunswick, the wandering wife of the prince regent was entertained at the Villa Pino, she decided she must have it, and the reluctant Pinos moved to the Villa Erba. (The Austrians probably used discreet pressure.) Like so many of her fellow countrymen, Caroline had fallen in love with Italy. Romantically she traced a family connection with the Este, renamed her villa, and put a statue of Ariosto—an Este family retainer—in the grotto. She stripped the house of its Napoleonic souvenirs, built a theater in the west wing and a stable for thirty horses opposite. She also opened a road through the estate, a royal gift to the inhabitants of Cernobbio.

But what the tourists who flocked in after she had gone back to London and died there praised most was the Ceramicus. Named after the place where Athens buried its great men, it is a labyrinth of minute rooms, caverns, and grottoes, either very dark or golden colored, with broken columns, stalactites, and bits of sculpture reputedly from the demolished convent. Dedicated to some nebulous philosophy of



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saved in the nick of time—the roof was falling—by Baron Ippolito Ciani, who bought it in 1834. Once more the house sparkled, and fabulous parties attracted the elite of Lombardy. A great project was afoot: the unity and independence of Italy.

While his brother Giacomo—a political refugee—was settling in Lugano, where he printed anti-Austrian propaganda, Ippolito probably on Cavour's instructions was settling next door to the viceroy Archduke Rainer, at Villa Pizzo. As guests shouted "Viva Verdi!" (Viva Vittorio Emanuele Re D'Italia for initiates), forbidden literature was smuggled in the ladies' petticoats, and discreet meetings took place in the shadows. For camouflaging purposes, Villa d'Este became a beehive full of workmen busily turning the orchards into an English park, the Ceramicus into a monument to Italian heroes, and replacing Ariosto in the grotto with a gigantic Hercules. To make it even easier to come and go unnoticed, Ciani demolished the small nearby village and built a hydrotherapeutic establishment open to the public with its own entrance on the new road. He named it the Queen of England's Hotel; we know it as the annex. On the deep red façade the emblems of the Italian provinces stand out magnificently. All is peace—but at midnight the unlucky Austrian guards could



© CESARE SOMAINI

New bas-relief in the *mosaico* by Francesco Somaini.

sometimes see the ghost of the white lady jumping into the lake. Needless to say it was really a bundle of pamphlets.

Italian unity achieved, there came a more restful period. After Ciani's death Villa d'Este was the home in the sun of Alexander II's mother, the dowager empress Maria Feodorovna. Her exotic retinue and her splendid horses fascinated one and all. The gates opened for great parties, and in the theater there were puppet shows open to the public while the empress, draped in sables and cashmeres, went boating on the lake.

When she went back to Russia, the responsibility for such a huge historical place proved to be too much for Ciani's numerous heirs, and the mayor of Milan stepped in. Villa d'Este became a company in 1873, and the politicians who sat on the board of administration had all taken part in the fight for independence thirty years earlier. Their idea was to save a landmark by turning it into the sort of luxury hotel patronized by Queen Victoria. The astonishing thing is that they have succeeded.

The first in a long line of innovations was the construction of a terrace in front of the much-enlarged hotel. The eight arcades are covered with *Trachelospermum jasminoides* and wisteria. Straggly palm trees and weeping willows, the curse of the lake, together with vulgar azaleas have been replaced by sweet olive. In the spring the camellia walk is quite respectable, and the long-suffering plane trees have been reshaped by patient tree surgeons. Plane trees have the reputation of being long-lived, and there is one beneath the floating swimming pool that has to have its roots cut every year by an underwater diver. When they cut it off and dated it in the nineteenth century, it was six hundred years old. Its formidable twin still stands in the middle of the terrace. The restoration of the *mosaico* is now completed: the last two bas-reliefs are the work of Francesco Somaini, a neighbor and sculptor known for his monumental work.

The ongoing restoration, carefully fitting in the needs of a modern luxury hotel, adds yet another layer of history to entice garden-loving travelers like Edith Wharton, who found the *bosco* with its shady walks, pavilions, and grottoes "one of the most enchanting bits of sylvan gardening in Italy," and praised the "breadth of design, the unforced inclusion of natural features, and . . . sensitiveness to the quality of the surrounding landscape." □

PICASSO'S SECRET LOVE

(Continued from page 182) Remember, too, that in 1916 Picasso was not only haunted by the shadow of Eva's illness and death but also by the war, which had come within earshot of Paris. This idyll must have provided a welcome cape from the carnage of Verdun.

Picasso would have had three obvious choices in the south: Sorgues just outside Avignon, where he and Braque had shared a house in 1913 and 1914 and where Braque would soon return to convalesce from a war wound; Céret, a picturesque town in the foothills of the Pyrenees where he spent some months in 1911 and 1912 and had a number of old friends; and Saint-Tropez, still an unspoiled fishing village favored by a few discriminating painters and writers. Picasso had never as yet been to Saint-Tropez, but Gaby had local contacts. I am inclined to think that Picasso would have avoided Sorgues and Céret—both had associations with previous mistresses—and gone somewhere he was not known. Saint-Tropez, which he often used in later life as a hideaway for amorous escapades, would have been the perfect place. My hunch is to some extent confirmed by a drawing of Gaby, one of several that Picasso kept for himself, a nude in a garden against a typically Saint-Tropez background of hills and cypresses and Roman-tiled roofs; also by the oval blue-and-white rug in the dining room, very like one of the rag mats called *tapis de Cogolin,* which are still made in the village of that name be-

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made by Billy
Klüver, the historian of Montparnasse.
According to Klüver, Lespinasse was one of the original discoverers of Saint-Tropez and owned a little house on the baie des Canoubiers off which he anchored a fishing boat. Survivors of the period have told Klüver how this gifted engraver kept open house for artists such as Pascin and the Swede Nils von Dardel and, of course, their wives and mistresses, who liked nothing better than to "live the natural life" on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the morning shots from Lespinasse's pistol would awaken the guests, who would be obliged to go out and forage for water and firewood. Judging by nude photographs (circa 1925) of Pascin and his famous mistress, Kiki, life on Lespinasse's terrace was liberated, to say the least. Promiscuity was taken for granted, above all by the host. Under the circumstances what more likely than that Gaby should have had the use of this love nest with or without Lespinasse's sanction?

If Picasso kept this relationship dark, is it so surprising, given that it ended in his rejection? Far more shameful for an Andalusian than betraying a dying woman. It was only when Gaby finally put some of her portraits on the market in the late fifties that the love story came to light. In connection with some research I was doing at the time, I tried to track Gaby down. Failing to do so, I asked Picasso about the portraits: he was clearly delighted at seeing them but irritated at being reminded of an episode he had chosen to forget. Some time after the deaths of Gaby, about 1970, and her husband, Herbert, in 1972, a niece, who was heir to the estate, decided to sell what was left, the cream of the crop as it turned out. Since the material was unrecorded and untypical and the artist was no longer around to provide authentication, it was not easy to sell.

In the end the Parisian dealer Daniel Malingue consulted Douglas Cooper, the Picasso expert and collector who recognized the significance of the items. Cooper bought the little collection, complete with marriage and death certificates, and for the rest of his life kept it jealously guarded in his Monte Carlo apartment, unpublished and unexhibited. Cooper died in 1981, and his adopted son, William McCarty Cooper, has generously made this fascinating ensemble available for publication in House & Garden to coincide with its first public appearance in an exhibition of works on paper from the Cooper collection at the Kunstmuseum, Basel (Nov. 21–Jan. 31).

Cooper always assured his friends that he intended to publish his Gaby Lespinasse material. However, he never did. He was not, in the last resort, prepared to forego the gratification, the sense of power that he derived from owning a small but vital piece of the Picasso puzzle—a piece without which the story of the artist's life could never be properly told. Cooper thus avoided coming to grips with the problems that his treasure trove posed. In some ways this was a pity, because nobody was better placed to assemble and interpret the material than he. For my part, I am grateful that in effect he left the task to me. So far as I can discover, Gaby was fascinated but daunted by the charismatic genius who had fallen for her. In the circumstances the ravishing girl found herself caught between two fires. Fearful of being destroyed, like most of the other women in the artist's life, on the sacrificial altar of his genius, she wisely settled for a free and easy life in the company of a lesser light, her husband, Herbert, and his gang of friends, who were always ready to sacrifice work to pleasure.

Gaby's independence explains Picasso's desperate cajolery—for instance, the decorative but insistent summons that Gaby return to him (from his rival Herbert?): *Reviens mon amour . . . mon ange.* It would also explain certain stylistic anomalies: for instance, the way he sweetened and scaled down his vision and style in order to accommodate the taste of a girl who would have been immune to the subtleties of Synthetic Cubism. Hence the deceptive innocence of these love tokens: deceptive in that nothing could be more disingenuous than the way Picasso dissembles his Ingresque skills behind a smoke screen of seemingly simplistic drawing. In the long run Picasso's parade of innocence, like his cajolery, failed to work: both parties went their separate ways. But for the record this romance is historically significant because it reveals a missing link in the artist's marital career and because it also reveals Picasso with his guard down, passionately, abjectly in love, for once at the mercy of a pretty girl instead of the other way around. □

DECORATING SCRUPLES

(Continued from page 217) tole, painted Italian furniture, tea caddies, baskets in many materials, candlesticks by the dozen, and Creil plates all arrived as the contents of our Paris apartment were finally unpacked.

Before I met Joan Axelrod, my husband and I had already decided on certain basic changes in the house. In order to create my office, we took a second living room and isolated it from the rest of the house by building a soundproof wall and a pair of soundproof doors. We also tore down another wall in my office to incorporate a windowed bay around which I had a garden planted into which I can escape from my desk, a garden that must never be so big that the invisible cord that attaches me to the desk has a chance to break. The entire pool house became Steve's weekend office; an extra guest room was set aside for my secretary.

We knew that the master bedroom roof had to be taken off and replaced by a high peaked roof with weight-bearing timbers. We removed the forest of wrought iron which disfigured the entry staircase and ordered panels of Lucite to hang from the banisters. I found old French tiles to take the place of the marble entry floor. We planned to paint the dark wood-paneled library

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DECORATING SCRUPLES

Joan applies total common sense to the problems of decor. Before we set off to look for all the additional things that were needed, we spent days sitting in each of the dreary empty rooms while she asked me detailed questions about how we wanted to use the space. She would point out problems that would never have occurred to me. The living room had two wide openings that let you see into the dining room. How would we give a dinner party if the guests had to see the tables being cleared and my husband objected to doors being built between the two rooms? (Folding fabric screens on casters which fit into a closet when not in use were the answer.) Why was the house so noisy? We discovered that the two-story library, the two-story entry, and the lack of doors between rooms had turned the entire downstairs into an acoustical nightmare, which no writer could function in. She ordered snug doors built wherever needed, and by using fabric to cover the walls of the winter dining room, just outside the kitchen, and covering the kitchen ceiling itself with fabric, she managed to trap and kill most of the noise. Why, she asked, was I planning a completely new kitchen when the cozy old one needed nothing more than a paint job, a refinished floor, and a new stove top? Why indeed I realized, feeling as foolish as I was relieved to be out of the clutches of my kitchen designer. Why were we thinking of the too long glass-walled dining room only in terms of dining? Why not furnish it like the garden room it basically was and make its length an asset?

As the work progressed, I realized that Joan and I both gravitated toward certain kinds of things: old wicker, flowered chintz (people who think it's chic to say that chintz is dead do *not* understand women), batik, toiles de Jouy, black accents, and terra-cotta tiles. She introduced me to painted American country furniture, bleached oak floors, children's chairs, old white lacy linen pillows and bedspreads, table skirts like ballgowns, and butler's mirrors painted with flowers and butterflies. No, I don't think that nineteen butler's mirrors in the dining room are too many.

Joan Axelrod tells each client two things at the beginning of a job. First she said that if I didn't like anything, I had only to say so without providing a single explanation; if she brought it up twice and I still said no, I'd never hear about it again. Her second precept was that after any new addition to the house was delivered, we should live with it for a week before deciding we had made a mistake. She believes, rightly, that no matter how anxious people are to see change, once the change occurs it comes as a shock.

Joan Axelrod's own theory of design is founded on the word *comfort*. She'll spend hours at the upholsterer making sure that a chair is comfortable before she has it beautifully covered. Our house has so many marvelously cozy places to sit that we often have a single drink while touring three different rooms.

Now, only ten months after I first met Joan, the house is finished and functioning so well that I have no excuse not to start another novel. The once unloved compromise has become my passion, that perfect place I never stopped hoping I would live in. It is called La Tourello after Mistral's beloved *mas* in Provence, a house I once thought I could only possess in my imagination, a house I wrote into existence. Beyond my garden, a Provençal landscape is in the planning stage. The magic was wrought not by finding a dream house but by finding the right decorator who was able to turn a sleeping frog into a wide-awake beauty. And if that isn't a mixed metaphor, I will have to turn in my new word processor and go back to my old typewriter. □

Editor: Joyce MacRae

AMERICAN SIMPLICITY

(Continued from page 168) resource in the cultural life of the country. For almost eighty years, an ever-broadening stream of gifted writers, artists, composers, photographers, and filmmakers has succeeded in escaping the conventional harassments of the workaday world in order to spend a few weeks of intense, self-delighting labor in its evergreen fastness, in studios safe all day from interruptions from any creature more importunate than a chipmunk.

Banks being among the most hospitable of the neighboring guardian angels of the Colony, no one need be surprised to learn that Colonel Abijah's former kitchen serves throughout the year as Temple's admirable miniature temple of the arts. In summer the house becomes an airy pavilion, joined to a garden where guests at parties gather under the benign gaze of a marble likeness of a Greek goddess, her head wreathed in clematis. At winter parties fires blaze in one or another of the five hearths of the house, and beyond the small-paned mullioned windows the snow falls and then, in good old New Hampshire fashion, keeps on falling, and one hears on the mountain highways the lonely sound of the big snowplows grindingly at work. When, very late, the last guest has departed—"Goodnight! Goodnight! What a lovely party!"—the stout walls seem to draw in upon themselves against the night's cold.

Abijah and Artemas Wheeler built well, for all weathers and seasons, and it may be that Daniel Pratt, leaving Temple at twenty to seek his fortune in the great world, was inspired by the Wheelers' ambitious handiwork to emulate them in the houses that he was soon to set about building in far-off Georgia. If that was indeed the case, then Banks did well to act on a romantic impulse, defying conventional prudence. For there they stand, the two ravishing houses, and in the course of his many years of devotion to them Banks has transformed "mere" coincidence into a charming and by no means unimportant episode in American architectural history. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

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COVER
View from the front drive of Biddick Hall, County Durham, home of Lord and Lady Lambton. Story page 146. Photograph by Lucinda Lambton.

A COMFORTABLE PERFECTION
In traditional British fashion, generations of Lambtons have put their mark on Biddick and its gardens/By Lord Lambton
146

CHELSEA CHASTE
Atop a Victorian terrace, a space of startling simplicity/By Martin Filler
156

RARE AND EARLY
The furniture that fills the house of antiquarian Adrian Csaky is just as precious as the kind he sells/By Elaine Greene
162

DRAWN TO THE PAST
Artist Michael Leonard decides whether one is a Holbein or a Sargent, then proceeds accordingly/By Lincoln Kirstein
168

SOANE COUNTRY
Pitzhanger Manor, where Sir John Soane planned his dynastic triumph but met his bitterest disappointment/ By Martin Filler
172

IMAGE MAKERS
Sculptor Arnold Machin and painter and illustrator Patricia Machin in their Staffordshire farmhouse/By Elaine Greene
180

THE SWEET SMELL OF SUSSEX
When not on the road, rock star Bryan Ferry and his wife, Lucy, can be found in the garden/By John Bowes-Lyon
188

ENGLISH TRANSFER
The editor-in-chief of Vanity Fair *brings British comfort to New York/By Tina Brown*
196

THE EDITOR'S PAGE 18
By Louis Oliver Gropp

COMMENTARY 22
Going to Bat for Britain
By Tom Stoppard

DESIGN 32
Dresser's Success
By Martin Filler

BOOKS 54
All Booked Up
By A. L. Rowse

GARDEN PLEASURES 66
The Force of Nature
By Germaine Greer

THE DEALER'S EYE 76
Of Horse and Hound
By Christopher Gibbs

ON DECORATING 90
Educating the Eye in England
By Mark Hampton

MASTER OF PLASTER
The workshop of George Jackson is still casting from molds that go back two centuries/By Clive Aslet
204

OPEN HOUSE
After thirteen years of planning, architect Richard Rogers has realized his family's dream/By Doris Saatchi
206

FROM OLD ENGLAND TO NEW ENGLAND
A Palladian villa and Italianate garden in an improbable Yankee setting/By John Richardson
214

WILD GAMING
The founder of the Clermont Club, John Aspinall shares Howletts with Lady Sarah and their menagerie/By Brian Masters
222

MEWS OF THE DAY
John Stefanidis replaces a Knightsbridge stable with a Neoclassical pied-à-terre/By Judy Brittain
226

IN THE SHADOW OF CLARENDON HOUSE
The smart life in the stables/By Barbara Neil
230

CHOICE 100
What's New, What's Noteworthy

FINE WORK 106
Regency Redux
By Clive Aslet

ALL ABOUT STYLE 116
Painting Petworth
By Max Egremont

FOOD 124
The Renaissance of English Cookery
By Leslie Forbes

ON VIEW 135
Current Exhibitions Not to Be Missed

JOURNAL 138
On the Arts Scene

IMPRESSIONS 142
The Stately Dogs of England
By Spalding Gray

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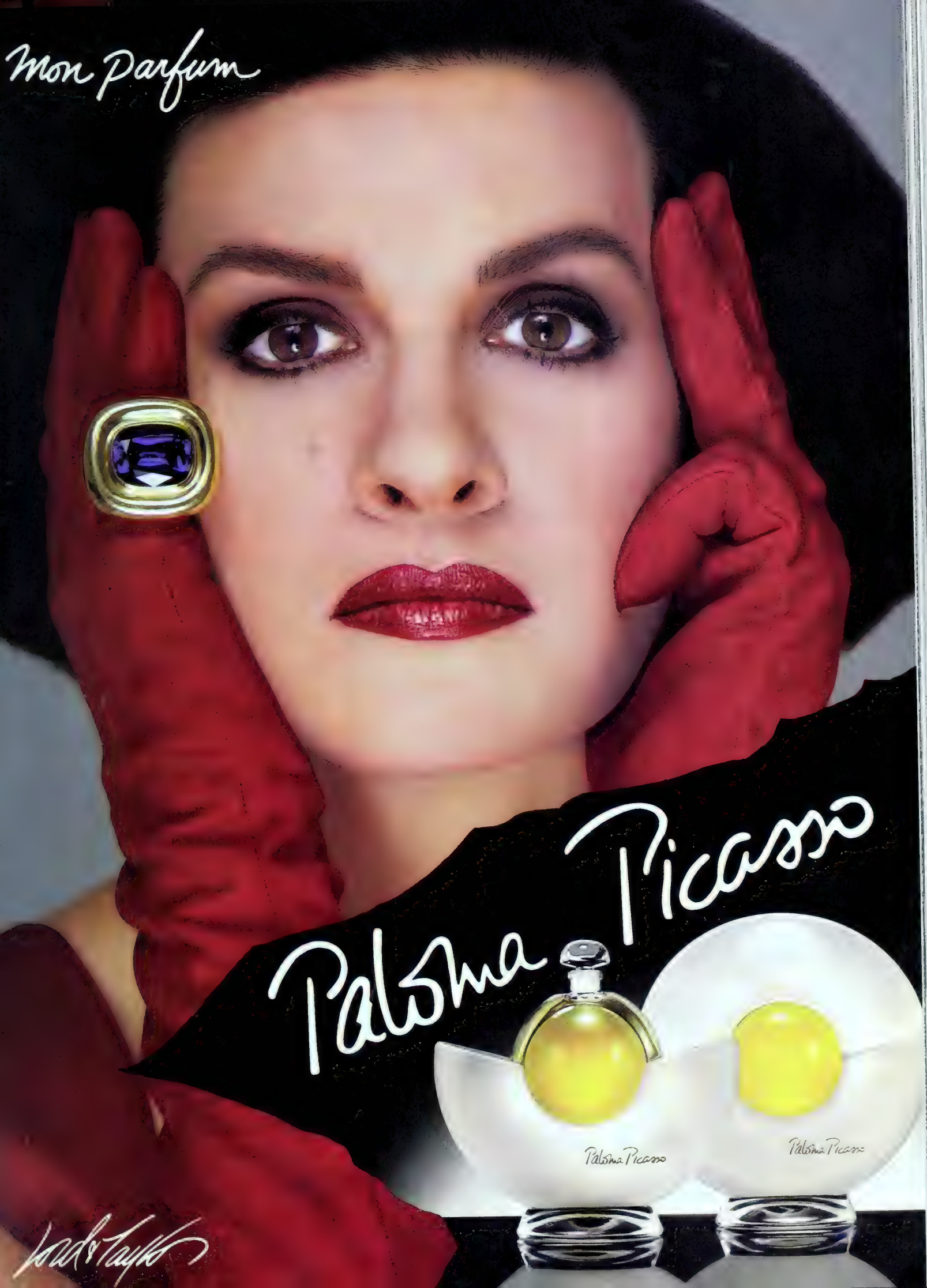
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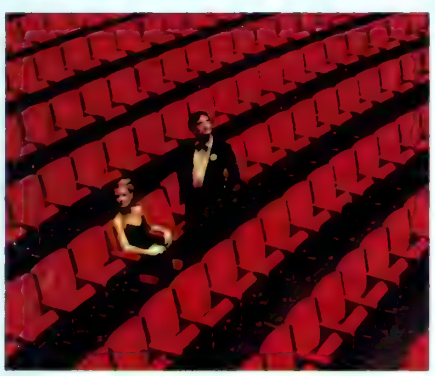


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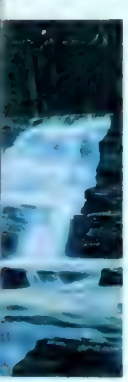




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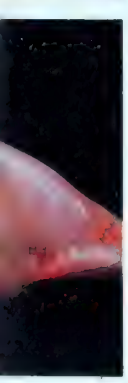












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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

CLIVE ASLET, architectural editor at *Country Life,* is the author of *The Last Country Houses.*

DAVID BOURDON, a New York art critic, has written books on Christo and Alexander Calder.

TINA BROWN is editor-in-chief of *Vanity Fair.*

MAX EGREMONT is the author of *The Cousins, Balfour: A Life of Arthur James Balfour,* and a novel, *The Ladies' Man.*

LESLIE FORBES lives in London and is the author and illustrator of *A Taste of Tuscany* and *A Taste of Provence.*

CHRISTOPHER GIBBS is a London art dealer and a contributor to British *Vogue* and *The World of Interiors.*

SPALDING GRAY has been performing monologues since 1979; they have been published in *Sex and Death to the Age 14* and *Swimming to Cambodia.*

GERMAINE GREER recently finished a book on the British elections, edited an anthology of seventeenth-century women's verse with Susan Hastings, Melinda Sansone, and Jeslyn Medoff, and is working on a book about her father.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN was a founder of the School of American Ballet and the New York City Ballet. His most recent book is *Quarry: A Collection in Lieu of Memoirs.*

LORD LAMBTON's books include *Elizabeth and Alexandra* and *The Abbey in the Wood.* He is working on a book about Lord Mountbatten and his ancestors.

BRIAN MASTERS is the author of fifteen books, and his biography of John Aspinall will be published early next year.

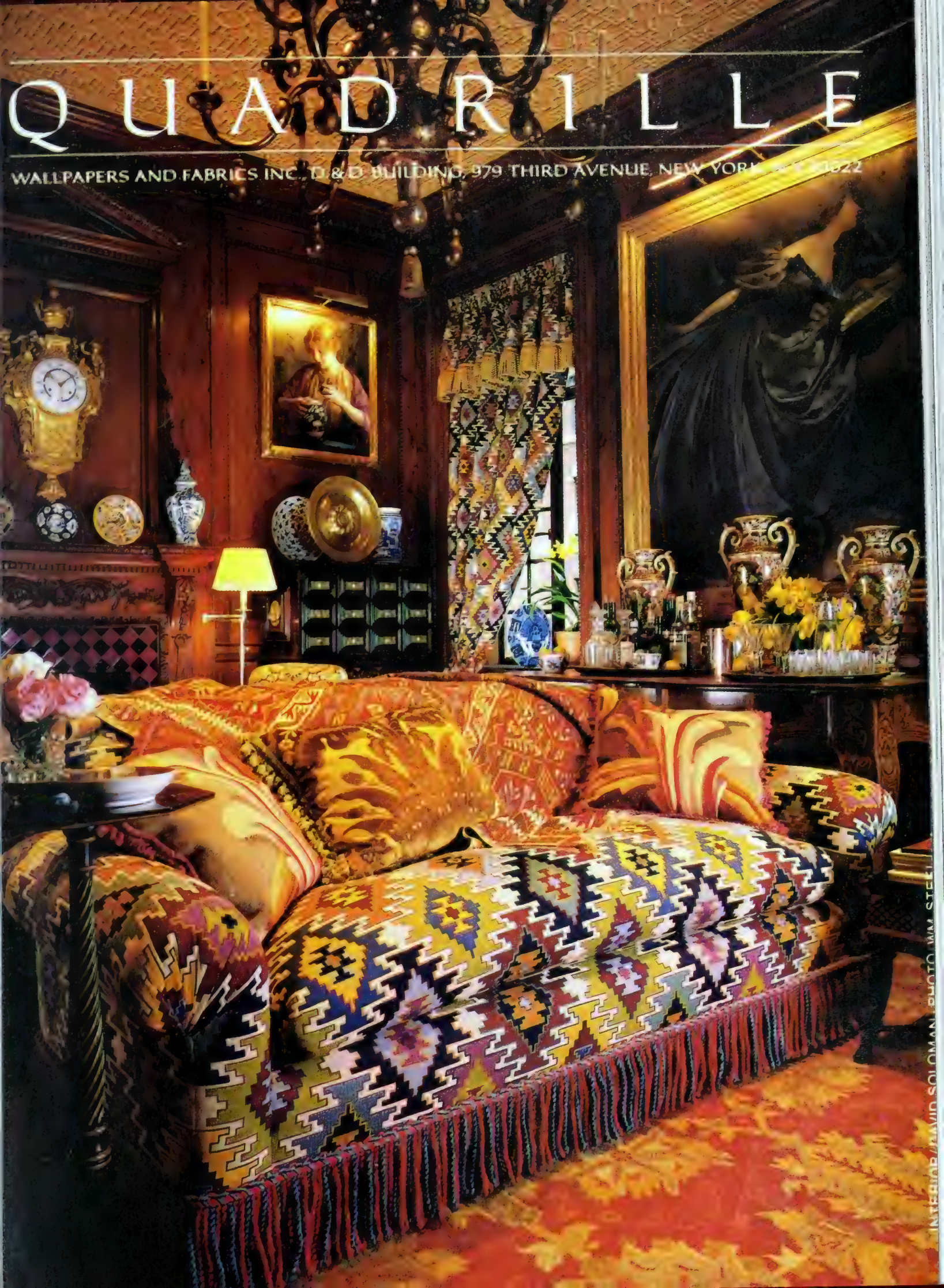
BARBARA NEIL is the author of *As We Forgive.*

A. L. ROWSE, emeritus fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, is author or editor of over seventy books, including *The Annotated Shakespeare.*

TOM STOPPARD is the author of over fifteen plays, including *The Real Inspector Hound, Travesties,* and *The Real Thing.* He recently completed the screenplay for Steven Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun.*

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INTERIOR/DAVID SOLOMAN; PHOTO/WM. STEELE

A few years ago when Jane and I took our daughters on an extended trip to Europe, we were fascinated with Amy and Lauren's reaction to England, the final stop before heading home. It was as if they were already at home, deserting us at museums to wander off on their own, reassuming the independence more characteristic of two young women brought up in New York City. Their comfort and ease had less to do with language—they often found the English spoken in London perplexing—than it did with the good manners that typify England. The English style embraced us all and made us feel, to put it simply, at ease.

English design is basic to much of the decorative arts of America—whether it be the eighteenth-century furniture classics that furnished most of the dining rooms we grew up in or the early Modern work of designers like Christopher Dresser, page 32, that paved the way for some of our best contemporary household objects.



At Biddick Hall, traditional English crewelwork behind fresh primroses and pressed pansies on a classic piecrust table.

And, of course, the strong Modernist vocabulary of architects like Richard Rogers, whose new Lloyd's of London and the house he has just completed for his family in that city, page 206, reveal that the best of Modernism is still hard to beat for design vitality.

And there is the wonderful tradition of English country living. We were amused to see in the piece Tina Brown, editor-in-chief of *Vanity Fair,* wrote for us chronicling her move from London to New York City, page 196, that it was a Lambton house she remembered as she planned her new rooms with decorator Chester Cleaver—amused because we knew that Biddick Hall, the Lambton family house, was going to be in this issue as well, page 146.

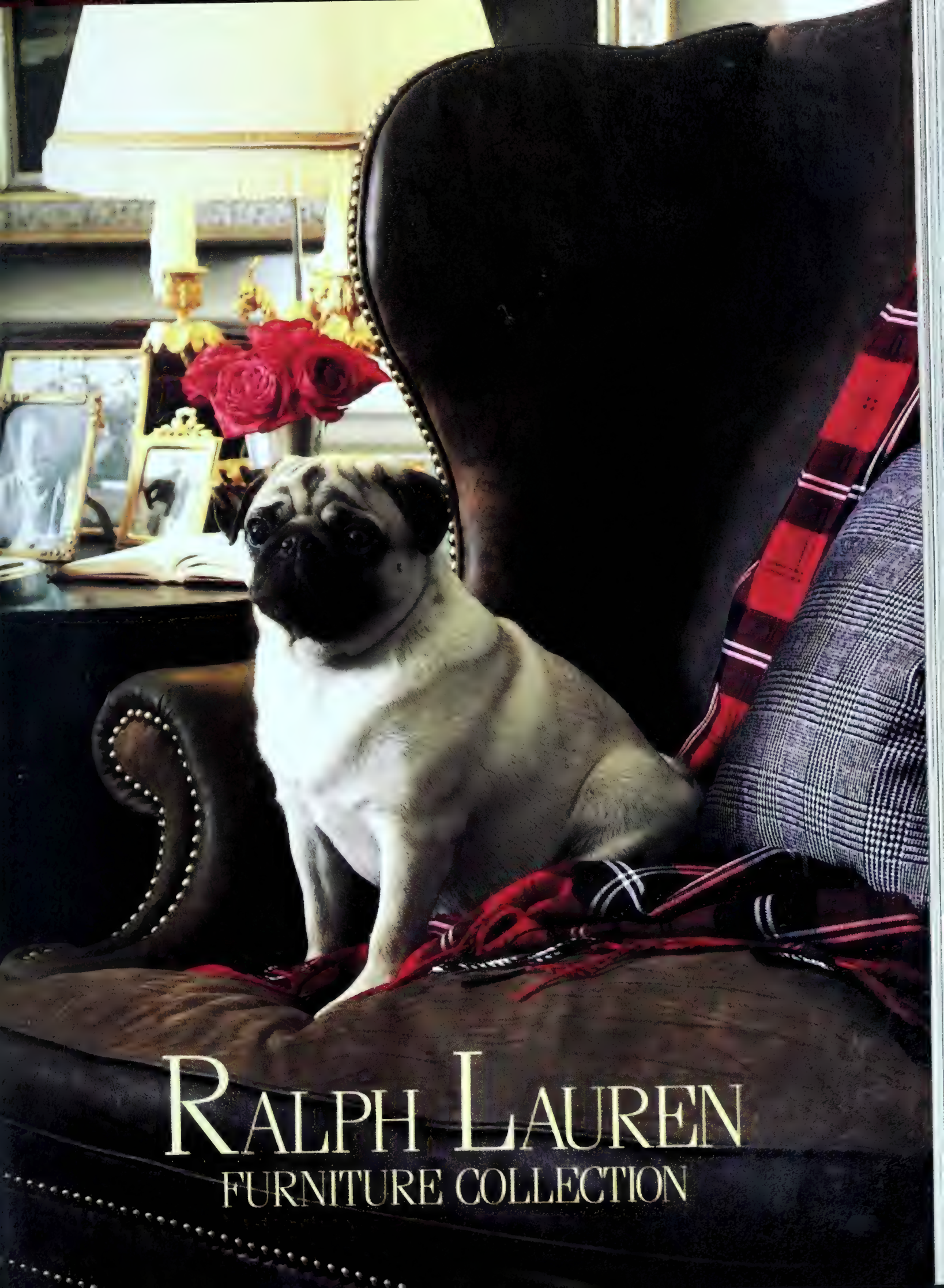
But probably the thing that appeals to us most about the English is their conventional unconventionality. Where else would you find a Palladian house and its grounds turned into a wild animal sanctuary, page 222, or find a family that prefers the stables to their stately home as a place in which to raise their children, page 230.

Then there is the impressive style with which it is all accomplished: John Stefanidis turning a tiny Knightsbridge mews house into a handsome Neoclassical pied-à-terre, page 226; sculptor Arnold Machin's studies of Queen Elizabeth, which resulted in the image of Her Majesty we all know so well from the coin of the realm, page 180; and the work of John Pawson, who brings Minimalist design to a new high, page 156.

So whether you read Tom Stoppard on Going to Bat for Britain, page 22, or Germaine Greer on her battle with her garden, page 66, we think you are going to enjoy this unconventional tour of England as much as Amy and Lauren enjoyed their visit a few years ago. And if that's what gave Lauren the idea of dyeing her lovely brunette hair an alarming shade of pink or gave Amy the courage to embrace the new shorter skirts, that's simply what happens when you take two proper young American women to England.

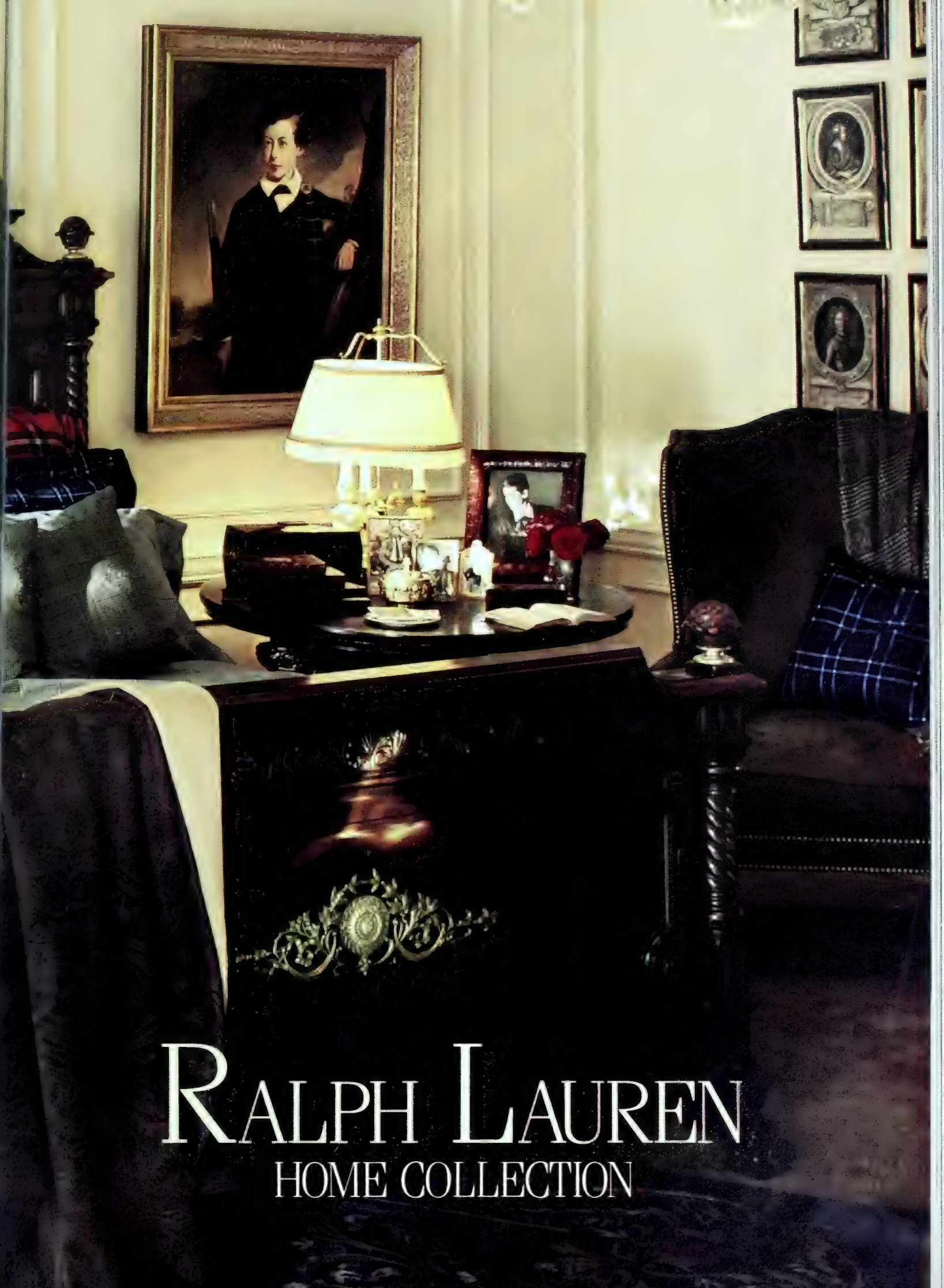
Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief


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GOING TO BAT FOR BRITAIN

One of England's top playwright cricketers wishes life had not gotten so far away from the wicket

By Tom Stoppard

One summer about ten years ago Kenneth Tynan in the course of preparing a *New Yorker* profile came to watch me play in my annual cricket match, an affair of varying competence staged between Harold Pinter's XI and the *Guardian* newspaper. It was one of my better years—I scored about twenty runs—and so my career was launched as one of England's leading cricketing playwrights. Later the London *Observer* published the cricket part of Tynan's article, and that put me on the map as a serious cricketer who had written a few plays during the football season.

Requests to review cricket books, to contribute to cricket anthologies, to publish my cricketing memoirs, to cover the English tour of Australia, and indeed to play cricket poured in. Encouraged, I was soon playing twice a year, three times a year, and receiving respectful acknowledgment from people who had played twice a week every summer since World War II. The Captain of England, who occupies a position somewhere between the Duke of Norfolk and the Archbishop of Canterbury, sent me tickets for the Lord's Test and spoke to me on the pavilion steps. If I'd been a share, I'd have gone through the roof.

However, I never, until now, lost my head to the point of writing about the game, even though giving the hero of my play *The Real Thing* a cricket bat brought about a sudden increase in requests for articles from editors who understandably thought that this further evidence was conclusive. (It wasn't, as shown by the Greek production of the play where the hero, I couldn't help noticing, was waving a tennis racquet.) So this is my debut as a cricket authority, prudently essayed in an American magazine devoted to houses and gardens.



DAVID MONTGOMERY

In his garden—house in view—Tom Stoppard with bat, ball, and wicket

It is well known that Americans have the absurd idea that cricket is an extremely complicated business, which is incomprehensible to a spectator who hasn't had it explained and which, moreover, defies explanation. They also have the idea that cricket terminology is essentially ridiculous and a pushover for visiting humorists. For example, a ball is bowled; when six balls have been bowled, they constitute an over; an over in which no runs are scored is called a maiden; thus, a bowler who bowls an over in which no runs are scored is said to have bowled a maiden over. I recall that this very phrase seemed to amuse Al Capp in an article he wrote during my school days.

To understand the game, it helps to bear in mind that baseball is what you have instead of cricket. The point is well made in a famous and only semi-fictional account of a village cricket match by A. G. MacDonnell. An American, Mr. Shakespeare Pollock, has been roped in to fill out a team of literary types in a match against a village club:

> Mr. Pollock stepped up to the wicket in the lively manner of his native mustang, refused to take guard, on the ground that he wouldn't know what to do with it when he had got it, and, striking the first ball he received toward square leg, threw down his bat,



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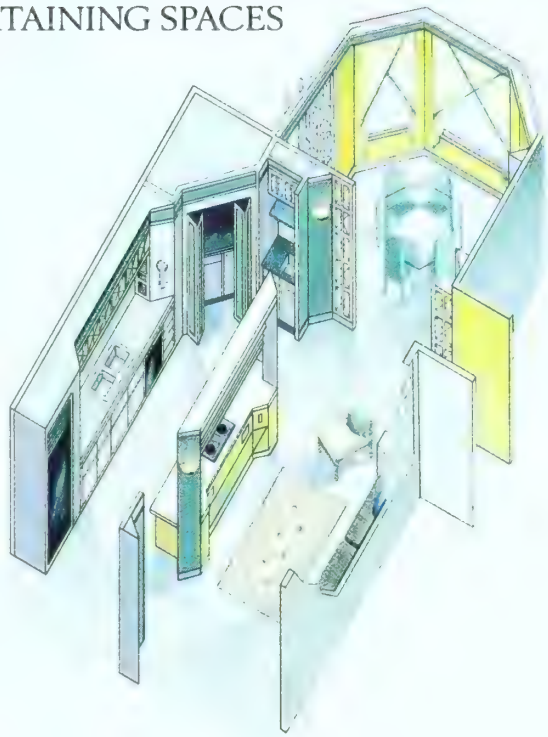
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paralysed silence. [illegible] rubbed [illegible]s. On the field no one moved. Mr. Pollock stopped suddenly, looked round, and broke into a [illegible] laugh.

"Dam me—" he began, and then he pulled himself up and went on in refined English, "Well, well! I thought I was playing baseball." He smiled disarmingly round.

"Baseball is a kind of rounders, isn't it, Sir?" said cover-point sympathetically.

Donald thought he had never seen an expression change so suddenly as Mr. Pollock's did at this harmless, and true, statement. A look of concentrated ferocious venom obliterated the disarming smile. Cover-point, simple soul, noticed nothing, however, and Mr. Pollock walked back to the wicket in silence and was out next ball.

It is, in fact, possible to explain cricket adequately in one sentence. It is a game played between two teams, of eleven players each, and one of these teams, going out to bat one at a time, attempts to score as many runs as possible while the other team spreads itself around the field and attempts to limit these runs, a run being scored when the batsman strikes the ball sufficiently far to enable him to run 22 yards to the bowler's end of the pitch before the ball gets back there, unless the ball has been caught by a fielder before it bounces, in which case the batsman is out, or unless he misses the ball and it hits his stumps, in which case he is also out, and when both teams have had their turn, the team that has scored the most runs has won. The rest is detail and can be found in any slim paperback on the laws of cricket.

One year my first match was a trifle earlier than usual. We left the field temporarily when the snow turned to hail. My next fixture was to play for the fathers against the sons at the school where two of my children were then learning to keep a straight bat. This was my best game that season: I scored fifty, which is a lot for me, and my self-esteem lasted until the next match, [illegible]s against grown-ups.

The difference between boys and grown-ups is not, however, so marked as the difference between grown-ups and proper cricketers. Occasionally, for reasons to do with publicity or charity, people like myself—cricketing failures who drifted into show business—find themselves playing with people who have represented their country. I was once invited to Perth ostensibly to talk to the Australians about "Whither drama?"—but actually, as it turned out, to captain a team grandiosely titled the Rest of the World XI against the Perth Festival XI. My star bowler was Graham McKenzie, who had played for Australia. (You may well be wondering why, in that case, I was the captain of the team, and the reason is that although McKenzie had bowled for Australia, his plays were rubbish.) I was also the catcher on my team, or, as we say, the wicket keeper. One of the nice things about being wicket keeper is that your hands are protected by thick armored gloves made of leather and rubber, and it is curiously satisfying to catch the ball, should the batsman miss it, in this painless way. McKenzie was kindly bowling at half-speed against these local amateurs and when his first ball hit my glove I thought my hand had fallen off.

Although bowlers who are able to delude the batsman one way or another, by speed or by guile, are essential to a team and the successful ones properly revered, cricketing glory consists in scoring large numbers of runs. The great batsmen are the idols. The thing that makes cricket different from golf, tennis, soccer, rugby, and even baseball, and that puts it above all those games as a hero's game, is that the batsman is allowed only one mistake. When he has made it, he's finished. He can't make it up by winning the next hole or the next point or scoring a goal in the second half or hitting a homer with the bases full as soon as his turn comes round again.

One team's innings can last as long as a couple of days in a test match, but a batsman who is unfortunate enough to be out on his first ball has fulfilled his entire role in that innings in a couple of minutes. According to Aristotle, what makes a tragic hero is that he falls a long way, and there is a certain Aristotelian quality in being out first ball. It happens to everybody, even to the greatest batsman. Under the expectant gaze of thousands of people he walks a hundred yards from the pavilion to the middle of the field, studies the disposition of the opposing team, readies himself for the first delivery, and then walks a hundred yards back to the pavilion under the same gaze, after perhaps waiting a day and a half for his moment.

Scoring no runs is known as making a duck (I seem to remember that Al Capp tried to make something of this), and in Australia, where the game has lost some of its Britishness, the humiliation of the batsman is sometimes intensified by an electronic cartoon duck waddling along on a giant screen. This sort of thing explains why an English cricketer who was asked by Australian Immigration whether he had a criminal record replied, "No, I didn't think it was still necessary."

Although we do not yet have electronic ducks in England, the appearance of cricket has changed in ways that don't have the approval of us old-timers. Take the uniform. In 1950 or thereabouts an uprooted American boy named Crump turned up at my school with a baseball bat, mit, catcher's mask, and chest protector. We sneered at him all summer and hurled cricket balls at him for his namby-pamby American ostentation, and I sometimes think of him apologetically now as I see English batsmen making their way to the crease with their body armor bulging through their shirts and flannels, their heads in crash helmets, and their faces protected by see-through visors looking as though they are about to ride a motorcycle through a flaming hoop instead of playing a gentleman's game of cricket.

Gentleman always had a capital G on the cricket field when I was a boy. Gentlemen were amateurs. *Players* were professionals. There was even a Gentlemen versus Players match at Lord's every year. A man like Harold Larwood, who was a Nottinghamshire coal miner before he became an English cricket hero by terrifying and injuring the Australians nearly sixty years ago, would be paid, perhaps tipped is the word, seven shillings and sixpence when he took the field for his county. Today everybody is a Player. My cricket trousers are Ian Botham trousers, my wicket-keeping gloves are Alan Knott

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gloves, my bat is a David Gower bat.

Botham is the somewhat inconsistent hero of English cricket at the moment, a blond giant not the least of whose appeal is that he scorns to wear a helmet. He can be an awe-inspiring sight even from 200 yards, and last year in a charity match I was treated to this from a distance of inches, keeping wicket behind him—I was the catcher, as it were—while he scored a couple of hundred in about forty minutes.

Some of these runs were scored off an England bowler named Sarah Potter. Women cricketers don't yet command the following of tennis players or golfers. In fact, I had never seen a female cricketer until that day. I have to report that she scored about seventy runs while your correspondent scored about nine. However, she was also responsible for my dismissal, running me out—which means, oh, dear, here we go. I forgot to mention that although there is only one batsman receiving the ball at any given moment, there are two batsmen out there, one at each end of the pitch, and when a run is scored, they cross over, running to the safety of their respective creases. Ms. Potter, striking the ball smartly past silly mid-off (don't bother, Al Capp was there before you), called for a quick run, but her legs were better than mine in every sense and the ball got back to my end of the pitch before I did. Running somebody out is quite a serious matter, as was appreciated by the famously beautiful mistress of the Eton schoolboy Duke of Dorset, who sent her packing after she ran him out during a match in 1754. This information comes from a tiny booklet, *Carr's Dictionary of Extraordinary English Cricketers,* which is full of good stuff about people like George Brown of Surrey whose fast ball killed a dog, and the honorable Robert Grimstone, president of the Marylebone Cricket Club, who held up progress at Lord's in about 1830 by forbidding the introduction of a mowing machine and the expulsion of the Lord's flock of sheep.

The other day, as I write this, Botham scored the fastest century of the season, 100 runs off 50 balls in 49 minutes. He managed this in exactly 26 scoring strokes. And on yet another day, as I correct the proofs, I watched him win a match with a six off the last ball, the sort of finish that always


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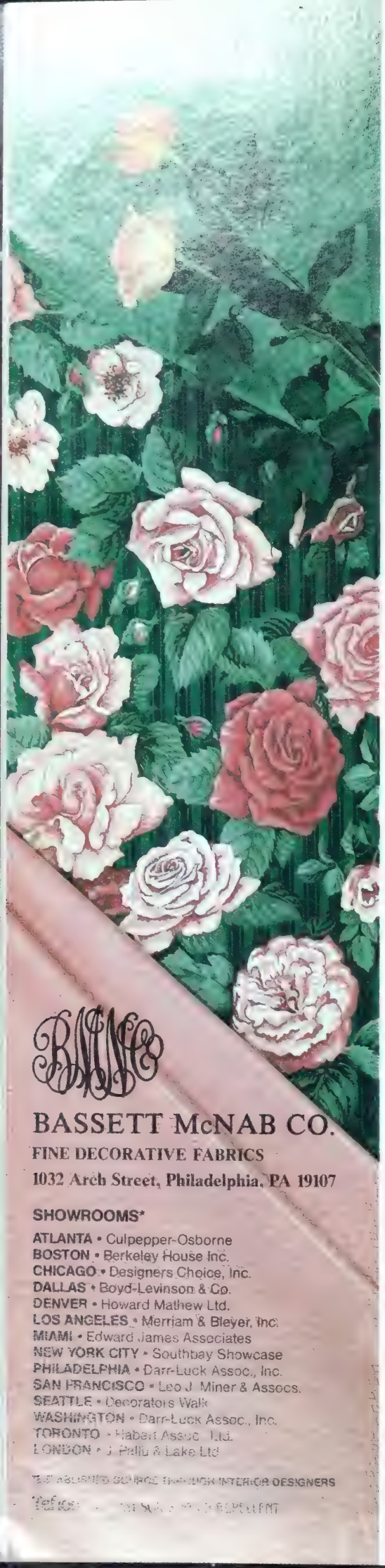
seemed a little too much when it occurred, as it occurred nowhere else, in the school stories of my youth. It should be explained that a ball which crosses the boundary is worth four runs and one which does so before it bounces is worth six runs. A player like myself might score a six once a year in a good year and five or six fours in an exceptional innings. Botham scored ten fours and nine sixes in his hundred against bowling that, begging Ms. Potter's pardon, could not be compared with what he was facing in the charity match. On that occasion the cricket ground was bordered on one side by a river into which Botham dispatched half a dozen cricket balls, not counting the ones that he hit in other directions and were retrieved from the surrounding streets. After that, he signed the autographs and got into his Jaguar and drove away. A star. It should be added that Botham subsequently became temporarily unavailable for first-class cricket having been banned for smoking pot. This threw the newspapers into confusion. Was he an example to English youth or a dreadful warning?

Playing with Ian Botham was a painful experience for me, reminding me of how far my life had gone wrong. Being in the theater was never what I meant. What I meant was keeping wicket for England or at least for Somerset, which was where I lived when I left school and which is now the county Botham plays for. Alan Knott, whose signature is on my gloves, kept wicket for Kent, and his predecessor there was Godfrey Evans, who was England's wicket keeper when I was at my most impressionable age, eight to twenty-two.

Great wicket keepers are small men with the sort of energy contained in those rubber balls that come back up into your hand when you drop them on a stone floor. Evans had the reflexes of a mousetrap. At the age of ten, I felt I understood him completely. For my birthday I demanded and received his book *Behind the Stumps,* and I understood why he chose to include in this book a photograph of himself stumping a batsman "on the leg side," for a wicket keeper's life is full of much more spectacular moments when they fling themselves in all directions like soccer goalies. In ten years of keeping wicket at school I suppose I stumped someone "on the leg side" only three or four times.

In 1948 at Trent Bridge, which is the cricket ground of Nottinghamshire, I sat one day in a direct line between the wicket keeper and the bowler when Evans was keeping wicket for England against Australia. The bowler was Alec Bedser of Surrey who was described as medium paced, which meant he was about twice as fast as any ball I had ever faced myself. Evans and Bedser had such a perfect understanding of each other that Evans always chose to "stand up" to Bedser's bowling, thereby announcing to the world in general and to the batsman in particular that the batsman was liable to be stumped if he strayed outside his crease. The bowler also has reason to be grateful because a nimble batsman who sees that the wicket keeper is positioned a safe ten yards away might well be disposed to advance toward the approaching ball in order to meet it on the half volley and knock it over the pavilion—and the number of runs scored off his bowling is a matter of deep concern to any bowler. At the same time, standing up is also a gesture of some pride and self-confidence on the part of the wicket keeper because in the first place a deflected ball is infinitely harder to catch at close range and in the second place any ball that gets past the wicket keeper will add to the total scored by the opposing team in exactly the same way as if the batsman had hit the ball.

So here we are at Trent Bridge in 1948 with Evans keeping wicket, Bedser bowling, and Barnes of Australia batting. A quicker ball from Bedser glanced off the top edge of Barnes's bat and sailed high over Evans's head to make a comfortable catch in the position where any other wicket keeper in the world would have been standing in the first place. The ball never reached the ground. Evans propelled himself backward at astonishing speed and then, still unable to see the ball but having an instinct for where it must be, he threw himself on his back under its path. The ball fell on his right thigh and Evans's glove, signed by himself, grabbed it. Barnes began the long walk back to the pavilion. The packed crowd applauded mightily, but I was too chastened to join in and have felt much the same about my cricket ever since. □



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DRESSER'S SUCCESS

Protean and prophetic, England's greatest designer of useful objects reformed the Victorian style and announced the advent of Modernism

by Martin Filler



No shift in the recent history of taste has been more telling than the revived respect for Victoriana. What was once scorned as overwrought is now prized as complex, what was once deemed showy is esteemed as energetic, and what used to be thought of as the very definition of fusty convention looks new in the light of fresh interest in the nineteenth century. Now it is Modernism itself that often seems dated. But Victorian and Modern design need not be seen as mutually exclusive. Indeed the early historians of the Modern movement traced many innovative developments back to the designer who raised the richly decorated Victorian style to its apex of excellence and simultaneously produced pieces of proto-Modern purity: Christopher Dresser.

This prolific British polymath was the greatest creator of useful objects made in the industrial age. Although today a cult figure among specialists, he has otherwise fallen into obscurity. This is a pity, since Dresser's enormous talents touched the daily lives of far more people than his better remembered contemporary William Morris. If one man could be said to have grasped the full potential of the machine for improving the domestic environment, it was Christopher Dresser. As opposed to Morris, whose messianic faith in a return to the preindustrial handcrafts led not to the defeat of the machine but rather to another mode of luxury items for the rich, Dresser rejoiced in the possibilities of the new.

"Workmen!" Dresser exhorted in his 1873 book *Principles of Decorative Design*. "It is fortunate that the best vehicles for art are the least costly materials." Elsewhere he warned, "If the designer forms works which are expensive, he places them beyond the reach of those who might otherwise enjoy them." Morris eventually found his labor-intensive products could be afforded only by the upper classes; it was a trap Dresser would not fall into.

His output embraced virtually every component of home living. Indoor and outdoor furniture, ceramics, glassware, wallpaper, fabrics, carpets, silver, and metalwork of every description poured forth from Dresser's studio during concentrated spurts of activity when he was engaged by one manufacturer or another. He was endlessly inventive, as demonstrated by his virtuoso series of electroplated silver





Three diverse pouring vessels by the versatile Christopher Dresser. *Top:* Old Hall Earthenware pitcher, c. 1886. *Above left:* Glass and silver decanter, in a sculpture by Sol LeWitt. *Above right:* Doulton stoneware claret jug with silver-plate mounts, 1882.

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racks: their originality and variety are the result of Dresser's tireless rethinking of the same design problem.

From precocious youth to productive old age—Dresser died in 1904 at age seventy while on a business trip to a textile center in Alsace—he was the perfect exemplar of the English design reformer. He was one of the first beneficiaries of a new educational system that sought a radical improvement in the consumer goods of the world's leading manufacturing nation. The exuberant flush of the Industrial Revolution had faded, and mass-produced articles made without sufficient thought to design quality had begun to swamp the marketplace. In 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne and the death of Sir John Soane, the School of Design opened in London to raise aesthetic standards and provide a systematic method of preparing designers to serve Great Britain's burgeoning industries.

A decade after its founding, the thirteen-year-old Christopher Dresser, son of a minor tax collector, entered the School of Design. There he received scholarships and came under the influence of the critic and missionary theorist Sir Henry Cole, who sought to reorganize the curriculum—which had drifted away from industrial design toward the fine arts—to be more in keeping with his rigorously pragmatic attitudes. In his way of thinking, even decoration ought to be useful. Cole's utilitarian ideas were reflected in Dresser's later definition of "ornament [as] that which, superadded to utility, renders the object more acceptable through bestowing upon it an amount of beauty that it would not otherwise possess."



Silver and ebony tureen and ladle, 1880

TURLEEN LADLE COURTESY MICHAEL T. COHEN

Another crucial role model for the young student at the school was Owen Jones, the designer whose particular interest in stylized pattern taken from nature became another cornerstone of the Dresser philosophy, which he envisioned as a "national system of ornamentation . . . revealed through the sciences." Jones was so impressed with his pupil that he asked Dresser to contribute a plate of illustrations on the "geometrical arrangement of flowers" to his 1856 masterwork, *The Grammar of Ornament,* the most important design sourcebook of the nineteenth century.

Botany became the other great interest in Dresser's life, and during the 1850s he applied himself to its study with fanatic attentiveness. He held several professorships, wrote three books and a series of articles on the subject, delivered scholarly papers to learned societies, and in 1860 was given an honorary doctorate from the Universi-





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Glazed Linthorpe jug by Dresser next to unglazed terra-cotta blank, c. 1879–82.

ty of Jena in Prussia "in consideration of services he has rendered to botanical science." His command of the formal language of nature was akin to the thorough training in the Classical orders architects still received at that time. Unlike many of their counterparts today, Christopher Dresser and his contemporaries knew that mere enthusiasm for a style was not enough and that solid knowledge of its sources, principles, and techniques was needed before any meaningful experimentation could take place.

Dresser started his active career as an industrial designer in the early 1860s. In 1867 a critic wrote, "For some years past the taste and skill of Dr. Dresser have been put into requisition by some of the leading art manufacturers both of England and the Continent . . . both as a designer of models and patterns and as a general art adviser." But it is from the following decade that documented pieces by Dresser begin to appear: cast-iron furniture for the historic Coalbrookdale factory in Shropshire; metalwork of various kinds for firms in Sheffield, Birmingham, and London; and ceram-



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Three Clutha glass vases by Dresser, c. 1885, anticipating Art Nouveau designs.









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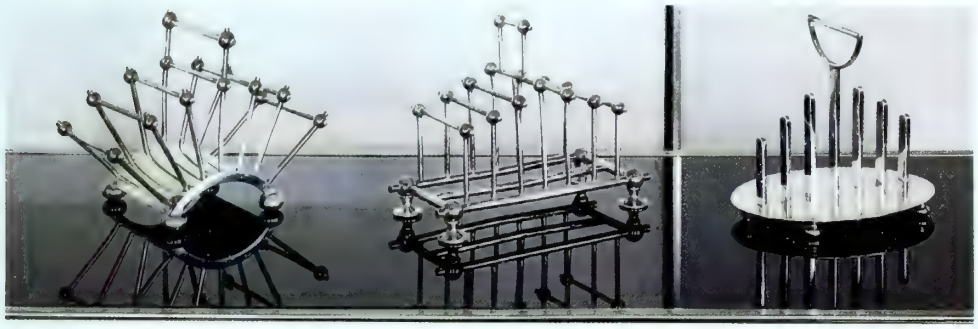
In an amazingly fertile three-year period between 1879 and 1882, Dresser devised a staggering array of new forms for Linthorpe. Together these vases, jugs, bottles, and plates offer a display of erudition and inspiration equaled during the later flowering of Art Nouveau—many of whose tendencies Dresser's designs point toward—only by Louis Comfort Tiffany. Some of Dresser's Linthorpe pieces show a conversance with Chinese and Japanese ceramics, others the Precolumbian and Peruvian wares then far less familiar in Europe. But many, wholly without precedent, must have been pure invention. They do, however, anticipate later vanguard works. Some are as bizarre as the crimped and gnarled fantasies of the turn-of-the-century Mississippi potter George Ohr; others are as smoothly streamlined as the biomorphic American Modern line by Russel Wright over a half century afterward.

Dresser's later association with the glassmakers James Couper & Sons of Glasgow, which began around 1885, was likewise predictive of new directions more commonly attributed to other artists who came after this true pioneer's lead. His Clutha glass (the name was taken from the archaic term for Glasgow's River Clyde), like his Linthorpe pottery, indicates that Dresser was well versed in the history of the medium. Egyptian, Roman, Persian, and Venetian glassware were all known to him, but as always Dresser went far beyond direct imitation and addressed himself specifically to the unique properties of the material, exploring how he could take it to its expressive limits.

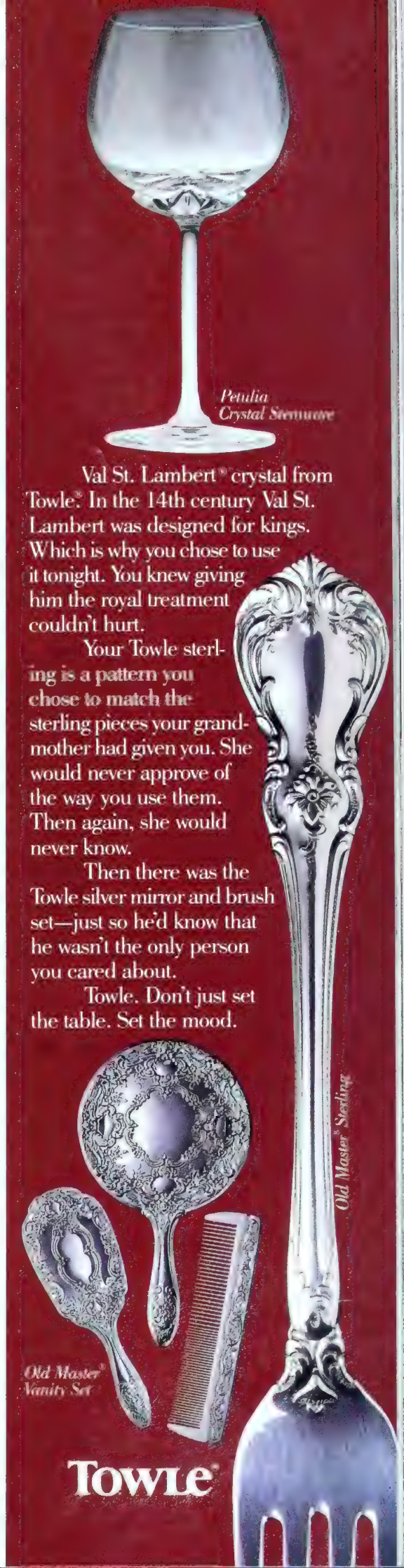
The ductility of molten glass and its ability to be worked with ease into attenuated shapes fascinated Dresser, and his Clutha glass gives jubilant testimony to his creative excitement. The whirling, slithery forms of its most exceptional examples are wonders of freedom and abstraction, but never do they appear excessive or outlandish, as much Art Nouveau design seems in retrospect. This is because of Dresser's solid sense of proportional integrity, a unifying factor in an oeuvre of great stylistic multiplicity.

"I have sought to embody chiefly the one idea of power, energy, force or vigour," Dresser wrote in *Principles of Decorative Design,* and he did so with uniform success whether he was designing a cast-iron coatrack, a silver-and-glass cruet set, or the covers of his own books. "In order to [do] this," he continued, "I have employed such lines as we see in the bursting buds of spring, when the energy of growth is at its maximum, and especially such as are to be seen in the spring growth of a luxuriant tropical vegetation; I have also availed myself of those forms to be seen in certain bones of birds which are associated with the organs of flight, and which give us an impression of great strength, as well as those observable in the powerful propelling fins of certain species of fish."

No wonder the objects made to the designs of Dresser still have such a tangible spirit of animation, in contrast with most of what was manufactured by others during the four decades of his brilliant career. Though again prized for their unquestionable curiosity, the typical products of the Victorian age belong on a quaint whatnot in the corner of history. The vital conjurings of Christopher Dresser, however, leap to the fore with all the vigor of his restless mind, clarity of his visionary eye, and sureness of his steady hand. □



Dresser's gift for rethinking the same problem and achieving fresh results is summarized by three variations on the theme of toast rack in silver plate, c. 1879–81.



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Sulochana lives in a tiny village in Hyderabad. She has never seen a car or a television set. She does not know that her silks fascinate people in New York, Paris and London. She only lives for her work, her family and a few simple dreams...

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ALL BOOKED UP

A bibliophile's advice on how to live with too much of a good thing

By A. L. Rowse

Living with books is not as easy as it sounds. I know, for I have to live with a library of some 10,000 to 12,000 volumes. As a historian, I need a large number of history and reference books, and since I am equally interested in literature, that more than doubles the number.

Everyone has some books with particular associations—birthday or wedding gifts, school or college prizes. Then there are books that simply accumulate—as someone said, "like vermin." These may be stowed away or weeded out from time to time. Otherwise, they are liable to push one out of house and home.

If you are a collector with a fixation, however, it is different. You will put up with anything. I knew a famous collector in Cornwall, Isaac Foot, father of Labour party leader Michael Foot and of Lord Caradon of the United Nations. The father, old Isaac, had a library of over 70,000 in his roomy country house—since acquired by the University of California and the bulk of which is dispersed about two or three campuses, where I have seen them.

I knew them in their original home.

Bibliophilism in Cornwall. From A. L. Rowse's shelves, *above from left,* Elizabethan and Shakespeare books, a work in progress, and books by the author, who, *right,* is doing what comes naturally.



Six attics crammed with books; every room in the house shelved for books; books in the bedrooms, on the beds, and under the beds; unused doorways were shelved for books, and so was the dining-room hatch—you couldn't pass the food through. It was too much really and intolerable for poor Mrs. Foot's housekeeping. One day I was in the house when the old fellow was trying to smuggle in yet another bookcase. His wife was practically in tears. I did my best to help her, and said to him, "Don't you occasionally have a weed-out?"

He replied, "Did I hear you use the word *weed* in relation to books?"

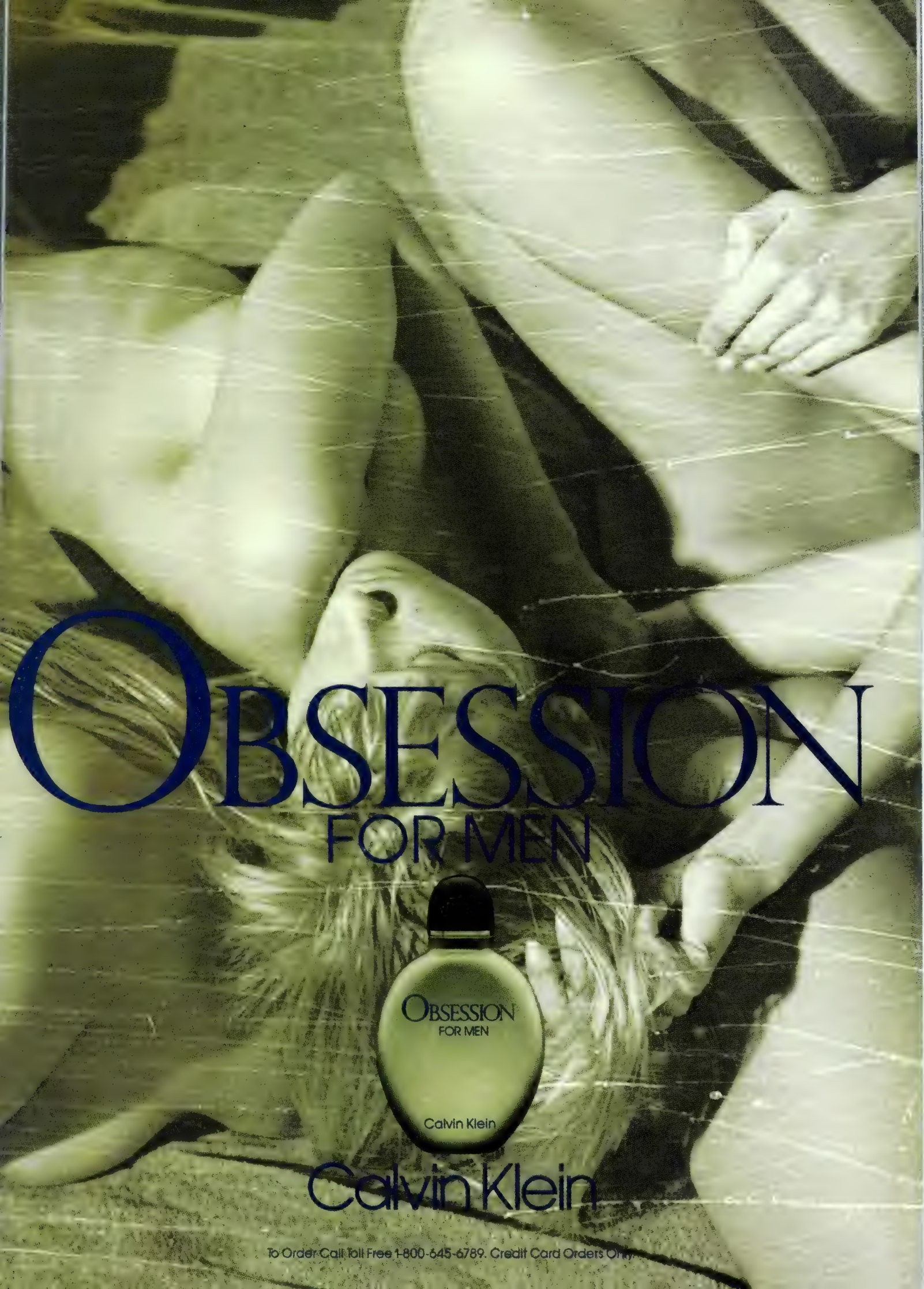
He had a sense of humor, but he got that bookcase in.

He was a Methodist teetotaler. Mrs. Foot had a daily help from the village who summed up the situation, "Thank goodness, my old man's weakness is only drink."

It is true that Isaac Foot's collection had some very interesting books. He had first editions of Milton, including *Paradise Lost,* and a large gathering of rare Bibles in various languages. Rather surprisingly, he had a great many first editions of modern novelists, including D. H. Lawrence, whom I should not have thought his cup of tea.

However, though a leading Nonconformist, he was catholic in his tastes and would buy the same book in different editions three or four times over. That was going too far. I don't call that living with books; I call that living with the books on top of one.

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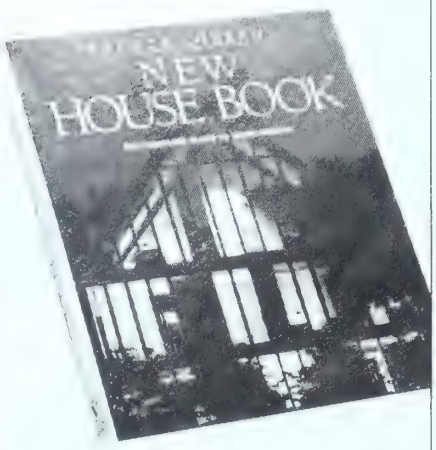
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I nearly got into that condition, until I disposed of a large section of my previous library to an American university. I had found that if you start with a dozen books on the top stair of the staircase, you can put two dozen on the second stair, three on the third, piling up as you go down, leaving just enough room to go up or down but not enough to pass anybody.

I have known a worse state of affairs in the rooms of bachelor dons at Oxford—the room piled up with books on the floor so that one had to thread one's way gingerly, for fear of knocking over a pile, to get to the only chair available—all the rest heaped up, of course.

And I still know a historic Elizabethan house in Cornwall that is very bookish with desirable first editions I very much envy lying around. There the books are placed in neat piles on all the windowsills. Now, that isn't right. In that big house of many rooms at least one should be dedicated to a library where most of the books could be concentrated.

But not all books should be in one room. I like the custom of having a small rack of well-chosen books of varied reading by the bedside for guest or owner. I love reading in bed, early morning or last thing at night, whether staying with people, in hotels, in college at Oxford, or most of all at home.

In my own case, I was pushed by my books from a small house into a country house with a good many rooms. So I have been able to put my precept into practice, with the largest room for the library. Here I have concentrated the chief collection that remains of my rare books, with all the Elizabethan and Shakespeare books that I need for work. I can do most of my serious sixteenth-century writing there.

Division of book space according to subject is the clue to living with books, if you have a large number. I devote different rooms to my subjects of interest. A downstairs study has most of my books about Cornwall; above it is a study of autobiographical interest.

Contemporary writers are mostly in a large bookcase that runs along the main corridor upstairs; a smaller case has French and Russian literature, the latter in translation. A long corridor in the wing has nineteenth- and twentieth-century history, mainly British but also German, Italian, Russian.

Farther along, space is devoted to American history, with another whole study given up to American literature, topography, catalogues of museums, and my one American antique, a pretty Victorian oil lamp with a white dome.

A back study has nothing but fiction in English and French. Other areas have other subjects: one devoted to Elizabethan voyages of discovery to Virginia, navigation, and science; another to English topography, county histories, and guides to historic towns and mansions. I also have a considerable section of art-history books in different places according to size—some are rather large and require tall spaces.

I have found you can read a person by the books he or she possesses. Before the war I remember seeing Kaiser Wilhelm II's study in the Schloss in Berlin, totally destroyed in the war. It was a small room with a large desk made from the timbers of Nelson's *Victory*. The books were half German, half English; partly modern history and partly theology. I saw the very copy of Winston Churchill's biography of his father, Lord Randolph, which he had presented to the kaiser after the German military maneuvers in 1906.

Then again, there is Churchill's own library at Chartwell for everybody to see or Franklin Roosevelt's at Hyde Park on the Hudson, really the library of an old-fashioned country squire—collected editions of standard authors brought together by his father and mother.

Churchill's library is eloquent of the man—half history and modern politics, half literature, sets of standard authors. When I was there with him, he had seven folio volumes of original letters and papers of the great Duke of Marlborough, whose biography he wrote in four volumes. These were from Blenheim Palace, where there is a vast long library appropriate to a palace. As there is at Althorp, the home of Diana, Princess of Wales, for the Spencers of both branches were great book collectors.

I couldn't live without books. I should be completely off the rails and not know what to do with myself. I have always loved reading from the time when, as a little boy of four or five, it was found that I could read when I



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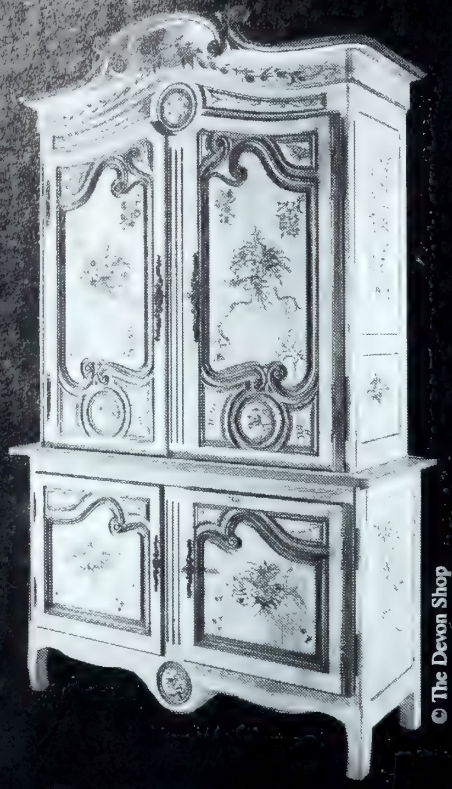
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had only just learned my letters. So I was given that first book, *Granny's Coach-and-Four,* by the headmistress of my infants school.

In our working-class home we had no books except an enormous unwieldy family Bible. It had no allure for me. But I did come across a tattered *Jane Eyre* and read it by the light of my bedroom candle, my hair standing on end when I came to the mad Mrs. Rochester and her setting the house on fire.

Some books I read as a rest from work, Barbara Pym, for instance. I could go on taking a Pym every day like a drug. The same with Jane Austen—or really any novelist.

When I have had enough of English, I turn to French, and get a regular pick-me-up from reading Colette, for instance. Reading Balzac or Proust is a more serious matter, like Henry James—you have to bend your mind to them, sit up and attend to what they are saying.

Another good tip is to read books about the place where you happen to be. In Dorset I read Thomas Hardy, in America I read American history and literature: Edith Wharton or Henry James in New York, Willa Cather in Nebraska, Faulkner or Flannery O'Connor in the South. I tried Saul Bellow in Chicago, but found the language difficult; I give Theodore Dreiser a miss—too long-winded.

Sometimes there is not only point but pointedness in where you read. When I heard Mussolini speaking in his hoarse voice from the balcony of the Palazzo di Venezia, I was in the square below reading Machiavelli more or less *at* him.

I never heard Hitler speak in person, or I could have read *Mein Kampf* under his nose. There you have a case in point, to prove the *necessity* of reading. For in that book he made it clear what he intended to do; if only people had read it, they would have known what to expect and been better prepared. I have always understood that the British Foreign Secretary never read the book until the present Queen Mother lent him her copy.

And when I told her that I had never read Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo,* she had the goodness to send them to me for a Christmas present. □

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THE FORCE OF NATURE

Braving the fierce westerly winds to restore an East Anglian garden

By Germaine Greer



The author taking a break in the midst of her herbaceous border

I bought the house for the wall, an eight-foot wall of Cambridge whites, green with algae, running fifty yards east-west, "what we call a south wall," as Doug would say. You could grow anything against a wall like that. What was growing were a dozen hybrid tea-rose bushes jammed in too close together, sweating in the humid windlessness so that rust spores stuck to their leaves; clumps of bearded iris and schizostylis so long undivided that they had become spongy mounds of dead tissue with green fronds spouting through the top; a squat ceanothus like a dark green toadstool; some lavenders and sages repaying the lushness of their environment by rotting at the base. An espaliered pear tree had grown into an ugly mass of perpendicular growths and water shoots. On it hung a single Conference pear.

Such a wall should shelter the scented clematises, the solanums, the jasmines, and even a trachelospermum or two. Instead it stood cloaked in "what we call ivy," *Parthenocissus tricuspidata* 'Veitchii', wrongly called Virginia creeper, never called its right name, Boston ivy. It crawled up four of the house walls, over the guttering, under the tiles, into the porch, over the fanlight, between the sashes and the sills of the rotten windows. "We've never had any trouble with it," said the ex-owner. What he meant was he had never troubled himself about it. He hadn't troubled himself about the alley of (should-have-been) pollarded plane trees either or the cedar of Lebanon that rattled and creaked with dead wood or the sycamores and apples that wagged on their rotten boles as their unthinned crowns took the full blasts of the East Anglian winds. The three and seven-tenths acres stretching in a rectangular wedge west by northwest had been given over to two horses and a thousand or so rabbits. Hollyhocks had taken over the half-cobbled south-facing courtyard.

When I looked up, I was glad his gardening had been so passive. The sky was full of the green gold of a full-grown *Robinia pseudoacacia* 'Aurea', out of which the wood pigeons let fall great globs of splat. I had said to myself, "Don't be in too much of a hurry. See what's there first. Let one season come and go." This was not London, where I had gardened a plot of soot, clay, lead, catshit, and burnt rubber in which nothing grew or could grow but ragwort and spotted laurel. This was the country, where things had always grown. Until the farmers discovered herbicides and I discovered I was gardening on chalk. And that mills are generally placed to take full advantage of the prevailing winds, in our case battering westerlies that suck the bird feeder off its perch and send it spinning round the courtyard and pitch slates from the roof so they stick in the borders like knives.

The groans of my sick trees could not be ignored. The tree surgeon had to come, and if he came, he had to do the lot. We waited until the Boston ivy

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GARDEN PLEASURES

had turned a bruised red and a week later dropped its leaves all over the garden, and then the bole was sawn through and its range limited to two walls, no gutters and no roofs. The cedar had cosmetic surgery. The pollarding was done. A mess of laburnum in the corner by the oil tank was barbered. The prettiest apple tree, which squealed like an unoiled hinge when we picked its apples because it had a two-inch split in its rotten trunk was felled, while its resident robin stood on the wall and peeped his protest.

A series of broad-shouldered boys appeared, who could do nothing but dig, and if they dug, dug out everything, so the little hedges of lonicera came out, and the border along the south wall was extended to fourteen feet wide, and within three months my garden looked like the Ypres salient. Every spade turn threw up throngs of bulbs, so I shot out with the bulb planter and tried to replant them in the grass verge of the drive but succeeded only in breaking the planter. I abandoned the planter and cut holes for the bulbs with a carving knife, lifting out a divot, popping in a bulb, replacing the divot. During the night something removed every sod and threw the bulbs on to the drive. I evolved a new system of lifting huge turfs, setting the bulbs out underneath them, and putting the turfs back.

You may ask what drives me out in all weathers when I could be snug by my own fire doing what I am paid handsomely to do and paying someone less handsomely to do the gardening. I would. I might. I should, but I won't. For one thing, even if I do pay someone else, he will still keep interrupting me when I'm supposed to be working, telling me that what I want to do can't be done, telling me I need equipment that I don't have, asking for a cup of tea—unless, of course, he is Cecil. Cecil has taken over the vegetable garden where he intends to cultivate gargantuan leeks and seven-pound onions to exhibit in the local show. Mind you, Cecil has asked for a knapsack sprayer and some Round Up, but he has his own rotavator. "I don't hang about," he says, and neither does he. Last year he grew a leek a yard long. God knows what hideous mutations this year will produce.

Heaven forbid anything should be set back a season. At 48, I haven't a season to waste. That's really why I demolished the lonicera hedges that divided up the area in front of the house, enclosed by iron railings, into a vegetable garden and a muddle. Within a month of moving into the house the asparagus, rhubarb, strawberries, raspberries, and the hybrid teas had been thrown out of the front garden and into a newly ploughed, rotavated, rabbit-proofed, and hedged vegetable garden. What is to take their place is my winter chalk garden.

I have a summer garden on a mountainside in Italy. What I need in England is a winter garden to warm my heart on working days when I can take a turn in the wind and rain to see the pale green napes of the necks of the aconite and peep under the leaves of the



sarcococca for a sight and sniff of its tiny blossoms and watch the *Hamamelis mollis* 'Pallida' glowing against the mossy bricks of the gatepost. The scent of chalk-loving, winter-flowering daphne has been disparaged as aggressive by one of our prissier garden writers, as if anything short of an aggressive scent can make itself felt through the wintry blast. A low bed close to the drawing-room windows has been made for a specialist collection of daphnes: already there is a *Daphne odora* and her blond sister 'Aureomarginata', which the Hillier's delivery men trod on in the van and hideously mangled, *D. blagayana* (rather optimistically), *D. bholua* 'Jacqueline Postill' looking rather dead, and *D. mezereum*. They should be joined by mezereon's sisters, 'Alba', 'Grandiflora', and 'Rosea', and by *D.* × *hybrida*. They hobnob with *Caryopteris* × *clandonensis, Perovskia atriplicifolia, Escallonia* × *iveyi,* and *Elscholtzia stauntonii* for leaf contrast now and flower in autumn. I need a *Phlomis fruticosa* 'Edward Bowles' and a *Potentilla fruticosa* 'Maanelys' to complete the scheme, but until the York stone paving has been laid, there's no point in condemning any more costly plantlings to be trampled by the paviors. And the stone cannot be laid until all danger of frost is past.

One disadvantage of south-facing walls, especially when they are surrounded by cornfields, is that south-westerly winds cannon into them and bounce off in an endless succession of eddies, which batter plants terribly, so a tall shrubbery has to be made at the west end of the garden to function as a windbreak. This is where we can plant the stalwarts of the winter garden—the bigger mahonias—and the subtler members of the prunus clan—*Prunus subhirtella* 'Autumnalis', *P. mume* 'Alboplena', *P. incisa* 'Praecox', *P. cerasifera* 'Rosea', and, because I can't resist her, 'Ukon'. *Osmanthus yunnanensis* and the big viburnums—*Viburnum* × *bodnantense, V.* × *burkwoodii,* and *V. farreri*—as well as a smattering of peonies and early brooms in the front of the planting and the picture is nearly complete. Although I reckon they should all go back to Australia where they belong, I sneaked in a hardy *Eucalyptus parvifolia* for a lighter evergreen texture.

All this is being done in far too much of a hurry. The soil in the newly dug borders has hardly begun to settle and much top dressing will be required to keep the roots of the new plantings properly covered. But if I want to plant a magnolia, I've got to do it at once, or I may not be here long enough to see it flower. Hillier's delivered £800 worth of plants on December 22, when it was freezing so hard they had to stay wrapped up in their straw and polythene because we couldn't even get them heeled in. When the thaw came, there was no help about because of the festivities, so I forgot the Christmas ham and let it boil away and dropped peat out of my cuffs onto the tablecloth at Christmas lunch and turned up at other people's parties with filthy nails and leaves in my hair. "You'd think

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[illegible]fort," I heard some[illegible] only knew.

[illegible] of my three paddocks [illegible] be a wood. Nothing grows [illegible] but flycatcher and rabbit droppings. Alan Mitchell, author of *A Field Guide to the Trees of Britain and Northern Europe,* came to lunch one Sunday and pooh-poohed my idea of only planting trees indigenous to the area. He had brought me a *Sequoiadendron giganteum*—which I learned I shouldn't call California redwood—by way of proving the point. "Birds like exotic trees," he said. He paced out the paddock and went home to Kent. A week later a plan for the wood arrived in the post, in two colors, one for the filler trees that will be stripped out as the slower-growing trees mature.

And with it came Alan Mitchell's explanation:

> The entrance is marked by two Dawyck beeches, like Lombardy poplars in outline. It looks into a small glade, the only near-formal and fancily decorative part of the wood with spring flower and autumn color concentrated, visible as a color planting from the direction of the house. Low Japanese maples 'Heptalobum Osakazuki', green in summer, stand between two pillar apples and in front of Hupeh crabs, sweet gums, and, for winter color, blue and gold Lawson cypress forms. A central feature is a group of 'Balsam Spire' poplars for very rapid growth and autumn color with the dark blue green spire forms of Serbian spruce in front.
>
> A subsidiary vista runs west from the path between Field maples, et cetera, to end in a corner of three Lombardy poplars marking the western corner and able to tower above the wood in exposure. The remarkably tough, fast-growing, and extremely elegant Caucasian ash front the path in part, and a few wild cherries, sessile oaks, and small-leaf limes make side-ride specimens, but much of the path is flanked by shrubs and small trees to help preserve the vistas.

Now is the time we can hurry and make a year's difference. The trees must all be tiny, "what we call whips," for as Mitchell says, "no tree should be planted that needs a stake." And 198 treelets will have to be banded against the rabbits. The order has gone off; the next dry windless day we will have to spray the paddock with herbicide. Then Doug's friend with the little blue plough will bring it up on Doug's truck. We will bulldoze out the path line and divide the field up in a grid, and the tiny trees will go in. And then it will be spring, and every maze of quick will burgeon. If my wood is made, it will be the finest thing I ever made.

Except perhaps for the orchard. The idea of the orchard is that it will be a sort of fruit museum where old varieties that have gone out of commercial cultivation can find a haven which breeders may be able to use as a gene bank when their modern hybrids have conked out or when British consumers realize there is more to an apple or plum than shelf life, size, and skin color. Already offers of trees have come from all over England, one from a retired solicitor who is so keen to rediscover the taste of the plums of his youth he has gone to north India to investigate the orchards of the Raj.

Then, when that's done, it'll be time to start on the back garden: deep border of old-fashioned roses, I think, masking the gaps between the trunks of the beeches, and a geometric herb garden, oh, and a conservatory with a little swimming pool in it, essential in a winter garden, wouldn't you say? I look forward to years of backache, bursitis, and frozen feet, of mowing and pruning and mulching, of slug slaughter and caterpillar crushing. When all is said and done, there's one good thing about gardening on chalk: it's miles from here to the nearest rhododendron. □

CORRECTION

The source for the photographs in the Villa Perosa story, September House & Garden, pages 144–153, was inadvertently omitted. They are from *Gardens of the Italian Villas* by Marella Agnelli, published by Rizzoli, New York (October 1987, $50).



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OF HORSE AND HOUND

In London, author and huntsman Guy Nevill specializes in the best of sporting art

By Christopher Gibbs

The denizens of the great sale rooms of London are a diverse and unpredictable fraction of humanity. The curious, the idle, and the obsessed; the aesthete, the scoundrel, the gambler, and the miser; the improvident heir of old lineage and the new-moneyed hunter after instant gentility are all at the party. Each field of collecting too draws its own initiates—addicts of Japanese sword guards look quite different from those hooked on the old fiddles of Cremona. The sale of a good group of sporting paintings, usually forming part of a sale of English paintings 1550–1850, always brings a breath of country air, faces darkened and freshened by the windy heath, legs bowed from a life in the saddle, worn and well-cut tweed and brogue, agricultural small talk, rural burr. Neither raffish, foppish townee nor rustic hunting squire yet quite at home with either, the saturnine and dashing Guy Nevill is a scholarly and sharp-eyed regular at these Mayfair meets with a nose for quality and a sense of history, a sound judge of a good beast and of a good picture. On the hunting field he goes like the devil and in the fevered sale room he is a brave and discerning punter.





Above: Guy Nevill surrounded by his wares. Pigs, dogs, roosters, *below,* and, *right,* 18th-century Dutch painting of stag are among his subjects.



The Nevill thread weaves through and through the tapestry of English history. They spring from the Saxon Waltheof in the eleventh century, and the first Lord Abergavenny was the grandson of John of Gaunt and uncle to Warwick the Kingmaker. Guy will be Lord Abergavenny one day and has a Gothick retreat and a farm lurking among sham ruins in the ancient deer park at Eridge in Kent where good Queen Bess supped with his ancestors and where healing springs of sulfurous brown water bubble among ferny slopes and antlered oak trees. There he lives with his wife, the warm and witty Lady Beatrix, the second of Lord Lambton's wondrous daughters, who cherishes her children and their friends and with rapier pen lampoons their attitudes and absurdities. Ramparts of aromatic cypress enclose their garden, and pictures of deer stalking and salmon fishing and foxes at bay leaven the pink-coated ancestors above the ample sofas and worn Oriental rugs.

He knows Nevill history and wears this learning lightly. He writes well and sharply and in *Exotic Groves,* a portrait of Lady Dorothy Nevill, produced a deft and fascinating account of his siren *salonnière* cousin, collector of fans and old ironwork, confidante of Disraeli, Darwin, and of a fourteen-year-old schoolboy with a pash on Marie Antoinette. He knows sporting history and animal genealogy too, understands and can expound the mysteries of bloodstock, and is just as at home with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century gossip as yesterday's.

His father, Lord Rupert Nevill, who died five years ago, was friend and secretary to Prince Philip. His mother, Lord Portsmouth's half-American daughter, descends from Isaac Newton and is a lively and busy ornament of London life. After a stint as page of honor to the queen, schooling at Eton,

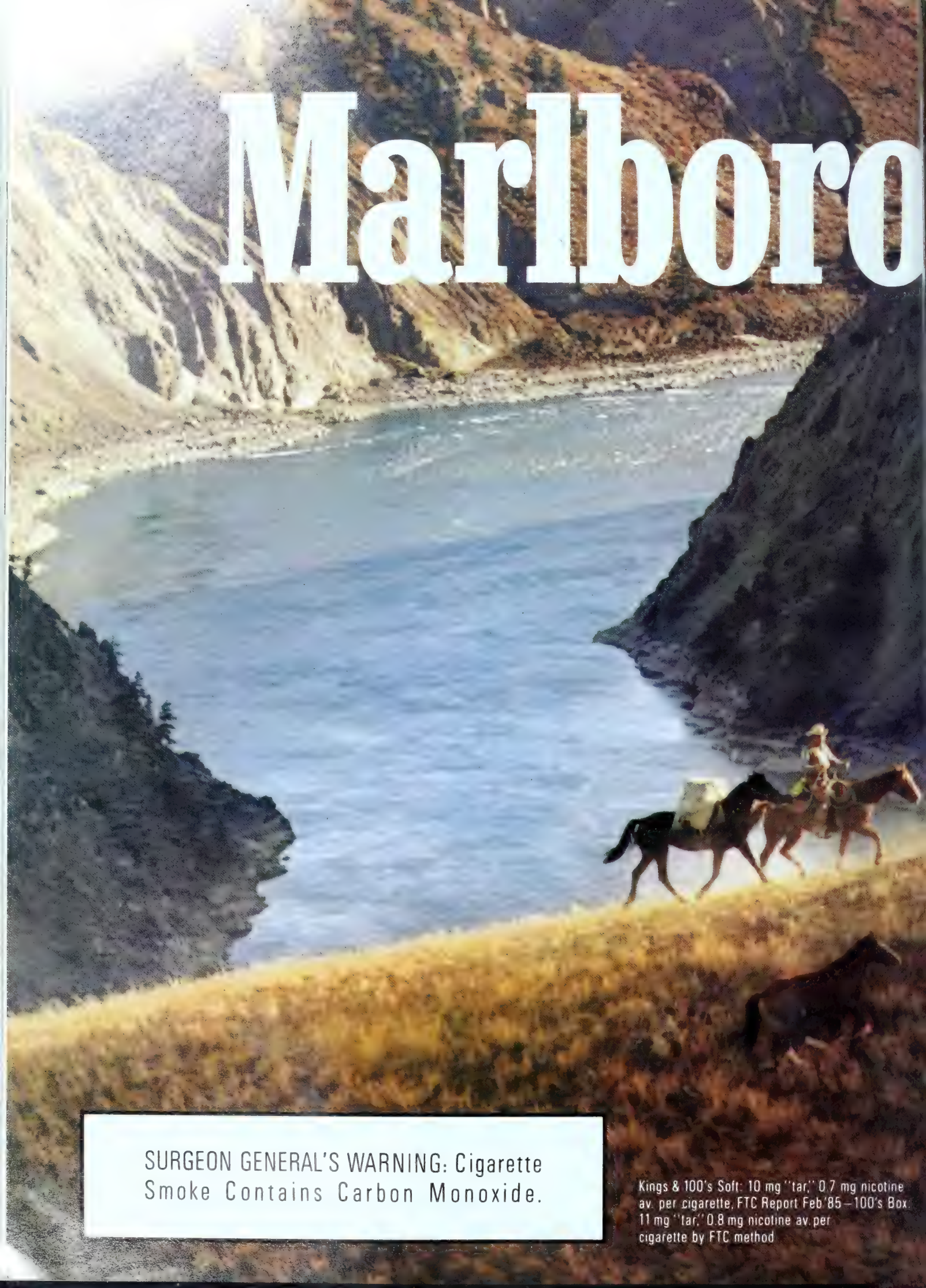
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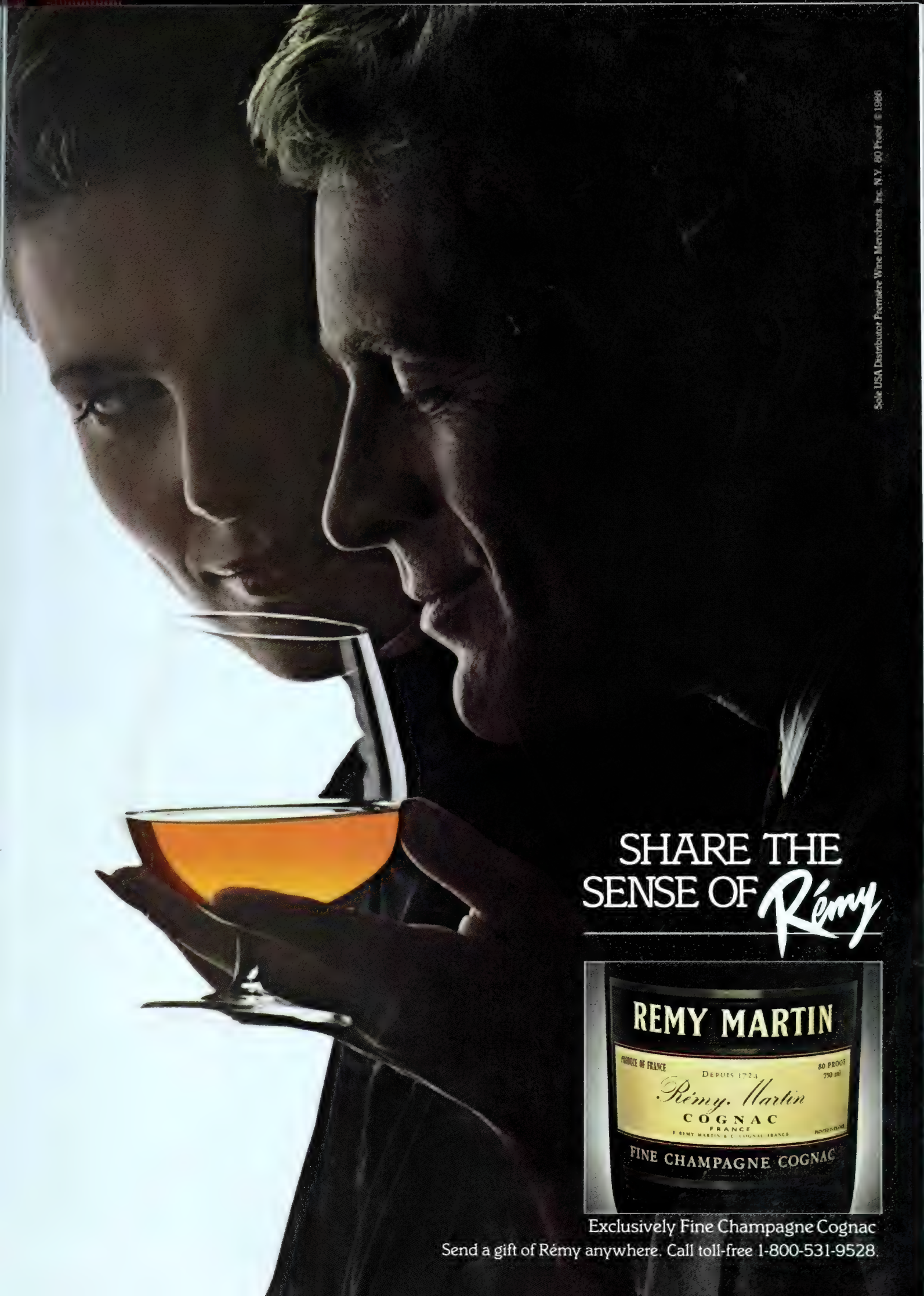
Nevill knows sporting history and animal genealogy too, understands and can expound the mysteries of bloodstock, and is just as at home with 18th-century gossip as yesterday's

and a student's life in Paris, he worked in television where he researched and helped to produce a series of programs which expanded and heightened his knowledge and passion for old England. He then began to work on his book and—in order to pay for his hunting life and two horses in the Heythrop country—to buy and sell pictures of dogs and horses and sporting antics, luckily discovering a perfectly agreeable and acceptable business life that has prospered and flourished, still allowing him to hunt the fox whenever he wants. Thanks to the admirable Caroline Hastie, Lady Dorothy Nevill's great-granddaughter and her cousin's partner, the telephone is manned night and day at his by-appointment-only gallery and office in Bramerton Street off the King's Road. The upper rooms of this house, which look out over the largest private garden in London except the queen's, overflow with pictures and drawings and sculptures, and there are more at home in the country and with other dealer-partners. He handles the full gamut of English sporting art and indeed is ever widening the frontiers of that field by discovering unsung masters and living artists like Tory Lawrence whose personal and well-observed paintings of horses and lurchers on the Berkshire Downs he admires.

He enjoys the somewhat naive and wooden sporting paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, elegant in design, mannered in execution, and has recently shown the fascinating view of Littlecote House, one of the best of the bird's-eye views of a country kingdom and its ancillary activities. But he becomes particularly enthusiastic at the great burgeoning of the school that begins with Francis Barlow in the late seventeenth century and—via the engagingly stilted James Seymour, who was able to organize a crowded scene like the Ashdown Meet in the Tate Gallery, and the excellent Wootton, very much horse painter to the aristocracy, whose great hall pieces are at Badminton, Althorp, and Longleat—reaches its apogee with the cool distilled clarity of George Stubbs. It is not only the giants, however, who attract him, for he has a tender and wayward eye, unfettered by the vulgarities of fame and fashion. This was made apparent last year at the picture exhibition he organized in partnership with Colnaghi, the old established Bond Street dealers.

Subtitled "A Survey of British Sporting Art," it included the high fliers—a particularly good Wootton, *Lord Oxford's Bloody Shouldered Arabian* (1728), with the artist disguised as an Arab groom moodily leaning at a Roman fountain—as well as an extraordinary assemblage of good pictures by more obscure figures. James Lambert of Lewes, Sussex, contributed a graceful still life of a skewbald hare killed on the South Downs in 1771, and Thomas Butler, the eighteenth-century Pall Mall printseller, the handsome *Favorite Greyhound of Squire Slaughter of Upper Slaughter, Gloucestershire.* There was a beautiful Joshua Cristall watercolor (1767–1847) of girls at work in a Kentish hop garden, and there was an enchanting painting—hanging still in Nevill's gallery—by that fertile genius James Ward of a young haymaker in pink bonnet and rusty skirt watching her child asleep under a surprising rustic trophy of hay rakes festooned with a blue swallowtail coat, straw bags, and cider jugs. R. Crane, a young painter to the Grosvenor family, dead, while still a boy, in 1832 and unheard of since, was the author of *A Fox's Mask,* a small panel painting of manic zeal revealing the baleful, reproachful gaze of a young fox, while Count von Gleichen, Queen Victoria's nephew, with a studio in St. James's Palace, was represented by a warmly patinated bronze of his cousin Edward, Prince of Wales, with brazen Norfolk jacket and brazen Purdey. Perhaps the most surprising picture of all was Stephen Pearce's *Coursing Meet at Ashdown,* a great panorama of the Downs on a bright and breezy March day thronged with Lord Craven and his family and neighboring landowners all mounted on glittering steeds, with endless carts and hay wains and farmers and Gypsies peppering the chalky hills behind, all there for the ritual slaughtering of a tiny hare crouching among the withered sedge of the foreground. This picture, famous when it was painted in 1869, had sunk into seedy obscurity with the Lords Craven and was rediscovered, rescued, and resurrected by gallant Guy.

At least twice a year Nevill travels to New York, where he has many friends and where there are collectors of some of the greatest of English sporting pictures. He knows that in America as in England he will meet sales resistance to aspects of sporting art that thrill his peers, but repel many others. As one whose rosy cheek was daubed with blood in boyhood, he grew up with the mingled dread and delight that marks the hunting man. He will furnish those who insist on it with vast seventeenth-century canvases where walleyed hounds rend and tear fierce porkers and crazied stags and takes in his stride scenes of rural savagery which townsfolk, though inured to mugging and gangsterdom, find unbearable. His understanding of sporting art is the fruit of his relish in steeplechasing, and this informs his judgment. He enjoys his pictures and his clients, and you, dear reader, would be wise to make yourself one of them, although he rather hopes you won't be the lady or gentleman who wants the same horse by the same painter but with a slightly different smile on its face. □


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602-247-2777

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EDUCATING THE EYE IN ENGLAND

By Mark Hampton

Summer visits to London are undeniably delightful. The varied attractions hold something in store for even the most jaded traveler. Just think: in one space of time you have Wimbledon, Ascot, the unrivaled English garden at its peak, every tourist attraction open and ready to go, and, what's more, the natives still around to dilute the visual effect of you-know-who in their sneakers and shirtsleeves.



Chiswick House, built by the third Earl of Burlington in the 1720s, was inspired by Palladio's Villa Capra.

Unlike some major capitals of the world, however, London is also marvelous to visit in the winter. The weather isn't all that different from the summertime, and in winter people don't complain about it all day long. In the absence of the summer hordes of tourists you can also indulge in what I love to do, fantasize about living there and losing yourself for a few days in the rich atmosphere that England provides, an atmosphere that is familiar but at the same time foreign to us—or so old-fashioned as to seem foreign. From the hotel doorman, dressed as though waiting to grab the reins of a coach and four, to the taxi driver in his divinely archaic machine, the everyday world of London is crammed with colorful touches that exist no place else.

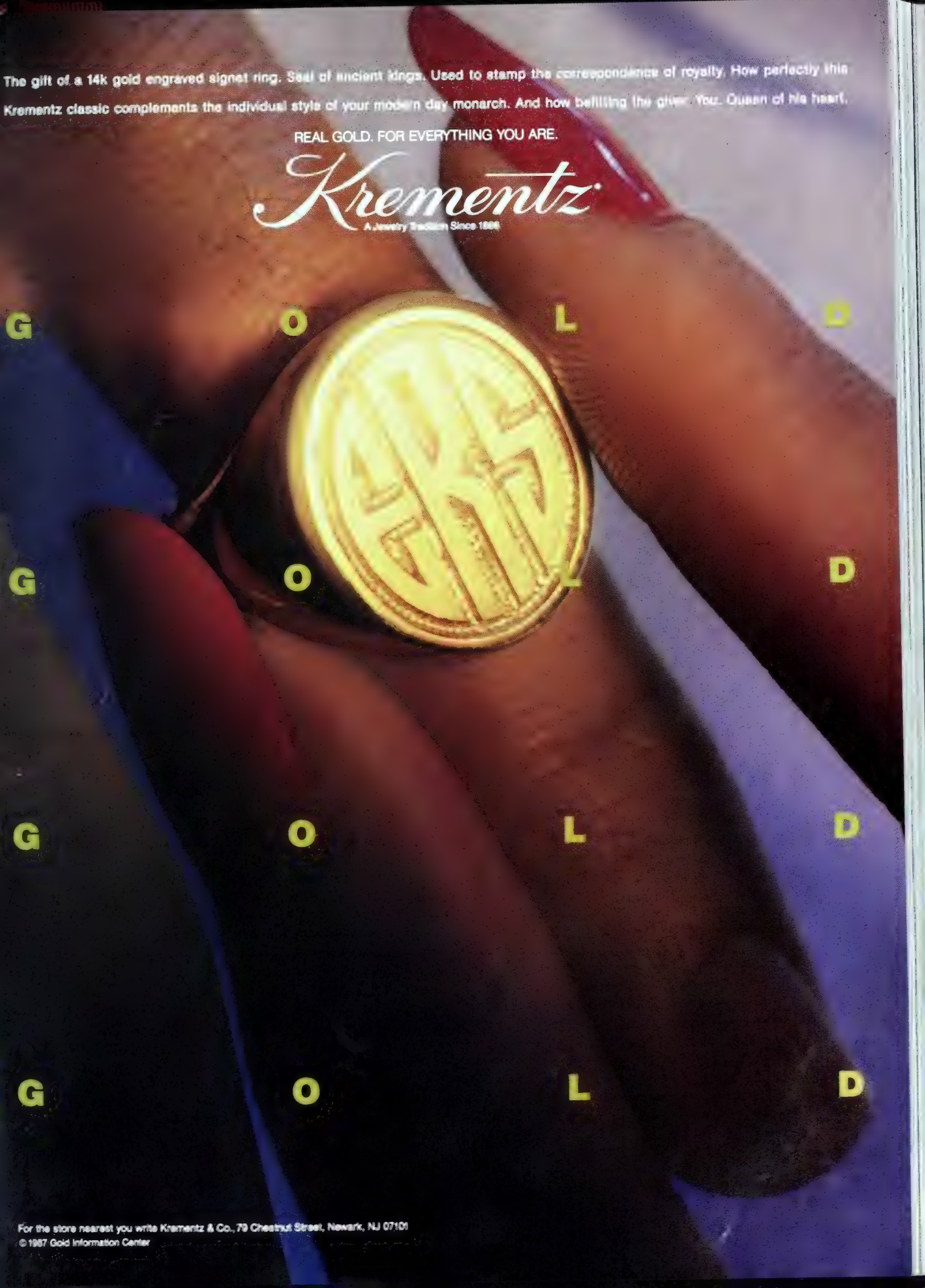
If your daytime activity involves a bit of shopping, the spectacle of Victorian prosperity is still evident in many of the enchanting stores and shops. The variety of antiques available, from Bond Street to Pimlico all the way out to the far reaches of the King's Road, is still remarkable in its scope. Admittedly the prices are difficult in light of the weak dollar, but the pace for shoppers is less hectic in the winter.

My wife is especially fond of rising early and making the trek to some of the outlying antiques markets, which are held two or three times a week. There is Bermondsey on Fridays, Camden Passage Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Portobello Road also on Saturdays. These markets are fun in spite of their deadly predawn starting times. The sight of dealers surrounded by their wares and clutching mugs of hot tea or eating "jacket" potatoes in the cold is charming and unlike anything here. The mixture of bonhomie and sharp bargaining is more musical comedy than marketplace.

But the real lure of England, regardless of the time of year, is the rich spectacle of the architecture, its history unfolding around you at every turn. Moving backward in time from the red-brick complexity of R. Norman Shaw's blocks of Mansion Flats past the Italianate grandeur of Sir Charles Barry's clubs and John Nash's creamy Neoclassicism, past the severity of Georgian London to Sir Christopher Wren's seemingly endless list of churches—a list punctuated by Hawksmoor's brilliant exclamation points—one has a taste of nearly every movement in English architecture. And don't forget, Gothic London didn't completely disappear in the fire.

Many great houses can be seen in the wintertime; they do not all close the first of October. If you can brave driving on the wrong side of the road, everything is easy to find with terrific maps available and exemplary road signs. Otherwise, you can sit back and allow yourself to be driven in what is quaintly called a saloon car, and you might even order up a hamper of sandwiches to be eaten along the way. If you can plan for transportation at the far end, British Rail is another old-fashioned delight.

One excursion I find fabulous any month of the year starts at the prime meridian in Greenwich, a beautiful spot on the Thames about three quarters of an hour southeast of central London. There you can see Wren's vast and imposing naval hospitals, a gorgeous composition made up of twin


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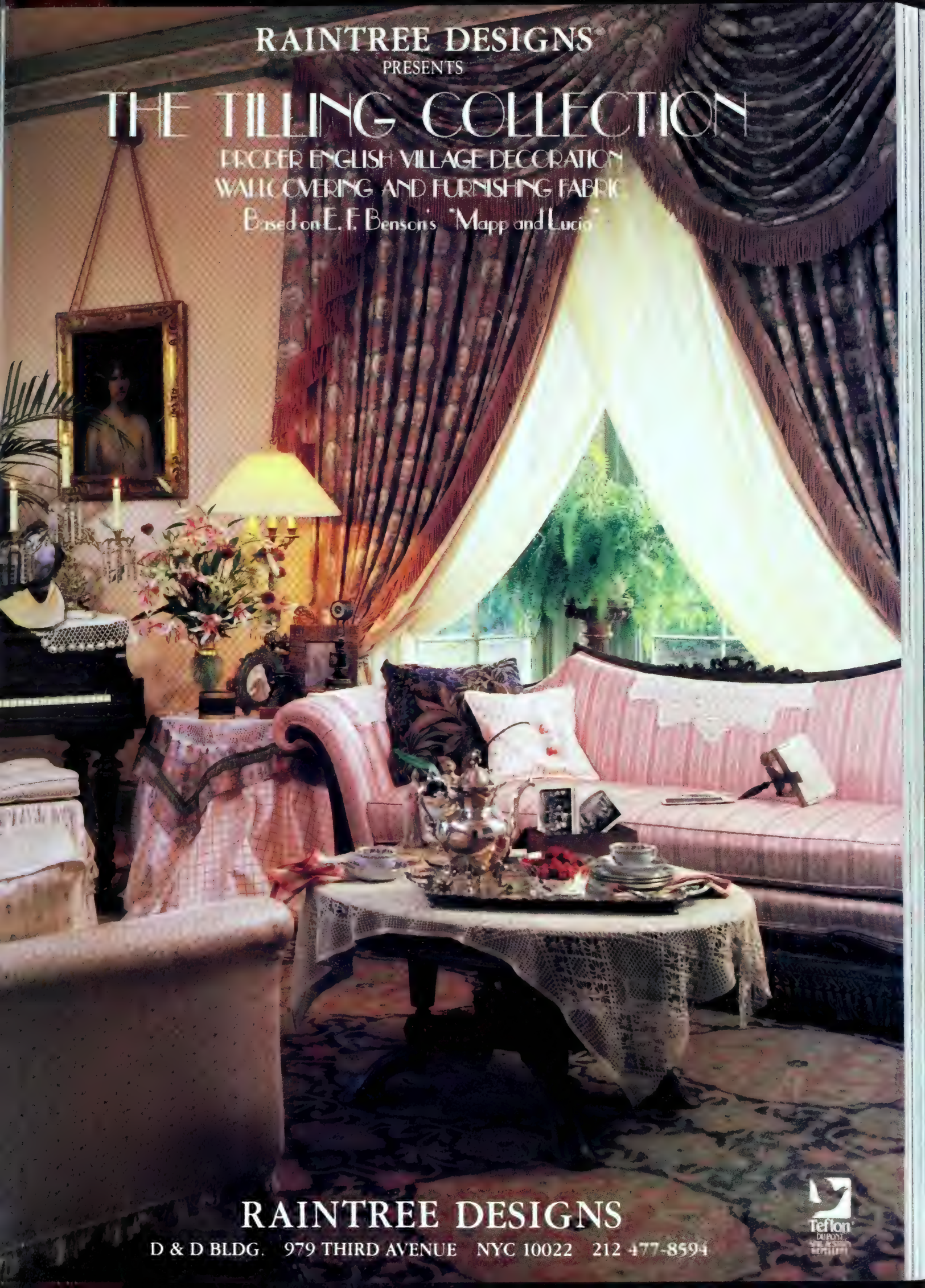
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domed buildings sitting right on the bank of the river. Behind Wren's hospitals and still part of the carefully laid out setting is Inigo Jones's superb Queen's House, begun in 1616 for Queen Anne, wife of James I, and completed for Queen Henrietta Maria in the early 1630s. Although the interiors of this lovely house, one of the earliest examples of English Palladianism, are not furnished, the house itself is a marvel of surprising intricacies and beautiful details. If you have any interest in the history of architecture, it is one of the most fascinating examples of the style that had such an overwhelming influence on the taste of America, right up to the present.

Another easy excursion from London might begin at the splendid Dulwich College Art Gallery, a small museum in a small town on the southern outskirts of London. The building was designed by Sir John Soane and completed in 1814. It is one of the first buildings in the world designed specifically for the purpose of exhibiting pictures, and the pictures that hang there are superb. I cannot imagine being bored by a Soane building; this one with its fantastic contents is a thrill.

From Dulwich, you can drive through Richmond Park, an enormous deer park of well over two thousand acres dating from the time of Charles I and part of an even older royal enclave. The ancient trees and scenic views, which include vistas from Richmond Hill, lead you eventually to another architectural gem based on the rules of Palladio. Built a hundred years after the Queen's House in Greenwich, Marble Hill House, an enchanting love nest built for the mistress of George II, possesses all the qualities that make you want to own it and move in immediately. The scale is small by Georgian standards, perfect by ours. Inside, the tiny rooms downstairs offset by just a couple of grand ones upstairs (one of them, significantly, the bedroom for the king) make it easy to envision twentieth-century life and decoration fitting in quite neatly indeed.

Just a short distance farther on is Ham House. The original house, which dates from the first decade of the seventeenth century, is noteworthy for its two great periods of redecoration—the 1630s and the 1670s. The interiors are packed with incredible tapestries and furnishings of all sorts, some of them original. The carvings and architectural details are ravishing, and there is even a room with walls painted in a wood-grained finish on top of gold leaf, an effect that any connoisseur of extravagant decoration would admire. The garden has been newly restored to the Dutch gardening taste. The important role of Dutch design in the seventeenth century is everywhere evident in this lovely place.

Chiswick, the house in the illustration, is even closer to central London than the other sites mentioned. You drive right past it on the way to and from the airport. A pleasure dome built in the 1720s by Lord Burlington, it is a perfect tiny *casino* and has always inspired admiration. Alexander Pope called it the "finest thing the sun has shined upon in England," and Horace Walpole, never at a loss for words, said that it was "too little to live in, too large to hang on a watch." Lord Burlington, the great Palladian activist who was the patron of so many luminaries—William Kent, the decorator of this heavenly little building, being the first to leap to mind—built Chiswick as a staging place for grand



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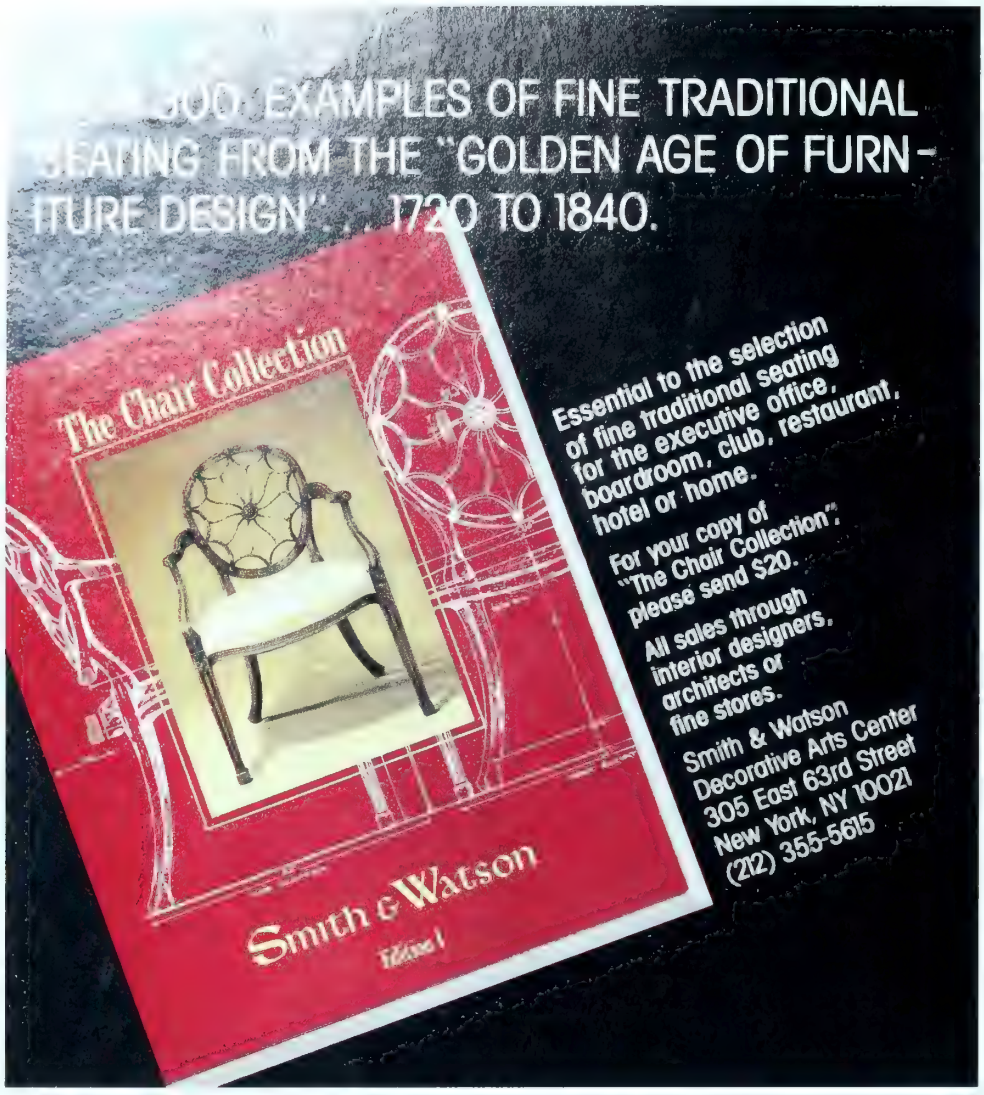
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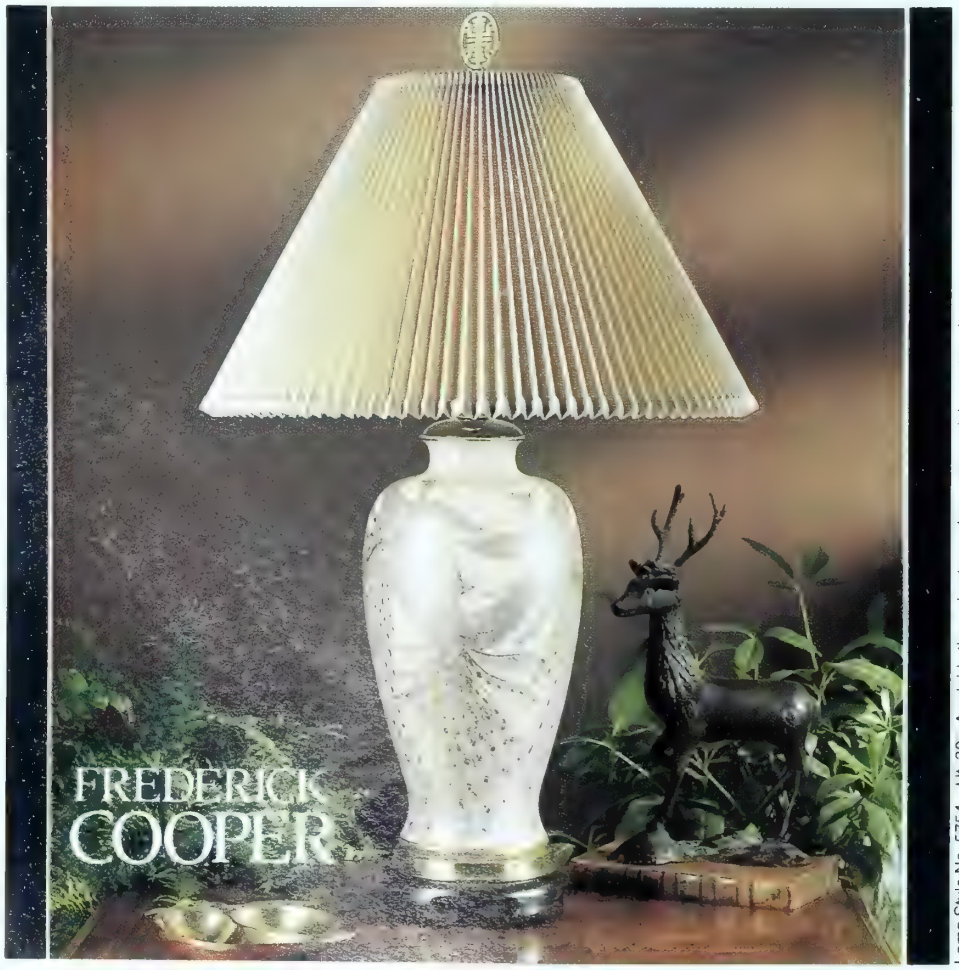
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entertainments. Later on Wyatville added wings, which made the house suitable for year-round occupancy.

After World War II, Chiswick's wings were torn down, amid a storm of protest, in order to return the structure to its original form. The interiors were restored to approximate the original atmosphere of Kent's delicious rooms: lots of gold and rich reds and blues. The carved heads supporting baskets of flowers that flank niches and doorways and the elaborate swags and festoons that trail along everywhere are practically at eye level due to the miniature scale of the place. Outside, there is a marvel of a classic Italianate garden complete with a temple, water, cedars of Lebanon, obelisks, and statuary everywhere. The elusive personality of the obsessive eighteenth-century English Italophile-connoisseur is easier to grasp here than practically anywhere else.

The real lure of England is the rich spectacle of the architecture around you at every turn

If you're sick and tired of Palladio, there's always the Classical Revival as interpreted by Robert Adam. (We're not going to get rid of Italy that easily.) Not far from Chiswick is another divine house, Osterley Park, an Elizabethan house remodeled and totally redecorated by Adam in the 1760s. Like many sixteenth-century houses, Osterley was built in the shape of a square O with an open area in the center. Adam raised the open courtyard to the main floor and punched out part of one of the sides, giving access to the new courtyard. In that opening the architect inserted a double portico and a monumental flight of steps modeled on the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra.

Inside Osterley Park the rooms are loaded with furniture designed for the house by Adam. The state bed is an indescribable tour de force of gold leaf and green silk in a room with pleated matching silk on the walls. There is an Etruscan Room of great beauty and charm. The library is one of the archi-

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tect's most admired compositions. There is a room filled with furniture and shocking pink tapestry made in France. The extraordinarily beautiful park surrounding the house is a very short drive from town. In fact, Osterley is one of the few places easy to get to with public transportation.

Finally, and this little collection of travel tips could go on for pages, there is, right in the middle of Lincoln's Inn Fields within walking distance of the Strand with its lovely churches, the house of Sir John Soane. It is a London row house of conventional proportions, but as you approach the door, you are immediately aware that something unusual is going on. Odd projections, surmounted by urns, the strict but slightly wayward Greek key motif that crops up in so much of Soane's work—all these things begin to happen on the front of this house in a block where all its neighbors seem to be unaware that a major drama is going on at number 13.

Inside, the drama becomes increasingly felt as you move from level to level and from room to room. Soane's genius for spatial manipulation is nowhere more apparent than here. Beyond the purely architectural considerations, there are other facets of his talent that are overwhelming. He was a brilliant colorist and also a highly skillful as well as playful decorator. His use of mirrors, especially convex roundels, is impressive. In addition he was an omnivorous collector, and he designed his quarters to exhibit his great collection. One of history's most original talents, Soane has had a seminal influence on the architecture of our particular moment.

So after weeping over the tomb of Sir John's dog, it's back to the hotel with maybe a stop to see the newly installed Turners at the Tate or a late-afternoon organ recital at St. Martin in the Fields, the masterpiece of James Gibbs. If spiritual pursuits have left you with a materialistic craving, you can pop into the Burlington Arcade and buy a scarf or a sweater. Partridge and Malletts, Bond Street's most august antiques dealers, are nearby, too. And at last, tea in your room and a chapter or two of something guaranteed to keep the mood. The problems of pit bulls and corporate takeovers will seem far far away. □

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Inspired by the splendor of the South Pacific, Robert Lyn Nelson has created a glorious tribute to its peaceful gardens of grandeur. Above and below the sea, beauty is shared by creatures great and small. Whales breach and frolic in the shallows of an ancient reef in the company of colorful exotics: unicorn, butterfly, puffer, trigger, and Emperor angel fish; a single ray and a school of porpoise. Overhead a solitary tern glides against a backdrop of fluted peaks and a picture-postcard beach.

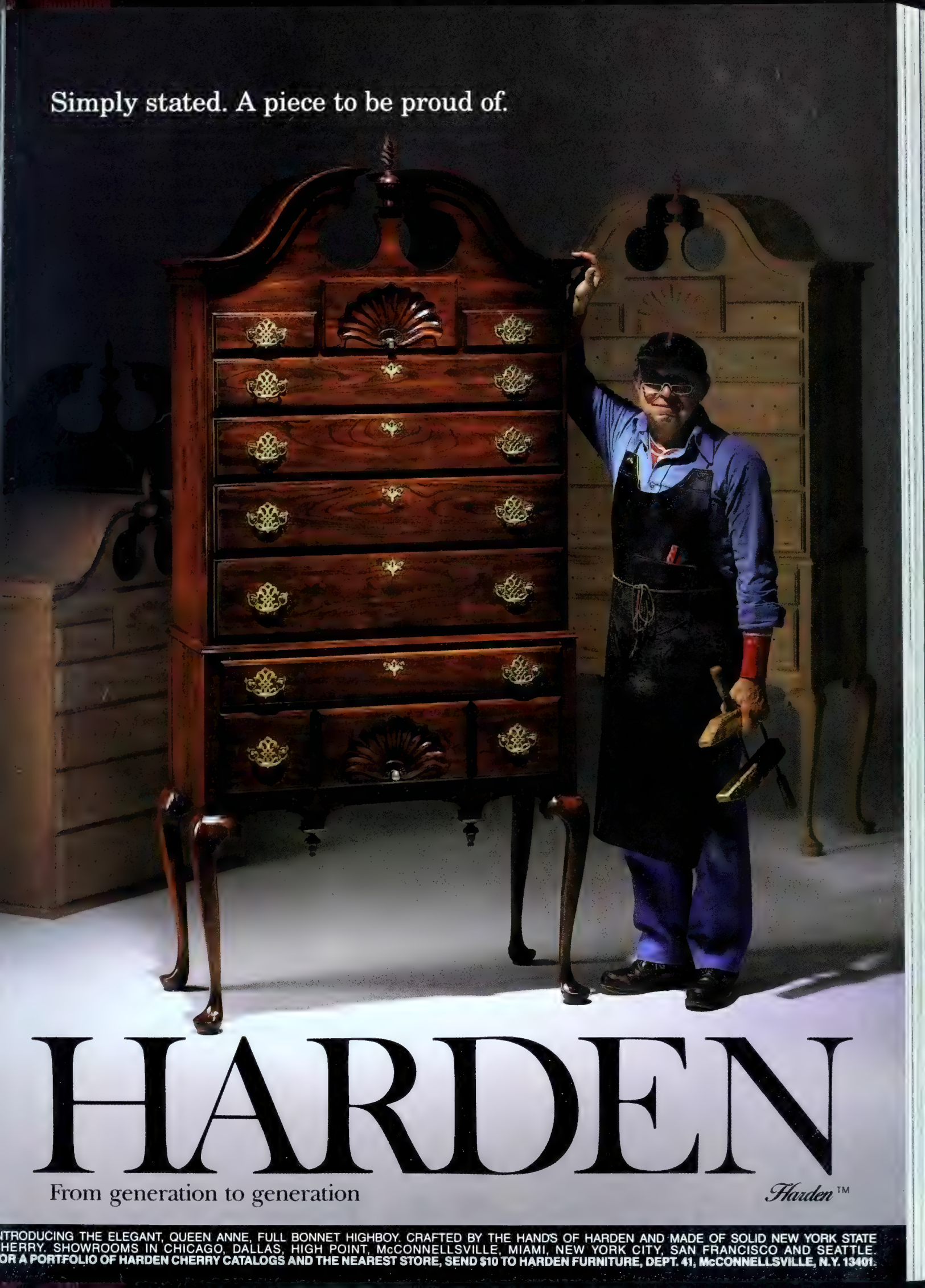
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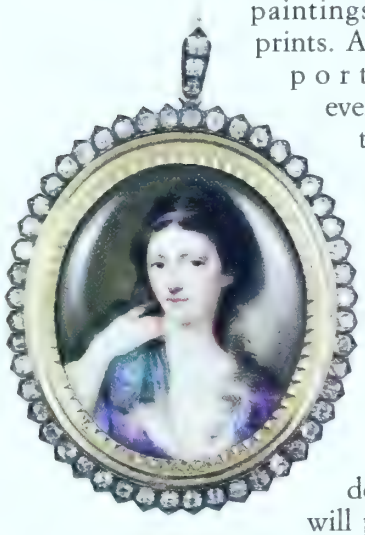
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OLD SPORTS

A portrait by James Lynwood Palmer of American sportsman F. Ambrose Clark and his favorite coachhorse, *right,* is featured in the annual autumn exhibition of Arthur Ackermann & Son, premier dealers in 18th- and 19th-century English sporting paintings and prints. An important event on the London arts calendar, the show displays 45 works from October 14 to November 14.



IRISH LASS

Irish artist Nathaniel Hone's 18th-century enameled miniature in a diamond loop pendant, *left,* is being offered for sale in Chicago by Louis Wine. From October 16 to 18 many of the most important antiques dealers from Europe and the U.S. will participate in the fourth annual Chicago International Antiques Show, where objects are vetted to assure authenticity. Tickets at Navy Pier Box Office or call Lakeside Group, (312) 787-6858.

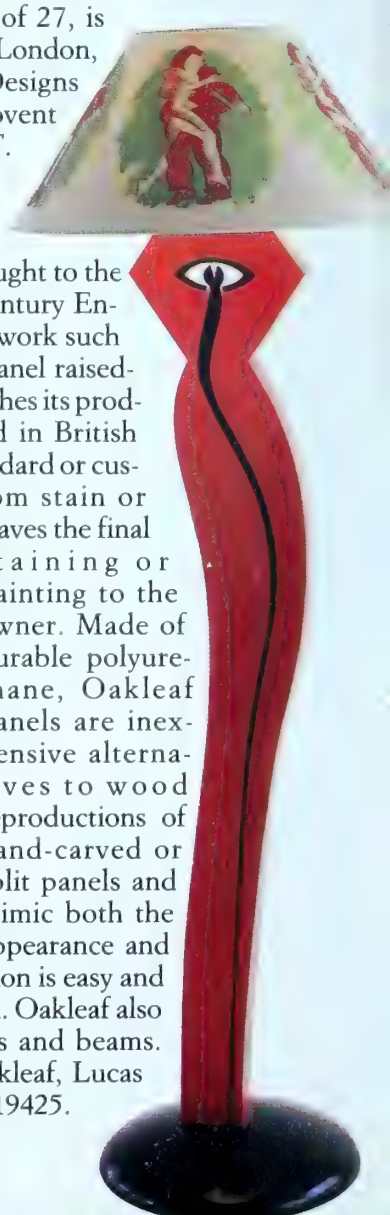
NOTTINGHAM LACE

Three romantic ivory-hued laces based on 19th-century motifs are new at Kirk-Brummel. Two of them are shown, *below.* Peacock on Bough takes its plumed birds and delicate spring flowers from an Arkholme House chintz. The seahorses and morning doves in My Lady's Garden are from an iron bench at High Casterton House. The mostly cotton fabric is made in Nottingham, England; price about $60 a yard. Through designers.



THE RED LAMP

This lively red Miró-inspired floor lamp, *below,* of reinforced glass fiber resin and an off-white silkscreened lampshade showing couples dancing was designed by artist Allen Jones for a special collection of Aram Designs, influential dealers in classic 20th-century design and furniture in London. The lamp, 6 feet 2 inches tall with a base diameter of 20 inches and shade diameter of 27, is about $1,500. To order call London, 240-3933, or write Aram Designs Limited, 3 Kean Street, Covent Garden, London WC2B 4AT.



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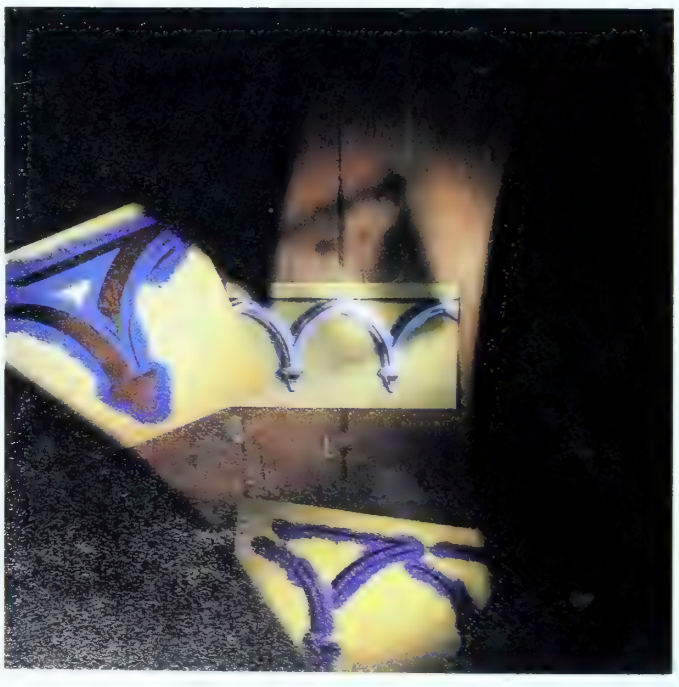


VOYSEY PAPER

The 127-year-old English firm Arthur Sanderson & Sons, long known for its group of William Morris wallpapers printed from the original blocks, now offers thirteen new documentary papers by such 19th-century luminaries as Owen Jones and C. F. A. Voysey, whose Rowan, *left,* is available in six colorways. Price range is $63 to $81 the double roll, more for custom colors. Through designers.

STENCIL CLASSICS

The author of *Paint Magic* and *Paintability,* Englishwoman Jocasta Innes has created classically inspired precut stencils with a three-dimensional effect. One is Gothic Arches ($48), *below.* The shading and dimensional effect of the 7-inch arches are achieved with a three-stencil overlay using closely related paint colors. Ranging in price from $40 to $52, other patterns include Greek key, rope twist, carved swag, Regency bow, and English cherub. For free brochure contact Ad Lib, 517 East Paces Ferry Road, Atlanta, GA 30305, (404) 266-2425.



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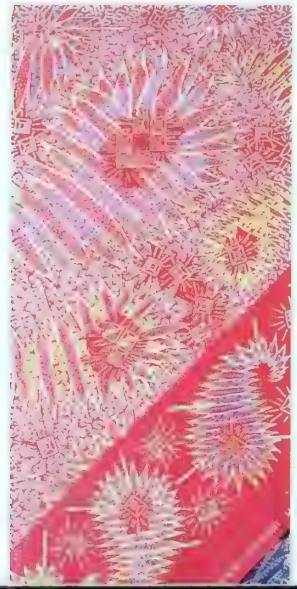


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Arlene Noble has amassed a remarkable collection of antique Staffordshire children's plates and mugs, *above.* Many of the ceramic objects, which date from 1800–30, were hand-painted by women and children in potteries in Stock on Trent, England. Personalized mugs and plates used to be given as christening gifts; the pieces with maxims or alphabet motifs served as teaching tools. Priced from $200 to $600. Customers are seen by appointment. Arlene Noble Antiques, P.O. Box 131, Essex Fells, NJ 07021, (201) 228-0439.



ZANDRA'S CHINTZES

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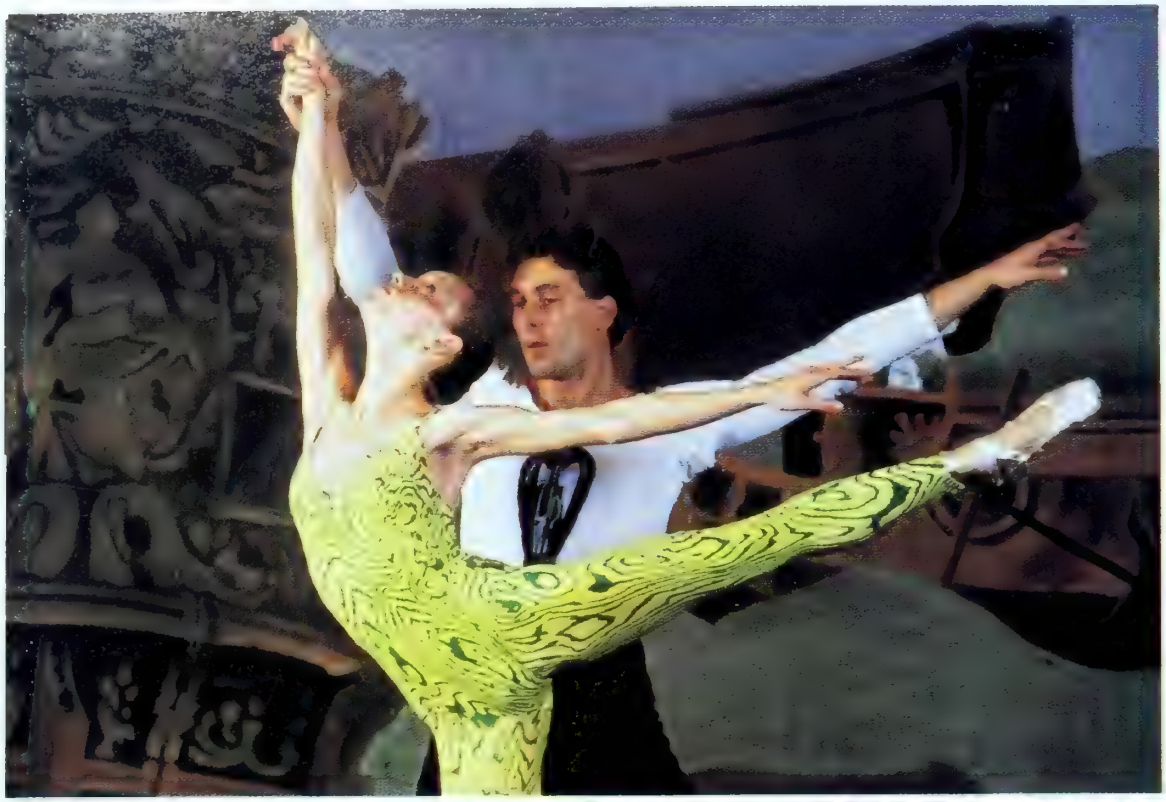


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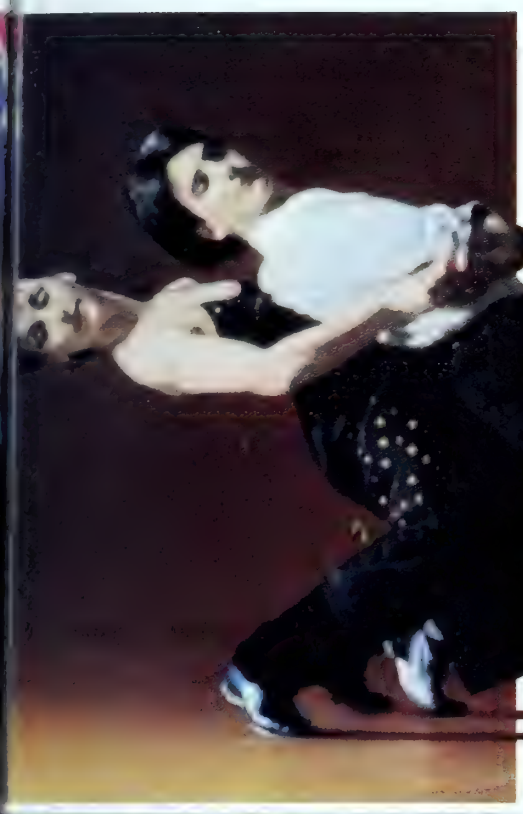
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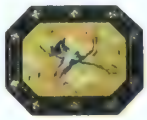
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A sampling of 1987 NEXT WAVE Festival events, pictured clockwise from top left: *The Armitage Ballet*, photo by Julio Donoso, *Sygma; Peter Zummo*, photo by Speliotis Photography, Kenn Duncan Ltd.; *Nina Wiener Dance Company*, photo by Lois Greenfield; *The Mahabharata* by Jean-Claude Carriere and directed by Peter Brook, photo by Gilles Abegg.

REGENCY REDUX

Thomas Messel, nephew of stage designer Oliver, has chosen to turn his hand to the eighteenth century

By Clive Aslet



No good at school, hopeless in the army, and bored to death by two years in the city of London. Is this, you might ask, a recipe for success? In Thomas Messel's case, yes. Eight years ago, at age 28, he decided that his true metier was furniture making, and although he had no formal training, he immediately found the way to his clients' hearts. Two qualities have been essential in establishing his reputation. One naturally is an eye for the highest standards of craftsmanship. This he may have inherited from his grandfather Colonel Leonard Messel, who was a notable collector. The other quality may also owe something to his family, for, as the nephew of the theater designer Oliver Messel and the cousin of Lord Snowdon, he is abundantly endowed with English charm.





Above: Thomas Messel with one of his designs: a walnut Cardinal chair made in Hungary after an 18th-century design, painted and finished by him in his own studio in Gloucestershire. *Right:* Two hand-painted Messel mats, exclusive to Thos. Goode of South Audley Street, London.

When it comes to making an unusual piece of furniture—such as the chair Miriam Stoppard gave to her husband, Tom, when his play *The Real Thing* was produced—his powers of invention are in their element. The chair was decorated with the set of the play, a portrait of Tom Stoppard, masks of tragedy and comedy, and trophies symbolizing some of the enthusiasms of his life: collecting books, antiquities, records, and electric guitars. A client has recently commissioned a set of twelve dining-room chairs painted with animals: dragonflies and dolphins for the ladies, boars and elephants for the men. On another animal theme, Messel conjured up an imaginative twenty-piece suite of furniture for Timothy Walker, the U.K.'s chairman of the World Wildlife Fund. Pictures of such endangered species as the tapir, white rhinoceros, Seychelles Scops owl, and aye-aye lemur have been painted into the lacquer. For J. J. Louis, former U.S. ambassador to England, Messel made a table with pictures of Louis's houses in London and America.

Messel could not have had a less conventional education in art and design. "When I was at school I never had art lessons," he says engagingly, "because I was really rather stupid and had to concentrate on history and math and other things people thought were of more use." The climax of his career in the Horse Guards came when he was made aide-de-camp to a general and painted an elaborate mural on the staircase of the regimental headquarters. "The subject was a little bit limiting: the sporting activities at Catterick Camp. The moment I left, it was painted out. I wasn't really a very good ADC." But it is not surprising that he had a natural gift for painting and drawing, as he has artistic forebears on both sides of the family. His great-grandfather—the grandfather of Oliver Messel—was

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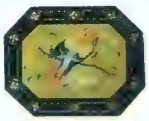
The Great American Road belongs to Buick.



In bookish disguise: matches in *Prometheus Bound*, a tantalus and, at left, book box and a portfolio with writing pad.

...bourne, a ...onist whose ...Stafford Terrace ... open to the public. ... his father's side his great-uncle Alfred Messel was architect to the kaiser at the end of the last century. He built the most fashionable shopping street in Berlin, full of enormous department stores; it is now in East Berlin and called Messelstrasse.

Messel's introduction to the world of professional design came when he worked for the decorator Charles Hammond in Sloane Street. "You could always get very good Italian furniture, but I used to find it difficult to get decorative English furniture. So I thought this is the moment to set up my own studio—which I did in Sussex." He found a cabinetmaker. And he took on one assistant, a young woman, who had worked with Vilmo Gibello making picture frames and so could work with gold leaf, gesso, and lacquer.



Like his uncle Oliver, Messel's tastes lie in the eighteenth century. He pores over a collection of dog-eared and broken-spined reference books—his favorite is Thomas Strange's *Dictionary of English Decorative Designs in the Eighteenth Century*—and spends any spare half hour in London in the Victoria and Albert Museum. For his decoration he loves garlands, fans, trophies, and the Classical repertoire. Sometimes his inspiration will be as early as 1700, as seen in the line of chairs he calls Cardinal. They are based on a set of chairs, made for Cardinal Carlo Gaetano Stampa, that once belonged to Messel's grandfather. In these the solid-walnut frame is made in Hungary, where a very good tradition of craftsmanship still exists. The painted decoration is done in Messel's own studio in Gloucestershire. What form the decoration takes depends on the client: it might tone with the colors of a room, incorporate a heraldic shield, or imitate a particular historical treatment. One set was recently painted gray after Messel had seen this on some chairs in Venice.

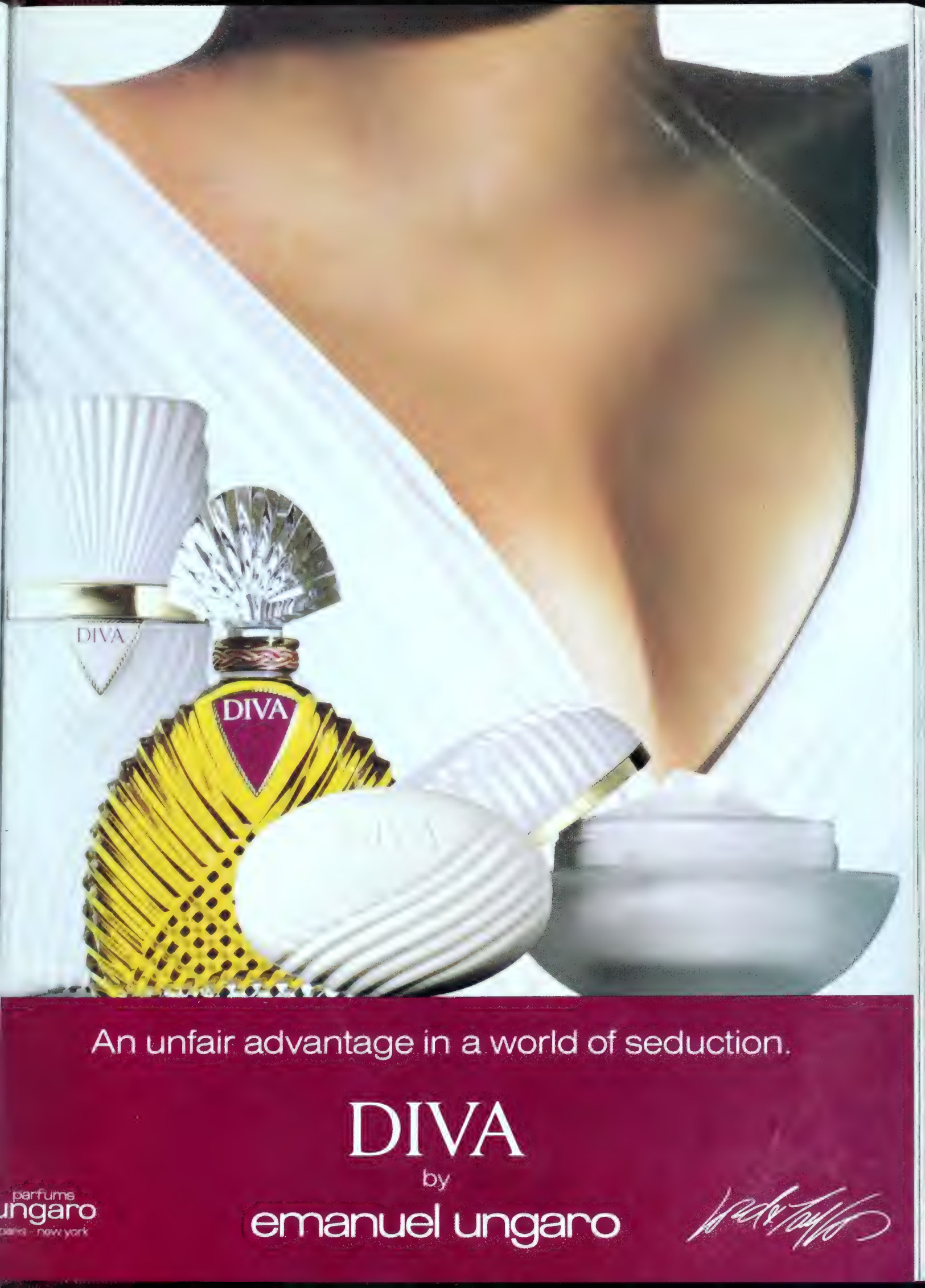
Also early eighteenth century in style are Messel's girondoles. Carved in limewood, the frames are gessoed and gilded, but perhaps the mirror itself best illustrates Messel's devotion to detail. It has already been antiqued when he buys it. He then coats it with a hard-drying glaze, which gives a ribbed effect as though the glass had been blown.

At the other end of the eighteenth century, spilling over into the nineteenth, comes the Regency, and this is the period with which Messel feels most sympathy. In the Victoria and Albert he saw a saber-leg chair of about 1815. "The design was originally by an Englishman called Mr. Pigeonot," he says, "but it did not really work in the nineteenth century because the wood kept splitting on the back of the chair. I overcame that by using a strong bonding glue." While many of Messel's designs are based on historical models, he does more than copy. He takes advantage of woods and glues not available to the original craftsmen and adapts earlier designs so that they can be made with modern machinery when appropriate, which reduces the cost. In the saber-leg chairs the applied decoration is again all important. The standard ones are lacquered and gilded, and the backs are painted with griffons and acanthus leaves in grisaille.

Some of Messel's furniture—such as the coffee table—were an unknown phenomenon in the eighteenth century. One client who owned a set of Gobelins tapestries asked for coffee tables to go with them. Messel took garlands and elements from the design of the tapestries and incorporated them into the painted tabletops. Lord Snowdon and Messel together came up with the most ingenious solution for coffee tables: make a tray with a stand. While eighteenth-century decorated trays are much sought after, collectors find that it can cost as much to order a stand as it does to buy the tray; Messel makes both the trays and the stands.

Recently Messel has shifted away from making large pieces of furniture. When he started his career, the Arab market was strong. Now that this has faded, there are fewer people prepared to spend heavily on new furniture, however beautiful. To keep his work force busy, he is devoting more time to smaller decorative objects. For these the sources of inspiration are often the same as for the furniture. He is particularly attracted to penwork, a form of Oriental style decoration popular at the time of the Brighton Pavilion. Messel has introduced a pretty series of place mats based on an old penwork tray he bought many years ago in Bath. After it is screen-printed, the surface is varnished. The modern varnish, improved since the eighteenth century, is heat resistant; but it is also volatile, so a layer of shellac is used to shield the design. This gives the finished result an agreeably mellow look.

Another range of place mats uses drifted-gold lacquer in which little



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specks of gold cluster together into patterns. The technique is Messel's own and requires fourteen different processes. Place mats with garlands—transferred, then painted—are also popular; some, incorporating the initials A and S and swans, were given to the Duke and Duchess of York as a wedding present.

The latest development is what Messel calls the Library Collection. The notion came to him when he saw a friend, the artist Lincoln Seligman, working on a table in trompe l'oeil. Messel thought the table unworthy of Seligman's talents, so he decided to design something more appropriate—a table in the form of a tripod of books. But since it came to be so highly finished that there was no room for the trompe l'oeil, Messel kept this one for himself. The tripod design was also used for a stool in which the cushion was disguised as the topmost "book."

Messel works from his Elizabethan Cotswold manor house, with a view of the Welsh hills

Now the Library Collection embraces ice buckets, portfolios, matchbox covers, pen boxes, and bookends. Early versions had witty Latin titles on the backs of the books, but, alas, these have been discontinued because so few people were able to fathom the joke.

Working from his Elizabethan manor house in the Cotswolds, with a distant view of the Welsh hills and a garden tumbling with old-fashioned roses, Messel now employs twelve people. They include a team of painters and lacquerers, but most of the construction work is contracted out because, as Messel explains, "with the number of skills involved we would have to have an enormous factory to employ everyone ourselves." All the designing is done by Messel, even though he sometimes complains that, to keep work moving smoothly through the workshop and orders coming in, he is becoming the last thing he intended: a businessman. □



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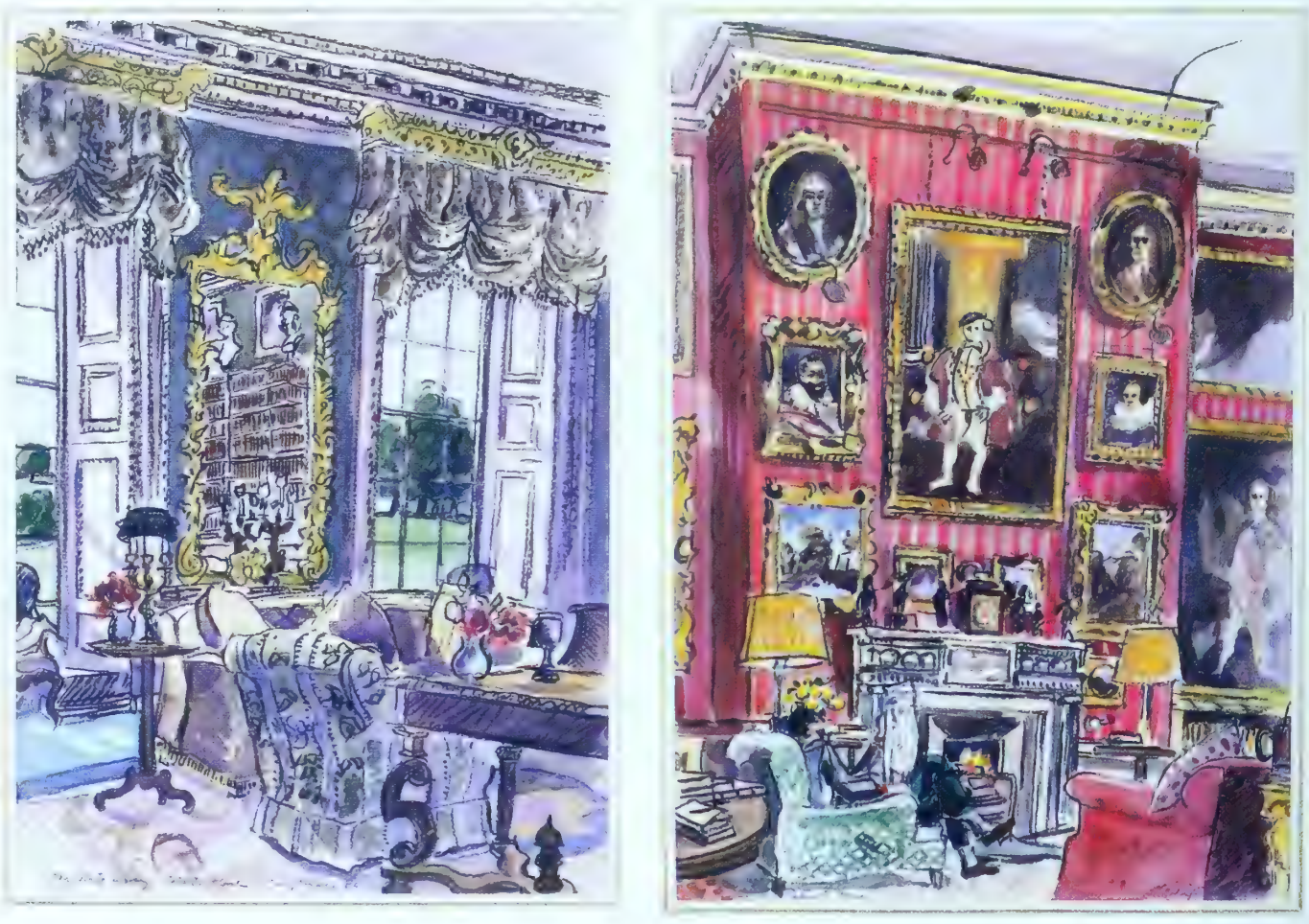


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PAINTING PETWORTH

Teddy Millington-Drake follows in a long tradition of artists portraying this stately home

By Max Egremont



Teddy Millington-Drake—using an easel from Turner's time—painted views of Petworth's White Library, *left,* and Red Library, *right,* both of which have changed little since the early 19th century.

When Teddy Millington-Drake painted his recent series of interiors at Petworth, he was following a tradition of artists at work in the house that reaches back to the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. For it was in those years that George O'Brien Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont, reigned at Petworth as a connoisseur, eccentric, supporter of J. M. W. Turner, and one of the greatest patrons of art of his time.

Egremont lived from 1751 until 1837, a life that encompassed the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, and the beginning of the railway age. His kingdom was Petworth, where his great territorial power allowed him to rule in splendor and isolation. Built at the end of the seventeenth century by Egremont's forebear, the Duke of Somerset, the house passed to the third earl in 1763 when he was only twelve years old. He inherited a tradition of patronage: Capability Brown was still at work on the landscaped park, and on the walls of the house hung the pictures by Cuyp, Rembrandt, Van Goyen, Carracci, Batoni, Locatelli, Chardin, Ruysdael, and Van Dyck which had been collected by his ancestors.

Egremont kept to this tradition. In the fashion of the time he went on the grand tour to study antiquities in Italy and to trifle with actresses in Paris. Later he bought pictures by Bronzino, Hieronymous Bosch, Joos van Cleve, and Van der Weyden. That there was a more adventurous side to him is shown

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temporary work, to invite artists to life was a strange mix- e casual and the grand, an atmosphere partly created by Egre- own unconventional ways. He lived for some years with Elizabeth Iliffe, who bore him seven children and was allowed to call herself Mrs. Wyndham. She had, however, to endure rivals: a certain Elizabeth Fox, for example, had four children by Egremont, one of whom was brought up alongside Miss Iliffe's. In 1801 he married Miss Iliffe. They had one legitimate child, who died in infancy, and in 1803 she was banished to a house in London.

Before her dismissal, Miss Iliffe (or Mrs. Wyndham) had separate apartments at Petworth and enjoyed a status superior to that of a mistress but beneath what could be expected by a wife. Sometimes she dined separately from Egremont; at other times he allowed her to join him for dinner. Visiting artists were treated in a similar way.



The Old Library which J. M. W. Turner used as a studio.

In December 1798, William Hayley, the poet and friend of Blake, visited the house and was greeted by a characteristic scene in the entrance hall: three artists copying some of Egremont's Van Dycks. He also noted that when there were no other guests the artists dined with their host and Mrs. Wyndham, but "when company was there they dined with Mrs. Wyndham only."

With this went a certain freedom. Guests were expected to leave without saying good-bye, to entertain themselves without troubling their host. Among Egremont's other interests were those of agriculture and stock breeding, and outside in the park cattle, pigs, deer, and sheep mixed in a curious concourse; one might also see a string of racehorses, evidence of his victories as an owner five times in the Derby and the Oaks. Inside, the artists would be at work either on a copy of an old master or a new composition of their own. Egremont himself appeared after breakfast when, surrounded by a crowd of dogs and children, he would discuss his guests' wishes while stretching out his legs for a servant to button on a pair of thick leather gaiters. In the morning he went shooting for a couple of hours, usually spending the rest of the day until dinner apart from the company as well. A visitor wrote in 1823, "It is almost impossible to catch him for a moment, for he passes his life in eternal locomotion from one room to another without sitting for an instant."

At dinner there was a grand reunion; afterward the party broke up early, the diarist Thomas Creevey reporting in 1828 that the ladies of the house were usually in bed by half past ten. In the absence of a hostess the house seems to have been run by a crowd of eccentric servants, many of whom were rumored to be related to the earl through his lascivious activities. They were apt to be incompetent and often short with guests who displeased them. One visitor noted at Petworth, again, in 1823 that the "want of comforts of regularity, and still more the total absence of clean linen, made it, splendid and beautiful as it is, far from being agreeable."

Benjamin Haydon has left a vignette of Egremont as a patron. He described the earl's first visit to Haydon's studio to arrange the commissioning of *Alexander the Great Taming Bucephalus,* a picture still at Petworth. The bargain seems to have been struck in an indelicate way. Lord Egremont arrived and

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100. Haydon
Lord, that's sal-
the patron smiled,
tes on a chair, and
t with the artist doglike at
before turning to say, "Take
money." This Haydon hastened to do, then launched into an elevated discussion of the picture's possibilities. "I wish to make Alexander an aspiring youth," he declared. To which Egremont retorted, "Don't make the queen damned ugly."

Among contemporary English artists who had their works bought by Egremont were Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, Reynolds, Fuseli, and Blake. There are curious omissions. For example, we know that Constable often visited Petworth, where a carriage would be put at his disposal, yet the earl never bought any of his pictures; for this the artist gave the obviously false reason that Egremont did not like landscapes, a reason that seems all the more absurd in light of his patronage of Turner.

Turner was a frequent visitor to Petworth. The relationship between artist and patron began in about 1802 and lasted until Egremont's death in 1837. There are twenty oil paintings and two watercolors in the house, a large and representative collection of Turner's work. He was given his own studio at the door of which even Egremont knocked before entering. At the same time Turner observed the life of the great house at close quarters, reproducing some of its more idiosyncratic and picturesque features in a remarkable series of watercolors in the permanent collection of the Tate Gallery in London. One that remains at Petworth is the sketch called *Spilt Milk,* given as a penance to a woman over whom Turner had upset a jug one morning at breakfast.

Turner seems to have felt at ease with Lord Egremont's relaxed style of hospitality. While at Petworth he would fish in the lake, walk in the park, watch a fireworks display explode over Brown's arcadian landscape, or join in the pleasures of the house party of the moment, always with his sketchbook at hand to record a view, a pattern of clouds, the sky at sunset, the arrangement of a room, or the poses and gestures of a group of figures. Some people did not entirely welcome him: one old servant told the watercolorist G. P. Boyce, who visited Petworth in 1857, that he had not relished the "painter's uncouth manners." The pictures, however, more than make up for the awkwardness of the man.

Over 150 years later Teddy Millington-Drake decided with trepidation to follow the tradition of Turner. Having known Teddy for some years, we felt sure that he would understand the atmosphere of Petworth. When he began painting in the White Library or the White and Gold Room, working at an easel of Turner's time which is still in the house and may have been used by the master, his previous doubts about the enterprise seemed to fall away. It had been a long time since he had worked in England, having previously preferred the landscapes and flowers of India, Greece, or Tuscany; now he was reassured to see that he could still capture the mysterious and fugitive English light. So, over a period of several weeks, Teddy became a part of our lives, entering into the house's domestic vagaries with tolerance and good humor, cheerfully agreeing to our children's requests for drawing lessons, trying desperately to save his tubes of paint from the attentions of our small spaniel dogs. Like Turner he walked in the park and studied the other pictures; unlike Turner he did not upset milk jugs and showed no signs of "uncouth manners."

Now the triumphant results can be seen in a New York exhibition. Teddy's work is no mere act of solemn piety, and once again Petworth lives through the perception of an artist. The rooms, many of which have changed little since the early nineteenth century, have a contemporary interpreter of their character and appearance. These pictures show not only that life has survived at Petworth; they also reveal once again the way that tradition and the past can work with great effect upon a modern artistic sensibility. □

"Interiors at Petworth" will be at the Artis Group, 52 East 76 St., New York, from October 21 to November 7.



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History and geography are the keys to good country kitchens

By Leslie Forbes

Imagine a table laid with food that Samuel Pepys, that paterfamilias of English gourmets, would have been pleased to eat: Wye River pike cooked in cider with fresh watercress; potted ox tongue spiced with green peppercorns and tartened with apple-and-horseradish sauce; a fresh garden salad of lettuce, lovage, sald burnet, chive flowers, Welsh onions, and flecks of summer savory; a basket of small crisp apples and stout country cheeses; gooseberry tart and quince dumplings and goat's milk curd cheese with damson puree.



Imagine that your favorite relatives are English, pink-cheeked from the climate, brisk from the country air. They know what's good for you and tell you so. He has hunted down the best wine and country produce and loves his hand-reared apple trees, all forty varieties. She is a good honest cook, especially of the traditional English fruits and vegetables that grow on her acre of reclaimed eighteenth-century kitchen garden. The house, of course, is rambling, eccentric—part elegant Queen Anne, part scrubbed pine, part Turkish folly.

Stop imagining. The good news is that the table is laid, the house exists, and so do the people, although you are most likely not related to them. Hope End, Patricia and John Hegarty's farmhouse-hotel-restaurant in a hidden wildflower-spattered valley near the half-timbered market town of Ledbury, is a leader of the renaissance in English cooking. And like other originators of the style, such as Joyce Molyneux at the Carved Angel in Dartmouth or Susan and Peter Dixon of White Moss House in Grasmere, the Hegartys are passionately reviving traditional English produce that, until recently, had become more exotic than kiwi fruit used to be.

Sea kale is a case in point. A native of sea cliffs and coastal shingle, its burgundy red stalks were once extensively cultivated in Britain. Its melting asparagus flavor is only now becoming known again thanks to people like the Hegartys. They blanch it in situ in their old garden by covering the growing stalks with special terra-cotta pots. It can then be boiled for about fifteen minutes and served, as the Victorians did, on a white linen napkin with a ramekin of hollandaise or, as at Hope End, with salty-sweet local ham and dollops of mayonnaise made with sharp English mustard.

John Hegarty's forty varieties of apple are another example of the struggle to preserve the best of British food. "Forty is nothing," he says. "Did you know that there are more than two thousand kinds of apple, and six to seven hundred available in Britain alone? Still, because it is uneconomic to grow so many varieties, forty is about thirty-eight more than most people in this country have seen." Which is a pity when you hear the names—tiny plum-size Pitmaston Pineapple, King's Acre Pippin and Scarlet Pimpernel, Cornish Gillyflower and Worcester Pearmain, Egremont Russet, Blenheim Orange (a superb connoisseur's apple), and Beauty of Bath—which are a romantic record of both the history and geography of the British Isles.

History and geography are the keys to good English kitchens these days. It is fashionable again in England, as in California, to serve local produce and locally inspired recipes. Thank goodness. The result has been to encourage a new generation of traditional fruit-wine producers, real-meat butchers, fine regional cheesemakers, and fishmongers who promote English fish like John Dory, home-smoked kippers, Arbroath smokies, and fresh cockles.

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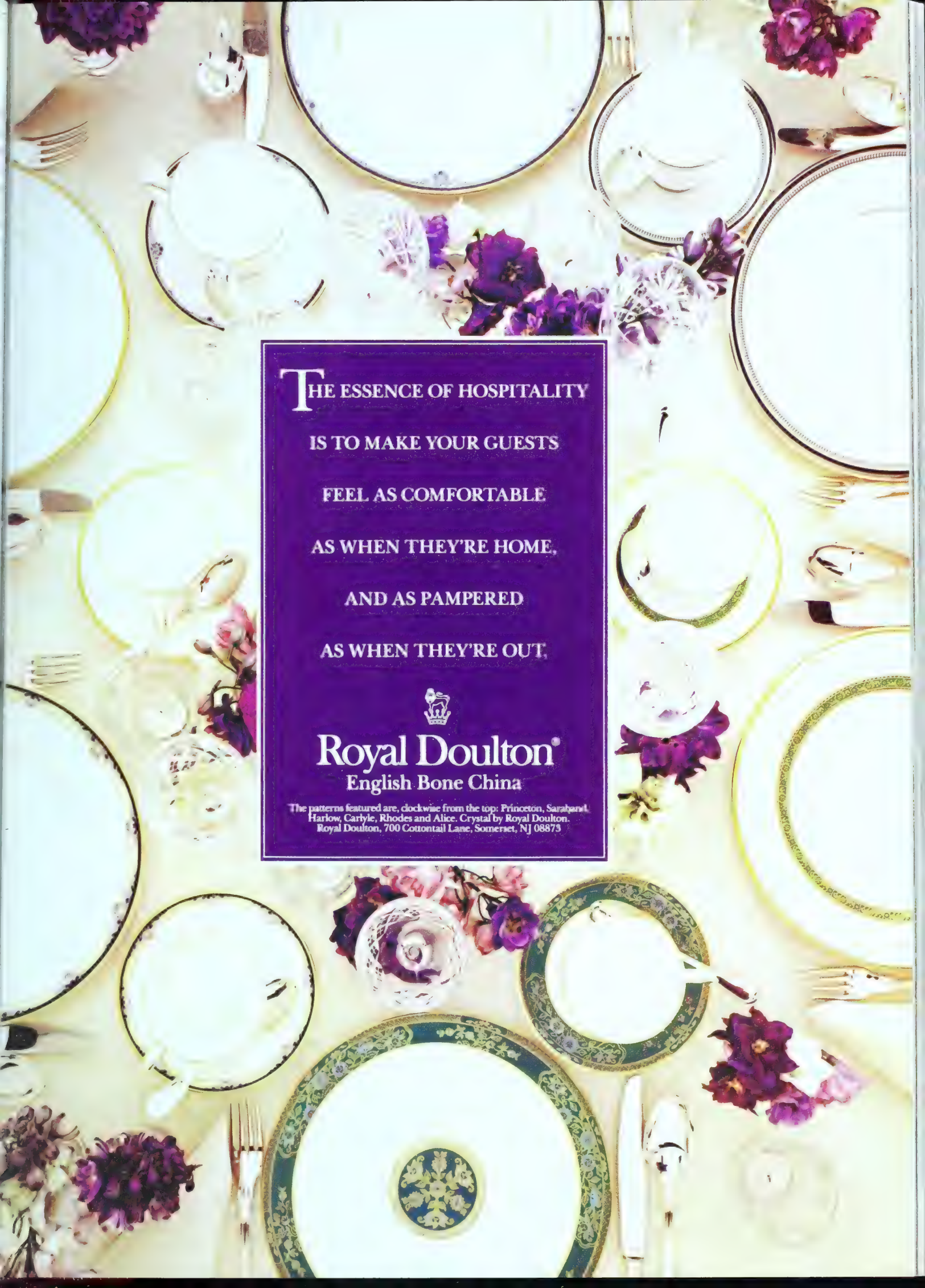
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Yard Dairy, there were only three hard cheeses available: Cheddar, Cheshire, and Stilton. On a recent visit to the scrubbed white-tiled shop a line of customers stretched out the door, waiting to choose from baskets of free-range Maran eggs, soft mounds of Cornish creamery butter, and as many as fifty British cheeses. These may include the runny pungent Pont l'Évêque–style Milleens from Ireland, rich creamy but firm cheeses like Waungron, hard nutty cow's-milk Pant-y-Llyn—both from Wales—winter Beenleigh Blue in which you can practically taste distilled essence of Devon farmyard, and Mendip, a hard goat cheese made by Mary Holbroke, considered one of England's best cheesemakers. Cheese making can be the ultimate cottage industry—one farm makes only one cheese a day. The British today produce some sixty kinds of cheese—not quite the 246 varieties that Charles de Gaulle claimed for France, but nevertheless better than endless plastic-wrapped Cheddar.

Also enjoying a revival are traditional English puddings, not pseudo Olde World but lighter versions of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century nursery favorites. Hambleton Hall in Oakham serves rice pudding with apricot compote and junket—Little Miss Muffet's curds and whey of milk or cream, heated, lightly set with rennet, and flavored with vanilla or nutmeg. White Moss House has Sussex Pond pudding, an extraordinary façade of fragile crust stuffed with a custard of sugar, eggs, butter, and a whole lemon. Elsewhere there are fools of gooseberries or rhubarb beaten to a soft mousse with thick cream and sugar; fruit jellies, pale amber with sherry or garnet-colored with port; syllabubs in which fresh milk, sugar, and spiced fruit juice are beaten together, the froth skimmed and served over sweetened claret; sponge puddings filled with homemade jams and marmalades of old English fruits such as medlars, morello cherries, or elderberries.

Curds, jams, jellies, and fruit chutneys in a variety of guises are an old theme that once moved Keats to write:

While he forth from the closet
brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and
plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the


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[illegible]re given a modern twist [illegible]aller, more elegant portions. [illegible]ith less sugar and tart fruit, they [illegible]d a vivid contrast to the best British beef, fish, and game, as at the Altnaharrie Inn in Dundonnell where roast pigeon and duck come with traditional caper and rowan jelly. Nick Smallwood, of London's Launceston Place, who would like his cozy restaurant—which he runs with Simon Flater—to be the English equivalent of an unpretentious French *restaurant du coin,* serves fruit jellies made by his mother, soothe enough to please Mr. Keats.

Striking vegetable and herb dishes drawn from English market gardens are another new note. Even the conservative department store Marks & Spencer has a Cottage Garden Salad of cos lettuce, chives, vivid blue borage flowers, and peppery orange nasturtiums which harks back to the seventeenth century when flowers and herbs appeared in everything from wine to marigold cheese and rose-petal tart.

Hope End serves a lovage soufflé, the curried-celery flavor of the herb—used in Britain from early monastic times—sharpened with grated Parmesan. At Southwold's excellent Crown Hotel, which one reviewer dubbed the Restaurant with Rooms, they boldly serve the humble local herring, one day with fresh thyme in little tarts, the next soused and pickled in the best coastal tradition. Fashionable Alistair Little in London's Frith Street has grilled salmon with its own roe, English seaweed, and cucumber. And a recent import from California, Sally Clarke of Clarke's, should be mentioned not only for her California-inspired food and loyalty to British products but also as an example of how English eating habits have changed. Ten years ago the most popular American dishes were Heinz beans and Big Macs.

In Britain it is still not easy to find good regional produce, either for restaurant or home. This requires the sleuthing skills of a John Hegarty, as one needs to track down small suppliers, who are prone to falter under financial or emotional stress. They go bust, sell their farms, get divorced. In England there isn't yet the solid sup-

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POTTED PHEASANT WITH JELLY

Potted meats were originally the long-cooked provisions that British sailors took to sea with them. From such humble beginnings evolved the more luxurious potted shrimp and game—sealed with a layer of clarified butter to preserve it and decorated with bay leaves and berries—which appeared on every Victorian gentleman's breakfast table. This recipe calls for fruit jelly to keep the pheasant moist. If you wish, you can seal the terrines with clarified butter and serve the jelly separately.

For the terrine:
12–14 ounces cooked, boned pheasant, turkey, or venison
3–4 ounces butter, softened
5 tablespoons stock
1½ ounces hazelnuts or chestnuts, toasted and roughly crushed
½ teaspoon nutmeg
Salt and cayenne pepper to taste
20-ounce terrine or 6 individual terrines

For the jelly:
8 ounces wild rowanberries or cranberries
4 ounces crab apples (optional)
½ cup stock (1 cup if using crab apples)
½ cup port
2–3 sprigs fresh rosemary
Sugar to taste
⅜ ounce gelatine

Save enough thin whole slices of pheasant, preferably breast meat, to cover the terrine or terrines in one layer. Chop half the remaining meat roughly, and puree the other half with the softened butter and 5 tablespoons of stock. Mix well with the chopped meat, hazelnuts, nutmeg, salt, and cayenne pepper. Line the terrine with waxed paper—not necessary if you are serving individual terrines—and half-fill with the pureed mixture. Add the whole pieces in one layer and fill with remaining mixture. Smooth and press down well. Chill.

To make the jelly, simmer berries and rosemary in port and ½ cup stock until tender. Remove rosemary and add a little sugar to taste. If the mixture is not jelling, heat a bit of stock, stir in the gelatine and, when dissolved, stir into the fruit. (If using crab apples—omit if you want a clear jelly—simmer them in about ½ cup stock until soft. Puree and stir into the cooked berries.) Pour jelly over the chilled terrine, spreading it over the surface. Potted pheasant will keep for several days in the refrigerator. To serve, lift the mixture out of the terrine and cut in ½-inch slices to reveal the layers of meat and wine-colored jelly. Serve as an hors d'oeuvre with thin toast or as a luncheon entree with salad. Serves 6–8.

APPLE AND BLACKBERRY CHARLOTTES

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries elaborate charlotte molds were common in grand kitchens. These individual charlottes are easier to serve and allow a bonus of more crisp crust per person. Patricia Hegarty of Hope End makes curds and whey from the milk of her Anglo-Nubian goats, but a similar curd cheese—like ricotta, which you can substitute if pressed for time—can be made from cow's milk or a richer mixture of milk and cream.

For the curds:
5 cups whole milk, or a mixture of milk and cream
1½ teaspoon cider vinegar
1–1½ teaspoon orange-flower water or sugar
Cheesecloth or jelly bag

For the charlottes:
2 ounces butter plus 4 ounces melted butter
¾ pound tart apples
¾ pound blackberries or dried apricots
½ teaspoon cinnamon
6 ounces sugar
Grated zest and juice of 1 lemon
12 thin slices whole grain bread, crusts removed
Mint leaves to garnish

First make the curd cheese. Heat the milk just to boiling, remove from heat, and stir in vinegar. The milk should curdle; add a little more vinegar if it doesn't. Pour into cheesecloth or jelly bag and hang in a cool place to drain for ½ to 1 hour or until you get the texture you prefer. The longer it drains, the firmer the cheese. Just before serving, beat in the orange-flower water or sugar to taste. The whey can be used in soups or breads.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees F. Melt 2 ounces butter in a pan, add apples, blackberries or dried apricots, cinnamon, sugar, and lemon zest and cook until tender, stirring often to prevent scorching. Beat lemon juice in lightly.

Dip one side of each bread slice in melted butter and press firmly, butter side down, into each of six metal charlotte molds or ramekins. Fill not quite to the top with apple mixture and cover with another piece of bread, butter side up. Trim edges and pinch to seal. Place on a metal cookie sheet and bake for 20 minutes until crispy brown. Sprinkle with fine sugar and return to oven for a minute or two. To serve, turn out each charlotte, spoon some curd next to it, and decorate with fresh mint leaves. Serves 6. □



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GALLERIES NEW YORK

Brooke Alexander	59 Wooster Street	925-4338	**Oct: Richard Bosman Nov: Joseph Nechvatal** **Dec: Robert Bordo**
Diane Brown Gallery	560 Broadway	219-1060	**Edward Allington: Sculpture Oct. 3-28 Opening Oct. 3, 6-8** **Thomas Nozkowski: Paintings Oct. 30-Nov. 25 Opening Oct. 30, 6-8**
Leo Castelli	420 West Broadway	431-5160	**Miquel Barcelo Oct. 3-31** **Meyer Vaisman Nov. 7-28**
Charles Cowles Gallery	420 West Broadway	925-3500	**Oct: Marsha Burns, Randy Hayes, Charles Luce** **Nov: Charles Arnoldi: New Paintings & Bronze Sculpture**
Crown Point Press	568 Broadway at Prince	226-5476	**David True Prints 1985-1987** **Oct. 31-Nov. 28**
John Davis Gallery	568 Broadway 10th Fl.	219-1444	**Group Exhibition of Gallery Artists Oct. 6-31** **Abstract Paintings by Joseph Haske Nov. 3-28**
Gallery Henoch	80 Wooster Street	996-6360	**David Dodge Gray: Recent Paintings Oct. 17-Nov. 8** **Sharon Sprung: Recent Paintings Nov. 10-29**
Germans van Eck Gallery	420 West Broadway	219-0717	**Susan Laufer: Paintings Oct. 16-Nov. 14** **Broto: Paintings Nov. 21-Dec. 19**
Gruenebaum Gallery	415 West Broadway	966-3646	**Sonia Gechtoff: "Works on Paper 1975-1987" thru Oct. 24** **Robert Beauchamp: New Paintings Oct. 29-Nov. 21**
Stephen Haller Fine Art	415 West Broadway	219-2500	**Norman Lundin: Luminous Spaces Oct. 10-Nov. 4** **Wilhelm Holderied: Mixed Media and Assemblage Nov. 7-Dec. 2**
Heller Gallery	71 Greene Street	966-5948	**America's premier gallery specializing in museum quality works of contemporary glass art.**
Nancy Hoffman Gallery	429 West Broadway	966-6676	**Alan Siegel: New Sculpted Chairs Oct. 10-Nov. 11** **Joseph Raffael: New Paintings Nov. 14-Dec. 16**
Ingber Gallery	415 West Broadway	226-2221	**Greta Scheyer & Tiber Gergely Oct. 6-31** **Gretna Campbell & Lois Dodd Nov. 3-28**
Phyllis Kind Gallery	136 Greene Street	925-1200	**Cham Hendon: New Paintings Oct. 17-Nov. 7** **Ed Paschke: New Paintings Nov. 14-Dec. 5**
Alexander F. Milliken Inc.	98 Prince Street	966-7800	**Anneke van Brussel: Dutch Watercolors Oct. 17-Nov. 18** **Randall Deihl: An American Painter Nov. 21-Dec. 23**
David Nolan Gallery	560 Broadway	925-6190	**Sigmar Polke: Drawings from the 1960's Oct.-Nov.** **Also works by Beuys, Baselitz, Richter, Kounellis, Rainer.**
Sperone Westwater	142 Greene Street	431-3685	**Susan Rothenberg Oct. 17-Nov. 14** **Gianni Dessí Nov. 21-Dec. 19**
Sonnabend	420 West Broadway	966-6160	**Peter Halley Oct. 10-31** **John Baldessari Nov. 7-28**
Bernice Steinbaum Gallery	132 Greene Street	431-4224	**Oct: Paul Brach Nov: Jaune Quick-to-see Smith** **Dec: Art & Fashion Invit. Exhibition, Natl. Museum Tour**
Twining Gallery	568 Broadway	431-1830	**André Kertész: "Les Femmes" Photographs c. 1918-1985** **Daniel Brush: "Cantos for an Accompanying Role" Paintings**
Witkin Gallery, Inc.	415 West Broadway	925-5510	**Charles Harbutt: "Retrospective" Oct. 20-Nov. 28** **Evelyn Hofer: "Emerson In Italy" Dec. 1-Jan. 9**

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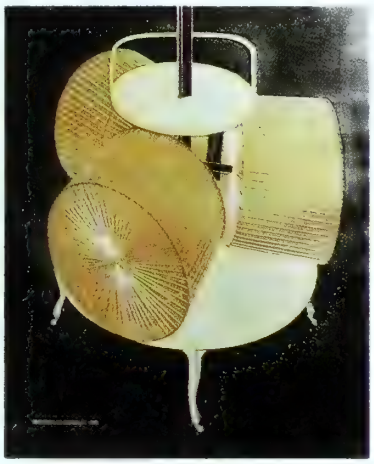


Top: The Flight into Egypt, c. 1636–40.
Above: Saint Serapion, 1628.



MODERN MAGICIAN

Ideas and irony were the stock-in-trade of Marcel Duchamp, who altered the course of Modern art by giving it a conceptual twist. In honor of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, the Philadelphia Museum of Art currently features a "Duchamp Centennial Celebration" through January 3. This museum is ideally equipped to mount such a show because it owns the most extensive and best public collection of the artist's work, including several key pieces such as *Nude Descending a Staircase #2* (the sensation of the legendary 1913 Armory Show), *The Large Glass,* and *Étant Donnés.* One of the most durable puzzlers, *Why Not Sneeze Rose Sélavy?, above,* consists of a metal birdcage filled with 152 pieces of marble cut into trompe l'oeil sugar cubes, a thermometer, and a cuttlebone. *D. B.*



Top: Why Not Sneeze Rose Sélavy?, 1921. *Above: Chocolate Grinder, No. 2,* 1913.

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Secretary, *below,* commissioned in the 1940s and decoupaged by Elsie de Wolfe, *above.*



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JOURNAL

On the arts scene



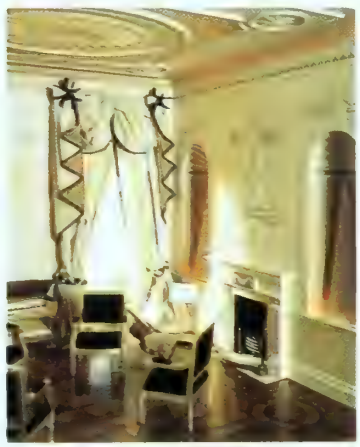
MA'AM'S GEMS

These royal jewels have fled Russia, come from sultans, and commemorated births, anniversaries, and state visits. In *The Queen's Jewels: The Personal Collection of Elizabeth II* (Abrams, $29.95) Leslie Field tells the fascinating story of this amazing cache of gems masterminded by Queen Mary, grandmother of the present monarch, *above,* in a painting by Michael Leonard. *Gabrielle Winkel*

THE BRETT PACK



Does the family that plays together stay together or for that matter remain on speaking terms? Lydia and Charles Brett (Barbara Murray and Norman Rodway, *right*) head up a British theatrical empire in the 1920s. They live in a rambling house, buy a theater, act together, and bicker with each other, their staff, the senior and three junior Bretts—one matinee idol, one madcap actress, and one brooding playwright. They are tempted by money, other admirers, and the movies. *The Bretts* is engaging entertainment, but *Upstairs, Downstairs* it's not. In eight parts on *Masterpiece Theater* beginning October 11 on PBS. *G.W.*



NO SMALL HELP

Britannia House is proof that good things do come in small packages. This eight-room Georgian dollhouse, *left,* crafted by British artists, will tour the U.S. through December 6. The proceeds from its auction on February 11 at Sotheby's, London, will go to benefit the African Medical and Research Foundation. *Jennifer Royall*



TATE-À-TATE

The proverbial prophet without honor in his own country, architect James Stirling is unlikely to improve his standing in Britain with his and Michael Wilford's first building there in a decade. The Clore Gallery addition to London's Tate Gallery, *below,* housing J. M. W. Turner's bequest of three hundred of his own oils, is pleasantly scaled and includes some nice details, *left,* but it is disastrous for the pictures. The galleries, *right,* with an elaborate and intrusive skylight system, are abysmally illuminated and, far from shedding new light on the artist, plunge even his sunny Italian landscapes into stygian gloom. *Martin Filler*





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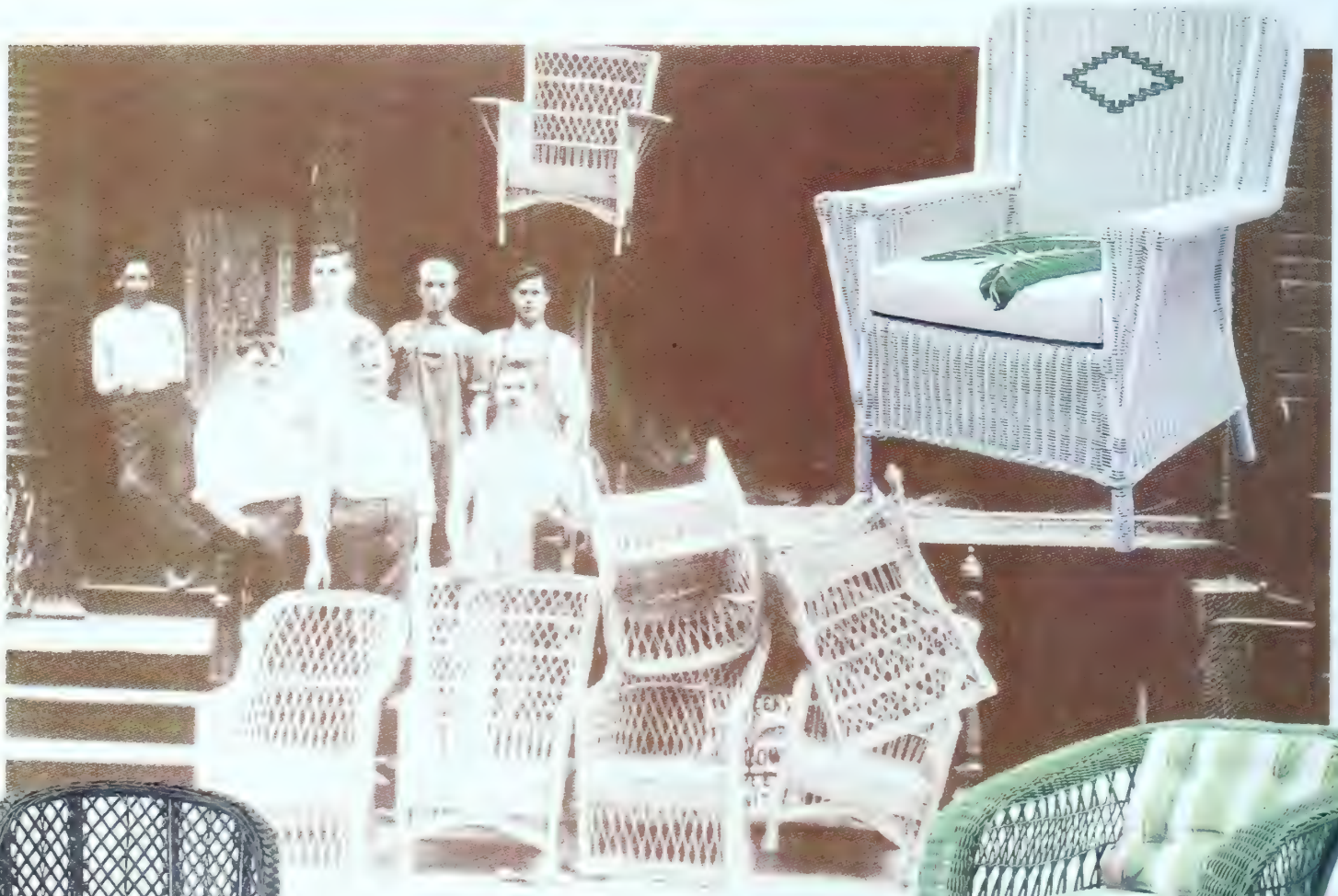
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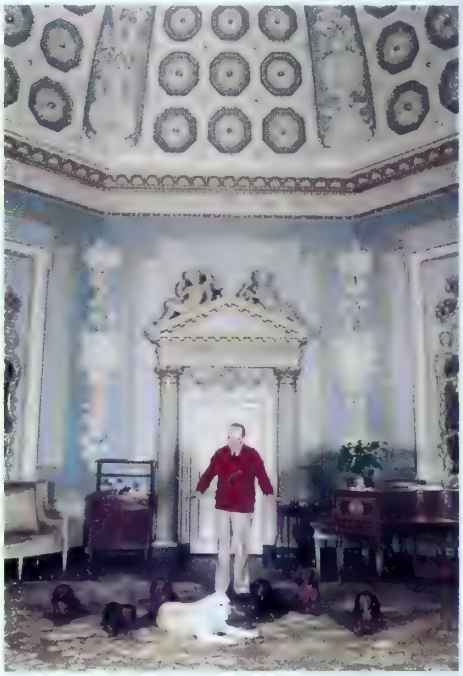
Porcelain Animal Pitchers from The Franklin Mint.

THE STATELY DOGS OF ENGLAND

By Spalding Gray



Left: Lambchop, a bull terrier, at Sledmere. *Below:* Sir John Wiggin with his six dachshunds and Labrador. *Bottom left:* The cocker spaniel Shrover Symphonic Prince ("Marcus") at table. *Bottom right:* Ten Welsh corgis respectfully shadow H.M. Queen Elizabeth.



As kids we only had three dogs, a cocker spaniel named Jill, a beagle named Bugel, and a big mongrel we called Roughy. But these Brit ristos are too much. Here's a bull terrier named Lambchop who lives at a place called Sledmere and hates sex. Then some guy in a big room with dogs named Sonia, Pinky, Muppet, Toya, Buster, Figaro, and Zola Budd. Then there is a spaniel named Marcus who awaits lunch at the table of Lady Tichborne. And of course the queen. Even from the back you can always recognize her by the herd of corgis. Owners of approved studs bring them to Windsor so the queen may choose. □





Photographs by Geoffrey Shakerley from The English Dog at Home *by Felicity Wigan with Victoria Mather. Copyright © 1986, published 1987 by Salem House.*



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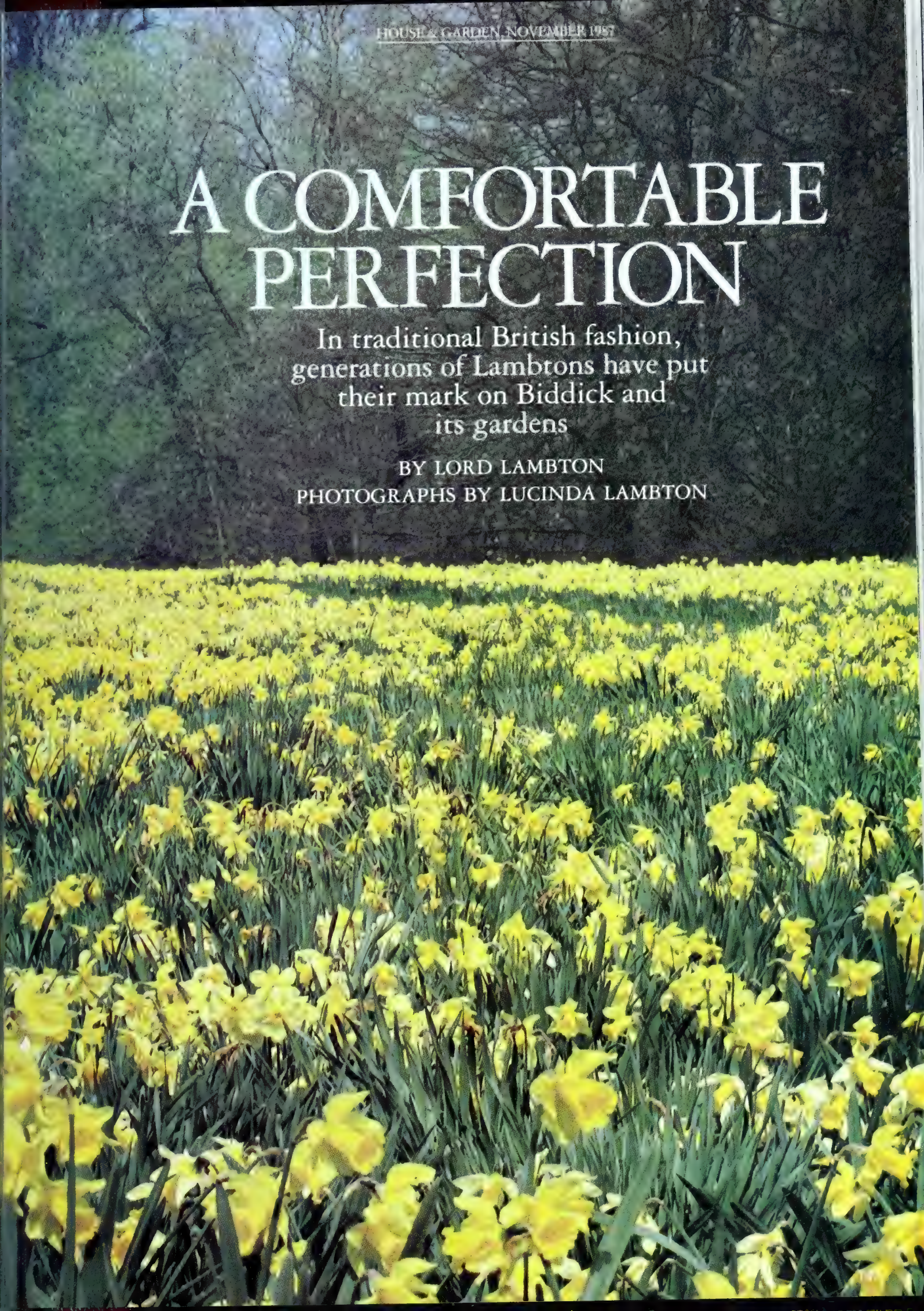




A COMFORTABLE PERFECTION

In traditional British fashion, generations of Lambtons have put their mark on Biddick and its gardens

BY LORD LAMBTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUCINDA LAMBTON



At the eastern end of [redacted] in County Durham, [redacted] oasis of just under 2,000 [redacted] recently surrounded by [redacted] and now hemmed in by industry and a new town. The house was originally attached to a peel tower and belonged to the Bowes family, from whom it was purchased by Sir William Lambton in 1610. He found two sure ways of dissipating the family fortune: the first by having two wives and no less than twenty-nine (eighteen and eleven) children, and the second by fighting for King Charles in the Civil War. His death at Marston Moor in 1644 prevented him from totally impoverishing his family. Biddick, an L-shaped Jacobean house, remained unaltered until 1718, when the peel was covered—Christopher Hussey thought by Vanbrugh—with a striking redbrick façade that encased the original stone.

It remained like this until my wife and I moved in about 1948. By this time the Jacobean wing, aided by military occupation during the war, was literally falling down and had to be rebuilt. The finest ceiling in the remaining tower is the plastered roof of the staircase, which was decorated with Chinese motifs by the Italian workmen Lord Scarbrough and Vanbrugh brought over to work in the Garter Room at neighboring Lumley Castle. The four front rooms are limited in size by the six-foot thickness of the outer walls, while the central wall is wide enough to have allowed two bathrooms to be put inside it.

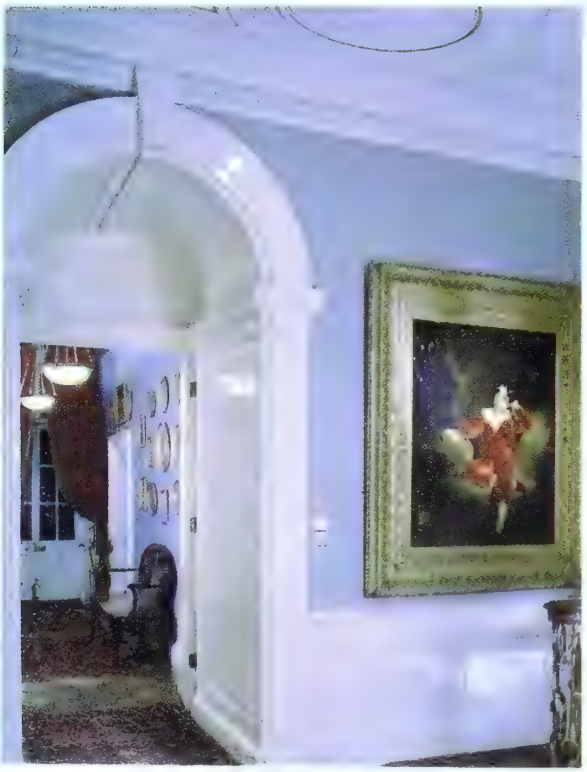
Inside the house the downstairs rooms are a mixture of different dates and decorations. The drawing room on the right off the hall was reduced when we came to live here and pulled off an eastern porch to make the entrance at the front. The most interesting aspect of the room is the number of sanguine



Two panels of Francesco Bartolozzi sepia prints hang behind the sofa in the drawing room. Portrait of the duc de Penthièvre by Jean Marc Nattier is over the 18th-century fireplace inlaid with a marble relief panel of Daphnis and Chloë by Sir Henry Cheere. *Preceding pages:* Biddick Hall from the end of the front drive.







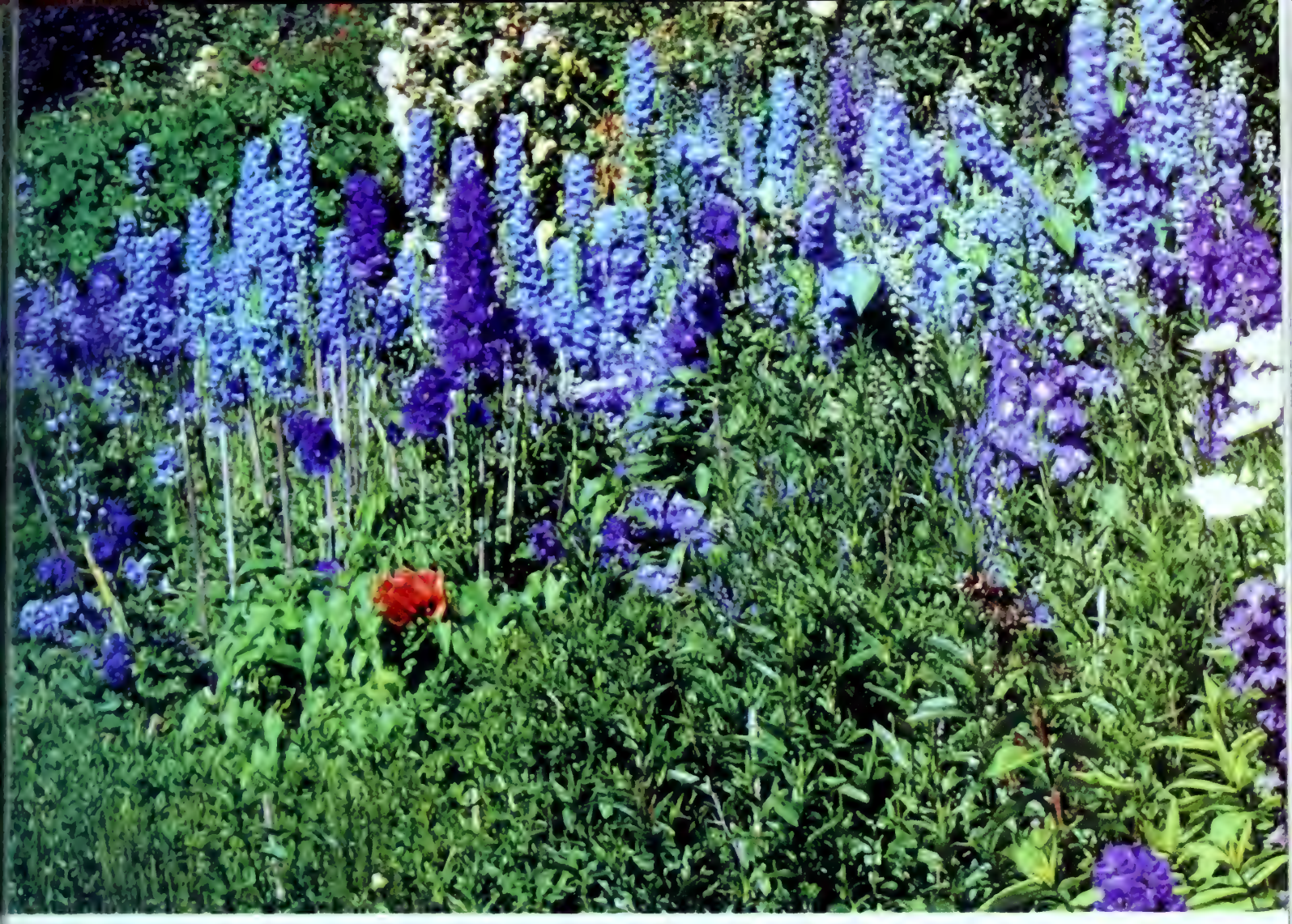
Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Master Lambton, *The Red Boy, above,* at the foot of the chinoiserie staircase. *Right: The Banished Lord* by Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs in the library.

prints collected by my grandmother, Beatrix Durham. The room opposite has few distinguishing features, but the paneling in the room at the bottom of the stairs is the only original part of the house preceding the alterations of 1718. The railings of the staircase clearly show the influence of Vanbrugh and are not dissimilar to the remnants at Seaton Delavel.

Halfway up the stairs you turn left and find the new library. Three quarters of the bookcases came from Bowood when the big house was pulled down by the present Lord Lansdowne. The remainder were copied by the carpenters at Lambton. The last structural change—made in the late 1950s—was the replacement on the stairs of a Victorian glass picture of the Virgin by the present window. Both this window and the china cupboards in the dining room with the niches beneath for dogs, who always refused to use them, were made by Trenwith Wills in the 1950s.

Several pictures in the house are of interest. The two in the dining room by John Zoffany are from a set of four theatrical scenes bought at Garrick's sal in 1826 for £140. These illustrate Gar rick in scenes from two plays, accom panied by Mrs. Siddons. On the stair is a picture of Harraton Hall in 1687 the seat of the Hedworths, rebuil in reduced circumstances after the had suffered from both the Civil Wa and a disastrous law case. The famil died out when the heiress married Lamb- *(Text continued on page 254*









May trees, a beech hedge, herbaceous borders, and urns in the garden, *top*. *Above:* In the dining room, John Zoffany's *Venice Observed* between cabinets filled with Meissen birds. Lady Lambton's cocker spaniel, Bing, is asleep in one of four dog niches, each with a brass nameplate. *Right:* Lord Lambton's 18th-century Chinese lacquer bed.









In the Green Room two French busts of babies are on the mantel carved with Lambton ram's heads and arms. Rococo framed glass Garden of Eden pictures hang to the right. *Opposite:* Lady Lambton's bedroom, hung with 18th-century Chinese wallpaper, has a Louis XV bed with original ostrich feathers intact.

CHELSEA CHASTE

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY



The altarlike kitchen unit, clad in marble, echoes



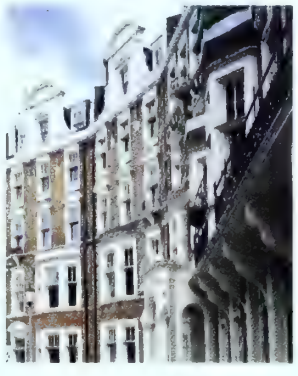
the translucent glass form surrounding the stairwell



As our world becomes ever more crowded with objects, some people dream of inhabiting a domestic tabula rasa free of the physical encumbrances and visual distractions of conventional life. In a London apartment redesigned by architects John Pawson and Claudio Silvestrin, that uncompromising elimination of the extraneous is

(Text continued on page 258)





Atop a Victorian terrace, a space of startling simplicity



The master bedroom embodies the mysterious fullness



hat Minimalism at its most perfectly executed can have







RARE AND EARLY

The furniture that fills the house of antiquarian Adrian Csaky is just as precious as the kind he sells

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MONTGOMERY

Adrian Csaky found his metier young. He was a schoolboy of fourteen when he swapped a cake his mother sent him for a Chinese bronze elephant another student had. A few years later he learned that the bronze was a very important piece. Today the Pimlico Road antiquarian retains those same instincts for quality and a good trade, but now he knows instantly whether something is important or not. He is described as the best dealer in the field of early-period furniture (medieval to pre-Georgian) by experts on both sides of the Channel and both sides of the Atlantic.

In the entrance hall, *left,* 17th-century Venetian sconces, 16th-century Tuscan desk near window. *Above:* At the far edge of the garden behind the house, a riverside terrace backing on the wall of the old Mortlake tapestry works.



Leafing through Victor Chinnery's definitive reference book *Oak Furniture: The British Tradition,* Adrian Csaky (pronounced CHAH-key) can point out piece after piece that has passed through his hands. A few that he cannot bear to part with are still in his home.

Csaky, his Czechoslovakian-born wife and business associate, Irena, and their daughter, Lela, live in a place that is ideal for people who love the country but have to be near the city. The town is Mortlake, once part of the county of Surrey but now included in Greater London, SW 14. The Csakys' house is a fifteen-minute drive from their shop and one day, Adrian Csaky dreams, there may be a way to go to work by water taxi on the Thames.

The Csakys' Georgian brick house backs on the river with a distant view of the Chiswick Bridge. The brick-walled garden contains a door that leads to the shore where they keep a restored nineteenth-century 22-foot Thames skiff "perfect for picnics." An annual event here is a party to watch the Oxford–Cambridge boat race, which goes right by the house. The garden is Irena Csaky's achievement. It is a tennis court–size area consisting of two luxuriant flower beds against the long walls flanking a central parterre arrangement of grassy segments and original stone paths. A large terrace adjoins the house; a smaller one is close to the water.

In this enclosed green place opening to a peaceful river and tidy allotment *(Text continued on page 262)*

Drawing room's c.-1700 wing chair near window, *left,* retains original needlework covering. Sculpture behind it is by Dame Elisabeth Frink, Csaky's stepmother. Between windows hang c.-1700 feather pictures of birds.
Below: In the same room, a Milanese 17th-century sacristy cupboard that has never been refinished.





Under the 17th-century double-tier candle-burning chandelier in the dining room/kitchen, *right,* individual Welsh chairs—Csaky dislikes sets—encircle an English 17th-century pine-and-fruitwood table. *Above:* Early English firescreen in entry hall is wicker that would have been kept wet to protect the kitchen boy turning the spit. Wrought-iron bookstand is French. *Below:* Crèche figures of sheep are south German wood carvings from the 16th and 17th centuries. They stand on a Roman 17th-century cassone bearing original gilt.









The artist himself after a journeyman photographer, Bangalore, c. 1860.

DRAWN TO THE PAST

Artist Michael Leonard decides whether one is a Holbein or a Sargent, then proceeds accordingly

BY LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

The English painter Michael Leonard has become known for arresting portraits in addition to personal figure compositions of construction workers, animal trainers, and nudes. Also there are large-scale group portraits of fellow professionals, art dealers, and photographers in gallery and studio. Outstanding is a popular portrait of Queen Elizabeth II, with Her Majesty's pet corgi, now hanging in London's National Portrait Gallery.

Less known but equally graced with psychological acumen and wit are a large series of black-and-white pencil drawings, depicting contemporaries as if they were posing for a broad roster of old-master draftsmen, which Leonard terms "transpositions." These belong to an evocative subdivision of formal portraiture but one not easy to define.

These may at first seem to overlap into the provinces of caricature, parody, or burlesque, all of which imply deformation, but Leonard's respect for the dignity of his sitters celebrates their characters. He seeks to emphasize an essential quality by snatching the subject out of his given temporality, reassigning each by imaginative detachment to epochs other than the one into which they happened to be born, as if seen by artists of a past period. Admiration of timeless elements that persist apart from all changes of style or fashion surprises faces thus viewed into novel perspectives and magically fascinating biographical assessment. Frankly boasting of borrowings from styles of eminent artistic predecessors, plus his own professional virtuosity, eliminates any hint of trivialization or that reductionist expressionism which places the artist's own personal touch

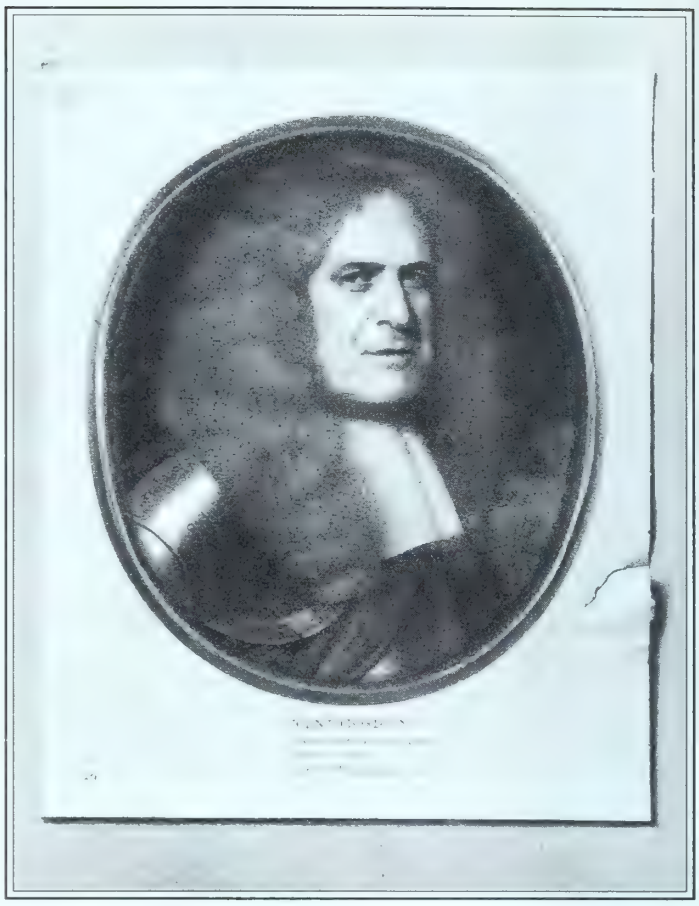


7 *Lady in a Hat 1986.*

Mrs. Carter Brown after a Sargent drawing



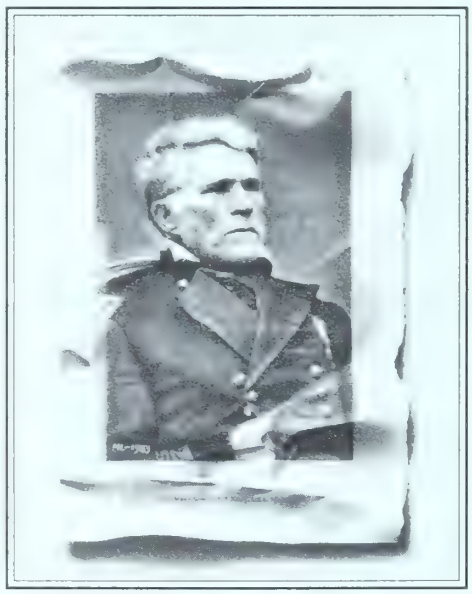
Robert Hughes after Dürer



John Richardson after a Samuel Cooper miniature

ahead of the essence of his posed subject.

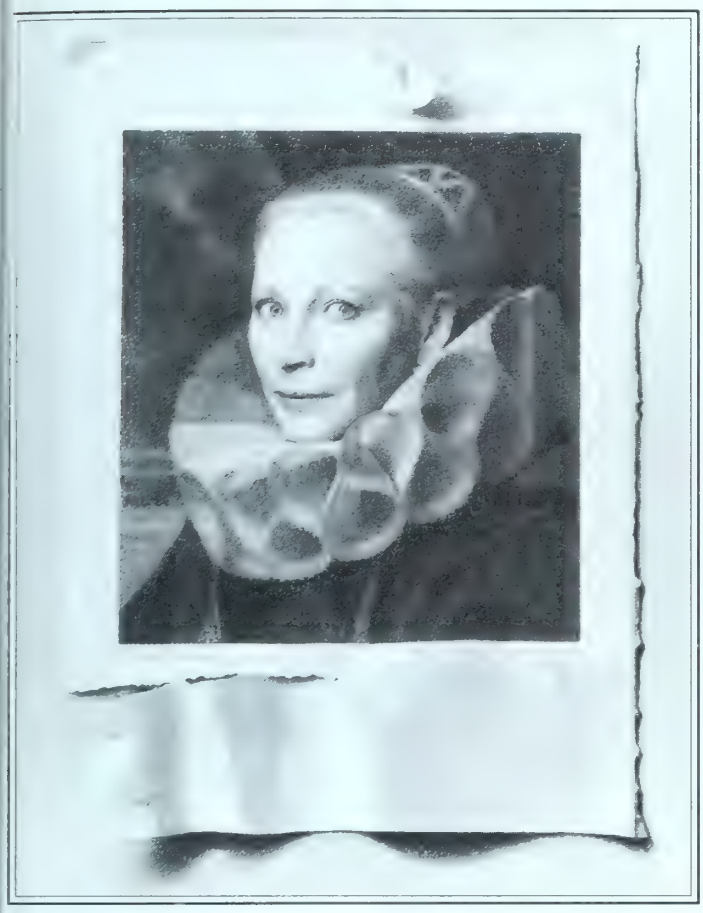
Caricature involves grotesque or comic exaggeration of salient facial and bodily features. Parody is mimicry intending ridicule, malicious or benign. Burlesque presumes travesty, outrageously discrediting the person pinioned. Leonard's pencil portraits use none of these modes, which in the graphic tradition are more effective as social or political barbs than psychological exploration in depth. These transpositions are also stylistic commentary, one artist's homage to a gallery of favorite antecedents. In each portrait there is an uncanny exactness in capturing a particular facial expression. As for his more formal painted portraits, distinguished by candor and a cool but attentive sympathy, he has said that the obtaining of a "speaking" likeness is the least to be expected of a contract with a face painter. It is an addition of conceptual or metaphysical dimensions past elementary or superficial verisimilitude which distinguishes good or great portraiture from less than photographic accuracy.



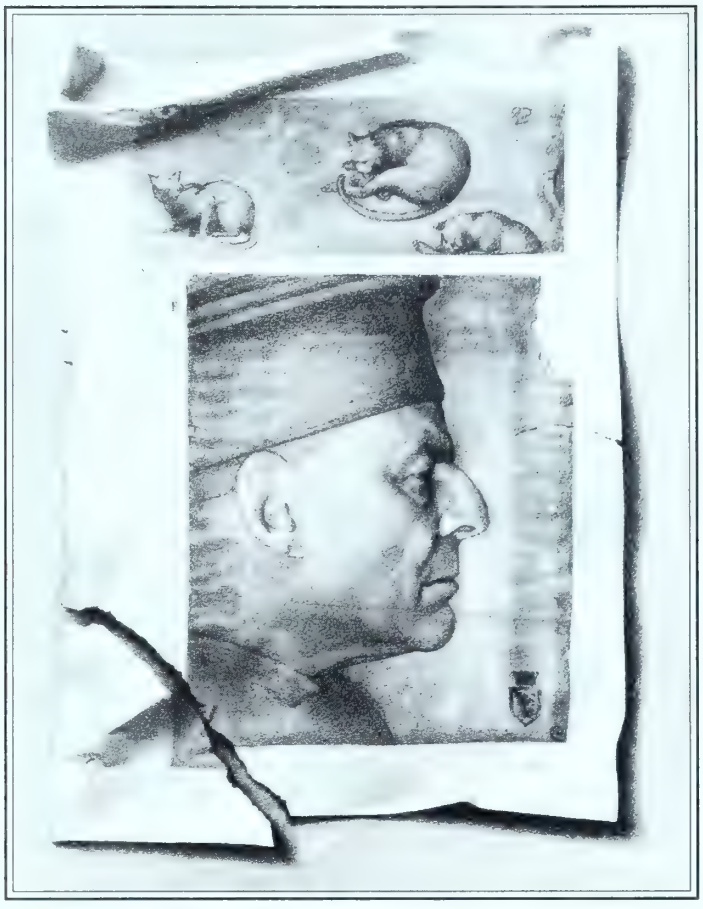
R. B. Kitaj after photographer Mathew Brady

Here it is an artist's choice, rather than his subject's desire or expectation, that governs the transmutation of a visage from actuality to art and from one art to another. An experienced photographer, a knowledgeable art historian, Leonard also is familiar with contemporary society and its habits of manners. His sense of time present against time past is acute; this provides invention beyond simple stylization applicable to a presence approaching intimacy. It has been said that parody is one of the sincerest forms of flattery. In its wide scope from polite praise to shameless servility, it is the professional's double-edged paintbrush. But with Leonard neither parody nor flattery is the point. The many historical manners borrowed are not drawn to make jokes about a famous dead artist or the quirkiness or good looks of a contemporary sitter but rather how a familiar typology attached to a well-known hand and eye, moved away from its usual context, may enhance a personality with an unsuspected dimension.

Leonard sees these transpositions as pages torn from a simulated catalogue raisonné or a fictive study of some private collection. Some of these plates are numbered



Doris Saatchi after Van Dyck



Lincoln Kirstein after Piero della Francesca

as if referring to an explanatory apparatus that might conceivably follow. Each of these seeming "reproductions"—since all are to be taken as half-tone photographs ripped from their bindings—is rendered as if snatched in more or less careless haste. This provides him with further opportunity to delineate ragged margins, foldings, accidental damage indulged with the frolic of trompe l'oeil. Smaller-scale portrait heads imitate the postcards sold in museum shops.



Mark Hampton after an Ingres drawing

An additional element in Leonard's fastidious handling of accidental damage done to his images is the sly critique of the competitive snobbery of art historians, curators, and collectors. The curt seams, tears, spots, and creases imply the desperate attention with which museology and its by-products caress their quarry. The device of offering images at one remove, as modern half-tone plates, enables them to be stated frankly as contemporary constructs for exactly what they are, drawings on individual sheets of paper with pictures already in place.

As long as the artist finds what seems appropriate in a given epoch to frame the given face, most of Leonard's men are placed in past periods with conviction. It is more difficult with women. Elimination of modern hairdos tends to make them less immediately believable in any acceptable difference. Twentieth-century notions of feminine chic, glamour, or beauty differ radically from older criteria. Big mouths, well-defined jaws, and square shoulders, characteristic of our fashionable ladies, are in glaring opposition to past ideals in which soft oval faces with small mouths sit on columnar necks over softly sloping shoulders. Also there are problems with cosmetics, eye shadow, lipstick, artificial eyelashes, the taste and placement of jewelry. Corseting produced artificial but prominent shapes, alien to modern custom; emphasis on breasts has varied from age to age. These factors explain why it is more difficult to present irrefutable feminine images and why, to date, Leonard has attempted few. However, those he has been able to achieve are as valid in their transference as his more numerous men.

Leonard takes delight in imagining himself inside the minds of his predecessors, *(Text continued on page 252)*

SOANE COUNTRY

Pitzhanger Manor, where Sir John Soane planned his dynastic triumph but met his bitterest disappointment

BY MARTIN FILLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT

Even a paranoid can have real enemies, and England's most brilliant nineteenth-century architect, Sir John Soane, certainly was and did. But he suffered the third misfortune of having as his most vitriolic opponent his own offspring. Soane was notoriously quick to take offense, but one can scarcely imagine the feelings of injustice and outrage that welled up in the proud, touchy man as he read the two-part article in the London Sunday journal *The Champion* for September 10 and 24, 1815. Entitled "The Present Low State of the Arts in England and More Particularly of Architecture," the unsigned tirade singled out Soane for special abuse. It soon got back to him that the author of the scurrilous attack was none other than his younger son, George. Though not the first recorded instance of a child's serpent-toothed ingratitude in a public forum, it was surely one of the most fiendishly calculated.

Architecture is rife with compromise, frustration, and danger to the

The cross-vaulted ceiling of the library at Pitzhanger Manor at Ealing (then near, now part of, London) was copied by Soane from the breakfast room of his famous town house. The façade of Pitzhanger, in picture at lower right, was based on Soane's Lothbury Court entrance to the Bank of England in London, lower left.







Pitzhanger Manor, built about 1725, was remodeled by George Dance the Younger in 1768–70 and was bought and expanded, *above,* in 1800–04 by Soane, his star pupil. *Top left:* Soane in a portrait by C. W. Hunneman, 1779. *Top right* and *opposite:* The vestibule is enriched with bas-relief medallions, symbolizing the sun and moon, by Thomas Banks after those on the Arch of Constantine in Rome.

completed work. In no other medium are objects so routinely altered or carelessly destroyed, and sensitivity to criticism is understandably high. It was especially so with Soane not only because of his difficult personality but also because of the intense struggles this maverick genius was forced to wage to bring his unorthodox schemes to reality.

The English architecture scene during the boom years of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was cruelly competitive, and Soane was not content with proposing the Neoclassical commonplaces most clients sought. His revolutionary designs, so innovative and personal they seem extraordinary even 150 years after his death, were easy to ridicule. But blinded by filial contempt, the ne'er-do-well George Soane proved himself as poor an architecture critic as he had been a novelist and a son. He is now but a footnote in history for his condemnation of an artist now widely considered among the greats of all time.





The front parlor or breakfast room at Pitzhanger, *above,* displays several Soanian hallmarks: the pendentive dome, stylized Greek key motif, mirrors, niches, faux-marble and porphyry finishes, and Classical sculptural details, *opposite,* including caryatids of mass-produced Coade stone. *Below:* The room as depicted in 1802 in a watercolor by J. M. Gandy.



One terrible irony of this unhappy family saga is that the place the elder Soane intended as an intellectual and aesthetic heritage for his sons—Pitzhanger Manor, his estate at Ealing outside London—came to be a house haunted by his thwarted dynastic ambitions. Born in 1753, the youngest of seven children of a Berkshire bricklayer, John Soan (he added the more graceful "e" when he was thirty) rose quickly in the world. His formidable design talents were spotted early, and he was apprenticed to George Dance the Younger, who was to become one of the leading architects of the day. Soane's humble social position, a great hindrance for an architect, improved considerably in 1784, when he married Elizabeth Smith, niece of a rich London contractor and real-estate developer. Upon her uncle's death in 1790, Eliza Soane inherited a legacy that provided a comfortable annual income, allowing her husband the freedom to strike out in an independent direction that marked a turning point in his professional fortunes.

The Soanes had also begun a family. Their eldest, John Jr., was born in 1786, George in 1789. As the century drew to a close, Soane approached the summit of success. Architect and surveyor to the Bank of England, he presided over the largest and most prestigious public commission in the capital of the expanding British Empire. An indefatigable worker, he also kept up with other governmental appointments that followed and a host of smaller private projects, all the while pondering how he could consolidate his newfound status, pass it on to his children, and thereby institute an influential line of architects.

Although Soane already had a handsome house in London—12 Lincoln's Inn Fields, bought in 1792 with the early proceeds of the bequest—he lacked a country seat, a must for a gentleman with social aspirations. A major establishment on the level of the nobility was out of the question, but Soane had friends with pleasant villas in the vicinity of Acton and Ealing, hamlets about six miles west of London. In 1800, Soane began to shop around there. After making a down payment on a four- *(Text continued on page 238)*

In library, *above,* an 18th-century English mahogany architect's table holds a copy of Soane's 1788 *Plans of Buildings* from Weinreb Architectural Books, London. The rug, a modern reproduction, echoes cross-vaulted ceiling design.



As painted in 1802 by J. M. Gandy, the library, *above,* housed Soane's huge collection of antiquities and architectural fragments, which he moved back to London after he sold Pitzhanger in 1810. *Opposite:* Library overdoor.





IMAGE MAKERS

Sculptor Arnold Machin, designer of the coin of the realm, and Patricia Machin, painter and illustrator, in their Staffordshire farmhouse

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DAVIES

From the Stafford railroad station it takes about a half hour to drive to the Arnold Machins' Garmelow Manor on narrow winding roads that pass through fertile farmland and a village or two. Second-house Londoners do not venture this far. Most of the Machins' neighbors farm, and so did the residents in their house until about eighteen years ago. The Machins believe that the main part of Garmelow Manor was erected in the middle of the eighteenth century, but they cannot be sure because all the deeds were kept in Coventry and burned in the 1940–41 bombing. The Georgian structure was attached to a small, much earlier house, which remains, but that record was lost, too, as well as details about the Victorian wing.



The Machins are surprised by the awe inspired in Americans by age in a building or object. The English attitude toward this or that ancient or somewhat less ancient bit of architecture or art is one of acceptance and affection. The Machins incorporate their old things into daily life, take care of



To their brick farmhouse, *above,* the Machins added a conservatory designed by their architect son. *Left:* From the farmyard, friends enter a pink-washed hall, a hardy place for hoes and muddy boots. The Arnold Machin terra-cotta represents Flora. *Far left:* The coral drawing room with a bow window and a marble fireplace is part of the Victorian wing.



barn. Behind him, [illegible] for a grotto his son later built. *Below:* Some of the sketches and reliefs of Queen Elizabeth which Arnold Machin produced in sittings at Balmoral while designing the familiar stamps (at upper right) first issued in 1967. *Far right:* The old dairy, part of the house, contains the miscellany of a sculptor and of a country family.



them for the next owners, and enjoy the layers of history. But there is no awe, and it is this casual aspect of the English country dweller's style that escapes us in the (relatively) New World, despite our fondness for their chintzes and mahogany antiques.

The ambience and details of the Machins' house and garden are proof of their domestic artistry, but they are professional artists first. Arnold Machin was for years the master of sculpture at the Royal Academy School. He continues to make and sell drawings, but his most familiar works produced by the millions—the British postage stamps and coins bearing Queen Elizabeth's likeness—are to most people the work of an unknown hand. Machin says of the stamp, which took four sittings at Balmoral and a year of designing to finish, "I saw my task as creating both a likeness of the queen and an image of monarchy. It took time, but some say it is one of her favorite portraits."

Another of the queen's favorite portraits is said to be the Machin profile head of the Prince of Wales. The original is a life-size bas-relief still in the artist's possession, but the image has been taken by Wedgwood and reduced in size in the mass production of cameo-like blue jasper plaques. Wedgwood is one of the many ceramics manufacturers located in the Potteries, a section of Staffordshire not far from the Machins. Son of a potter, Machin actually began his career as a china painter for Minton. These early works, which were signed, are now being collected, as are his Royal Worcester figurines of a later period.

Patricia Machin makes English images, too, in the old master–like flower paintings she creates throughout the blooming season and in her pictures of houses, one of which appears on a rose-rimmed tin tray sold at Chatsworth. For her illustrated books of poetry and



I saw my task as creating both a likeness of the queen and an image of monarchy. It took time, but some say it is one of her favorite portraits"





Everything I paint I grow. If I had to resort to florists, I'd never get good enough roses for my pictures"

hymns Mrs. Machin also serves as anthologist and editor. There are always special winter projects, and in 1988 she hopes to paint vegetable still lifes, design mythological murals, and work on a history of flower painting.

Patricia Machin's mother was an artist. Her father, an engineer who was a colonel in the Sherwood Foresters in World War I, invented the hand grenade in the heat of battle. His name was Newton and the new weapon was called the Newton Pippin. It is a strange part of the family history to ponder in a household dedicated to the gentle arts.

The third artist-designer in the family is the couple's son, Francis, an architect and founder of Machin Conservatories. His very first glasshouse is the single twentieth-century addition to Garmelow Manor, used by his parents as a summer sitting and dining room.

Francis Machin participates in the family's never-ending work in the gardens. When Arnold and Patricia Machin bought their house and twenty acres eight years ago, having lived elsewhere in Staffordshire for decades, they rescued it from a developer who had already bulldozed away the old garden, including an irreplaceable ap-



ple orchard. Undaunted, the couple began to replant hedgerows and copses, putting in about a thousand trees. Arnold Machin, who lists garden design as his recreation in *Who's Who,* directs the scheme, laying out paths and brick walls, placing the summerhouses designed by his son. A boathouse by Francis Machin, still on the drawing board, will serve the small lake, which has been stocked with carp, now grown huge, to keep the weeds down. A grotto by Arnold Machin including a fountain, waterfall, and stone spiral stair is almost completed.

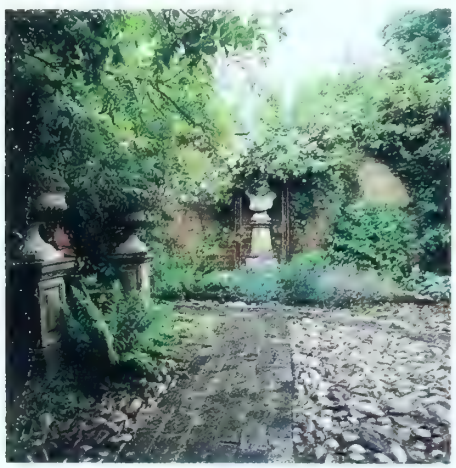
Patricia Machin says, "I follow up wherever there is a spare bit of land and plant flowers and special vegetables, like fava beans, that I can't buy. Everything I paint I grow. If I had to resort to florists, I'd never get good enough roses for my pictures." Some of her flower beds are within the farmyard, a half-acre rectangle bounded on one short side by the house, and on two long sides by attached and varied brick farm buildings intended for stableboys, animals, feed, implements. On the fourth side a vast and beautiful grain storage barn has tall arched doorways and decorative openwork in the brick walls to allow the air to drift

Not only are the paintings, *opposite,* by Patricia Machin, but also the illustrated books of poetry, church fair poster, tin tray sold at Chatsworth, tea caddie, and mug. *Above:* Much of the china in the kitchen dresser (there is another on the opposite wall) originated in the nearby Staffordshire potteries.

"My husband is a great hunter up of junk. In the days when Victorian was still taboo, we'd be laughed out of the salesrooms"

through. The Machins keep the handsome brick structures in good repair, and several of them now serve as studios. Italian pots, statuary, espaliered trees, and inviting little enclosed gardens have been placed in the farmyard, but its origins are not disguised. Patricia Machin's comment, "If it were still a farm, all this would probably have to be modern and ugly," provokes complicated afterthoughts about progress.

The farmyard is the view from the kitchen where Patricia Machin produces superb vegetarian meals. It is furnished with generous pieces: an old round table that easily seats twelve, two dressers on opposite walls containing a personal ceramics museum of Machin and Staffordshire potteries objects. A rambling house of fifteen rooms might seem large for three people, yet they use it all. There are sitting rooms for summer and winter (the heating is improvised with portable electric heaters, a kitchen box stove, fireplaces, sweaters, tea), a painting studio and an office for her, sculpture studio, office, and study for him, numerous storage and art display spaces, bedrooms for themselves and for visitors, studio and an apartment for Francis. He lives in the earliest part of the house where he has installed a tall Gothic-style window.



The decorating is a joint effort in which Mrs. Machin concentrates on colors and fabrics that have a warming effect on the spirit. She says, "My husband is a great hunter up of junk. In the days when Victorian was still taboo, we'd be laughed out of the salesrooms, but we have some lovely things to show for it." Loveliest of all is Garmelow Manor's roundness of character under the Machins' hands, its many elements adding up to one unified whole—cultivated, civilized, humane, and fundamentally playful. □ *Editor: Judy Brittain*



One of the garden areas the Machins created within the farmyard is this rose-scented corner, *above,* enclosed by the old brick pig sties. Cobble paving was found under a foot of muck. *Right:* Patricia Machin in her studio. Her subject is flowers, her style formed by a close study of Dutch and English masters. *Far right:* A cozy sitting room finds the Machins holed up during the coldest weather reading and drawing.




BIRDS

THE SWEET SMELL OF SUSSEX



Bryan Ferry, the founder of Roxy Music and the man who more than any other put sophistication into British rock music, has released eleven internationally successful albums in a dozen years: Roxy's *Avalon* has become an acknowledged classic, and his latest, *Bête Noire,* which he has been recording in Paris all summer is due out this month.

Ferry, who was brought up in Newcastle, went to art school before turning to music. He is at 42 a charismatic figure, more one's idea of a landed gentleman than a major pop star. Ten years ago he bought 36 acres of land in West Sussex, and after he married Lucy Helmore six years ago, it became their home and their retreat from the stresses of the entertainment world. Here he has composed much of his highly acclaimed recent music, and both he and Lucy have become gardeners.

Their garden in a narrow valley with a stream running through the center of it lies at right angles to and behind the late Victorian house. Both the house and garden were suitably embellished in the 1920s. A terrace with ornamental seats at either end was added and the valley garden, ideal for sheltering plants against frost in the winter, was bridged, dammed, and terraced. As a focal point, a pergola was built of local stone, and vistas were carefully arranged throughout the grounds: through the dark yew hedges; under the protruding archway of the house itself; and from the pleasure platforms at the ends of the terrace which, like the flying bridges of ships, are elevated for better vision at each end.

The architect was the colorfully eccentric Sir Clough Williams-Ellis (1883–1978), who established a flourishing domestic practice between the wars. He is chiefly remembered for creating the romantic holiday village of Portmeirion on the coast of north Wales, about which Christopher Hussey remarked that "his luxuriant imagination and somewhat flamboyant tastes find a perfect exercise in such a creation as this." Williams-Ellis's friends described this type of architectural treatment as "cloughing up." He was employed as an architect of houses and offices and once said, "I never built a block of flats, an office, a shop or factory, or a cinema anywhere— or wanted to."

Much of the garden is greensand, a particularly fertile soil, and by the time Bryan bought the property much of the original planting had overgrown. Lucy was determined to get to grips with the garden: "The bones had been well looked after, but many of the original shrubs in the 1920s were by now grown out of proportion. Since the previous owners had not replaced original plants but had introduced their own ideas, a reassessment had to be made. For instance, the tropical border, originally hebe, large yuccas at each end, fig trees, *Amomyrtus luma,* and various japonicas, had been added to with rather dull rhododendrons. These I immediately removed. The yew hedges seemed to grow and become enormous very fast and from the top of a tall ladder look wide enough to drive a small car along the top."

A certain romantic wildness flavors the Ferrys' renewal of a

When not on the road, rock star Bryan Ferry and his wife, Lucy, can be found in the garden

BY JOHN BOWES-LYON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

The Ferrys adopted a policy of cutting back what they could, replacing plants that had died or had become straggly with age, and have tried to keep everything under control without making it too tidy. A certain wilderness has resulted, which seems to suit the garden's romantic design, but Lucy thinks it is in danger of becoming decidedly suburban and for that reason recently removed a miniature weeping willow. A weeping silver birch is to follow the same fate and will leave the valley less cluttered.

In June, when the *Wisteria venusta* is dripping over the pergola and the azaleas are in full flower, the scent on the evening air becomes intoxicating. The stream presents few problems because there is plenty of rain even in midsummer, and *Primula florindae* and *Hosta sieboldiana* have been planted beside the *Gunnera manicata,* which is Bryan's favorite plant. In the winter the gunnera needs some hay around its roots to protect it from the frost, and the meadow at the front of the house provides enough for it and the hens throughout the year.

"I really prefer trees to flowers and shrubs," Lucy says, "especially the enormous *Pinus sylvestris* and the *Pinus radiata*. A native of California, it is very generous with its cones but threatens to flatten the house every time there is a storm. These tall trees give the whole garden a feeling of protection, as if large walls encircled the property."

The Ferrys have tried to make the beds and borders as labor-saving as possible and have planted muscari and *Scilla siberica* for the spring, very dark delphiniums, *Rosa officinalis,* and *Alchemilla mollis,* which threaten to encroach the garden. There are no annuals, although they hope one day to have the enormous mixed borders under control, having, they say, made the classic mistake of making the groupings and drifts too small.

In spring the woodland weeds come up everywhere—forget-me-nots, pink campions, and cow parsley—which are left and not cut down. Lucy loves the lawns covered with daisies, but when he arrives home, Bryan has the grass mower quickly at work.

The aspect from the house down a slope to the south and to the downs on the horizon is as peaceful a view as can be imagined. This and the sound of the stream babbling away in the valley may be a clue as to why Bryan Ferry's music has a haunting and timeless sound to it. □



STEVIE HUGHES COURTESY *ELLE*

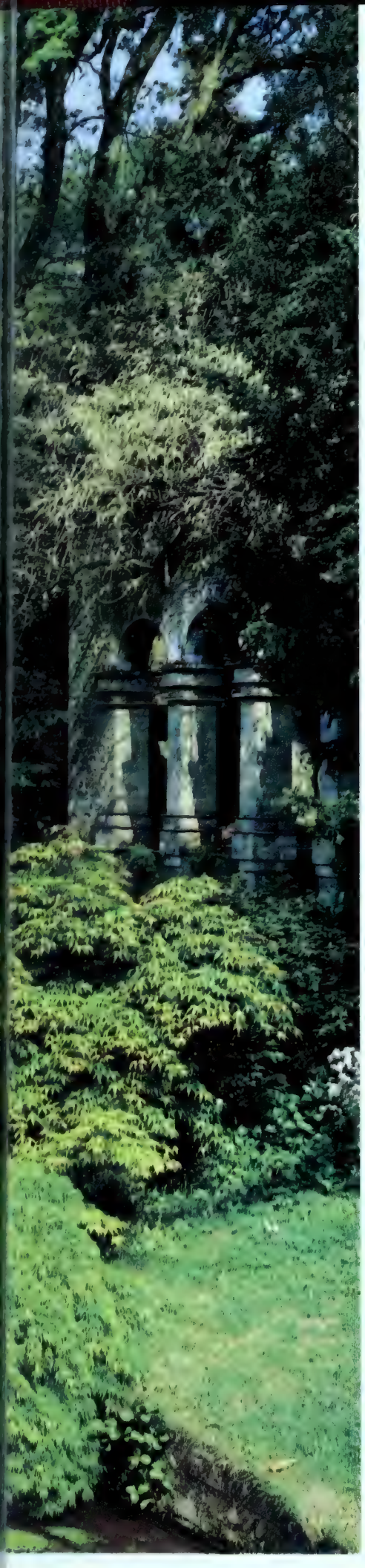
Lucy and Bryan Ferry among the parthenocissus, *above.* *Opposite:* Looking across the lawn to the late Victorian house and its terrace, added in the 1920s by architect Sir Clough Williams-Ellis.

twenties valley garden designed by Sir Clough Williams-Ellis



Looking upstream to the azalea plantings and the great yew hedges. *Opposite:* The stream flows down the valley past daisy-studded lawns and disappears into the woods.

Brick and stone bridges, dams, cascades punctuate the stream's





neander: a play of voluptuous and hard typical of the designer



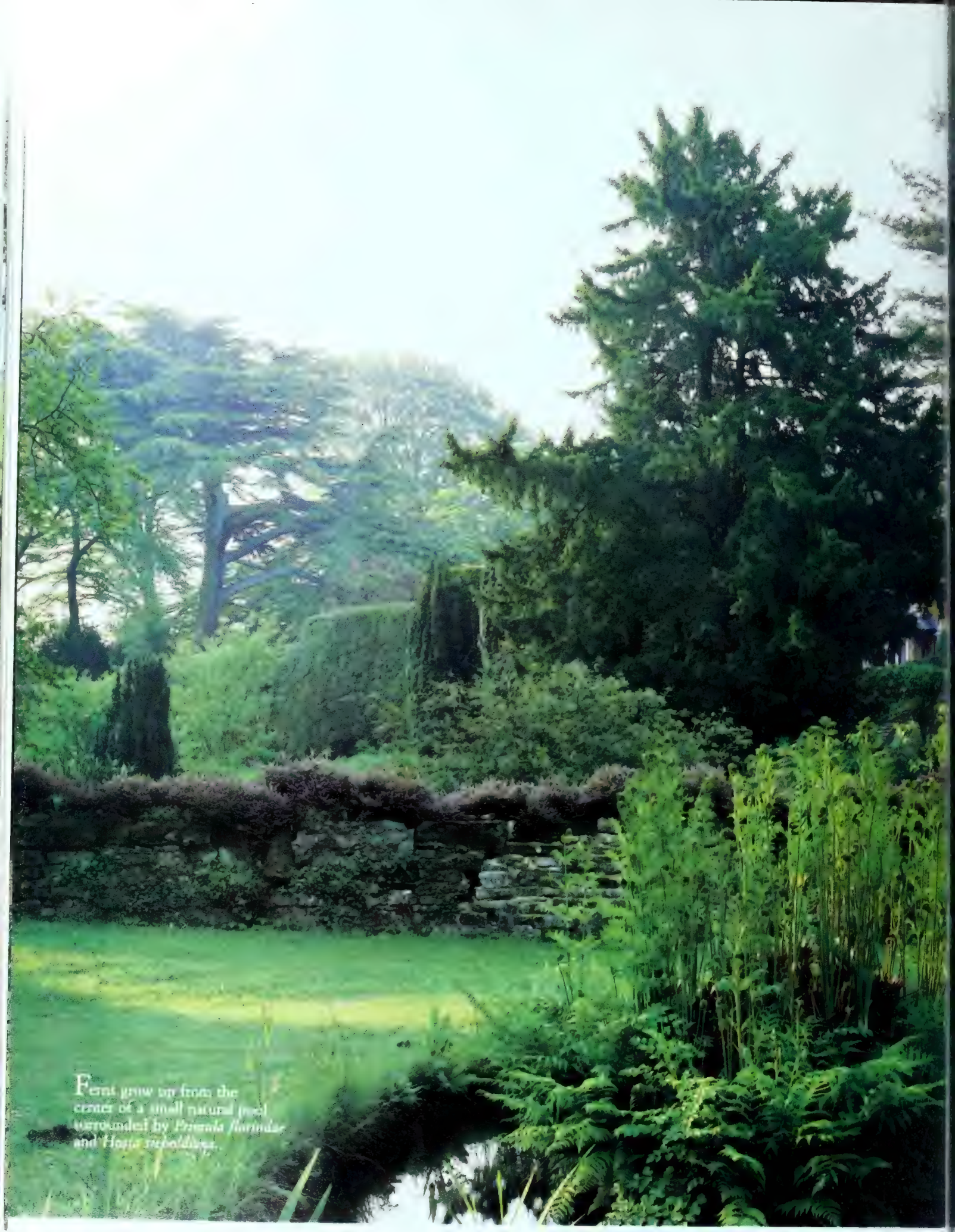
Time and wisteria have softened Williams-Ellis's bold





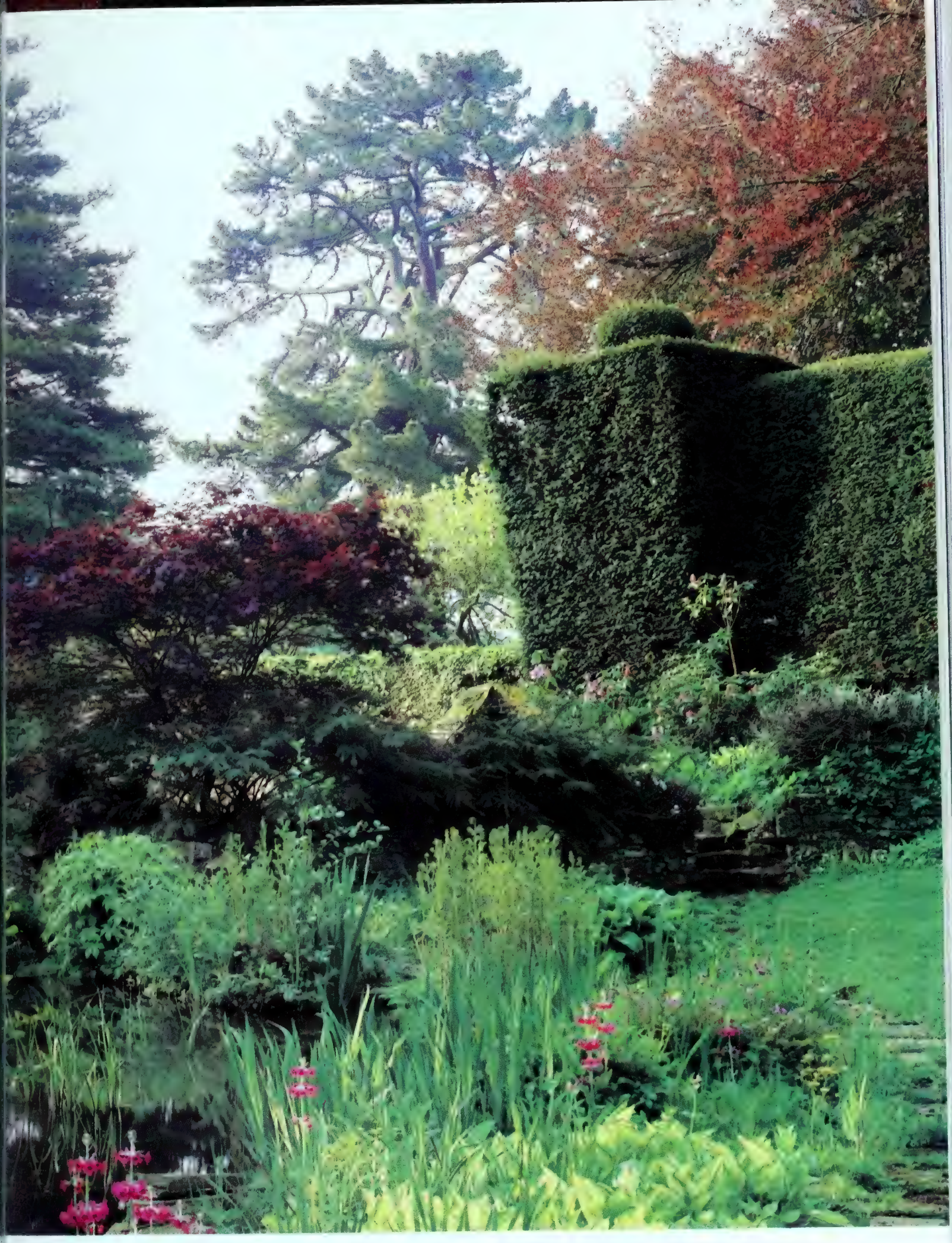
One of the raised platforms at each end of the terrace. *Opposite:* The pergola and its twin pools dominate the garden's main cross axis.

stone pergola, but it still gives a tang to the gentle valley



Ferns grow up from the center of a small natural pool surrounded by *Primula florindae* and *Hosta sieboldiana*.

Even more dramatic than the massive architectural yew



nedges, the great trees are Lucy Ferry's especial favorites



The living-room hearth reflected in a French girandole mirror. Opposite, in antique silver frame, a photograph of Tina Brown, her husband, Harry Evans, and their son, George.



ENGLISH TRANSFER

First fascinated then frustrated by Manhattan modern, the editor-in-chief of *Vanity Fair* brings British comfort to New York

BY TINA BROWN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

When I arrived in New York in a very bleak January in 1984 to take over the editorship of *Vanity Fair,* I was eager to leave England behind me. Perhaps because for four years I had been editor of the *Tatler* magazine, the house organ for disorderly young toffs, I'd more than had my fill of chronicling the nuances of class that will always be England's national obsession. Instead of snobbery, I wanted angst. Instead of complacency, I wanted challenge. Instead of civility, I wanted aggravation. But more than any of these I wanted to live in an apartment with no curtains.

In England our house was a narrow Regency wedding cake designed by Thomas Cubitt. It nestled in a quiet terrace behind the Tate Gallery within division-bell distance of the House of Commons. Ancient ivy and wisteria festooned the old brick wall around the garden, and most of my life was spent creaking up and down the four flights of stairs.

But that was history. In the cut and thrust of fast-track New York I was not going to be one of those mournful expatriates who bang on about the lack of good television and Cooper's Coarse Cut Marmalade. I knew where I wanted to live—somewhere white, spare, high in the sky, with something alienated hanging on the wall.

So for the next three years while my husband worked in Washington I did sincerely try to be modern. I sublet first in a glittering black-glass tower with penthouse

The living room, *opposite,* and dining room beyond. Glazed chintz for curtains from Brunschwig, rugs throughout from Patterson, Flynn & Martin. *Above:* Tea and comfort in the English mode provided by sofa in Rose Cumming chintz, club chairs in cotton damask from Brunschwig, ottoman in Old World Weavers tapestry fabric, William IV caned bench, marquetry table by David Linley. Around faux-marble mantel, Colefax & Fowler wallpaper from Clarence House. *Right:* Antique pillow from Françoise Nunnallé.



swimming pool on East 66th Street. The apartment had a Skylab view, zebra suede walls, and bathroom scales that talked back. Glitzed out, I traded it for an overheated aerial cigar box with a view of Central Park which cost me in rent the same amount as the Archbishop of Canterbury's annual salary. Broke, I moved again, this time to a shiny barracks with Hollywood fountains off Second Avenue. I took a corner apartment, which did indeed boast naked picture windows, but somehow it had all the ambience of a chiropodist's surgery. Clearly, I had no flair for the future.

Then my husband moved back to New York, our son, George, was born, and I gave myself up to a fierce longing for home. I realized that if I couldn't bring up George in England I must bring England here. The co-op apartment we bought was on the third floor of a 1929 building looking out over the Art Deco façade of Sutton Place and the wide corner where 57th Street runs into the East River. The apartment had had only one owner, a lady who lived to be 99, tended in her last years by a daughter in her seventies. Mercifully the apartment, like the owner, had escaped modernization. The woodblock floors and the porcelain plumbing were imperturbably intact. The decor apparently had never seen any change either, except for the occasional variation of beige.

What I loved most about the apartment were the big sash windows in the living room at the same level as the plane trees outside and the square spaciousness of the eight high-ceilinged rooms. They flowed into one another in an enfilade that felt reassuringly European. When I looked out of the window and saw at the end of the street a tiny park bustling with jolly babies, I knew this could be home.

But where to find a decorator who could help me cre-


VANITY FAIR





The family, *above,* gathered in the living room: the author with George and Harry Evans, editor-in-chief of *Condé Nast's Traveler.* The sofa came from England and was re-covered in strié velvet from Lee Jofa. *Right:* When the owners moved from England, they brought with them fifty cartons of books. Thus the dining room doubles as a library and leads to a cozy den perfect for reading and for entertaining guests at dinner parties. Curtains, balloon shade from Decorators Walk, tablecloth from Clarence House. *Below:* By day the dining table becomes an editor's workspace.

ate it? I didn't want to be terrorized by some swanky taste baron who expected a million-dollar budget and the license to throw out all the furniture that was sitting in storage in England. The only apartment I had visited in America that approached the feeling I wanted belonged to the writer Dominick Dunne. He led me to a rising star, Chester Cleaver.

We all have a dream house in mind when we start on a decorating project, and mine was Lord Lambton's house near Siena in Tuscany. I was entranced by its combination of frayed antique pieces from his ancestral home in Durham with Mediterranean details such as bits of statuary he had picked up at Lucca. Before Chester Cleaver turned to decorating, he was a set designer. His innate good taste comes with a flair for the theatrical. What he proposed for our apartment was a scheme that would be thoroughly English in feel but with a dash of Visconti. For us it was the perfect symbiosis.

He proposed that each room should be a different





color. As you went from one room to the next it would be like roaming around Lord Lambton's garden. Chester painted the entrance hall violet, the kitchen peach, the bedroom pale mint green, and the nursery sky blue with a Victorian alphabet border. The only change of pace he introduced was in my husband's study where, to reflect his fascination with American history, we covered the walls in a maroon toile featuring scenes from the War of Independence.

In this riot of color I had only two specifications. I wanted the dining room green, a particularly vibrant green I had seen on the matchboxes at Langan's Brasserie in Piccadilly, which turned out to be a green Langan had picked up on a trip to Venice. The other was the living room where I craved yellow. Chester found a mustardy yellow wallpaper with faint markings, which gave the room a 24-hour glow. He added gorgeously comfortable round-back armchairs covered with emerald damask, a blue floral chintz sofa, sisal rushes on the floor, and re-covered my nondescript sofa from London in lilac velvet to pick up the violet in the entrance hall. Then, just when I was getting a tiny bit nervous that the Italian touch might be more De Palma than Visconti, he threw in glazed chintz curtains in a throbbing shade of oxblood. "Oxblood!" I squeaked when he first mentioned this idea. He persuaded me in that diffidently determined way of his that I should really relax and trust him. I did—and we never regretted it.

Chester also brilliantly spiffed up the fireplace. It was a bad Adam copy in that ubiquitous beige until one of his assistants arrived with pots of paint and a sackful of rags and marbled it into a surface as green and veined as a ripe Stilton cheese.

In the dining room we found our green after a certain amount of trial and error, but when Chester learned that we had fifty cartons of books in storage he suggested we create a dining room that could double as a library. We built two walls of bookshelves and cut

make a small den
ching overflow room
gainst the wall of the den he built a
urkish bed flanked by brass reading
The idea was that I could lie in the evenings
my hookah reading manuscripts, lulled by the rotations of the wooden-bladed ceiling fan—I dreamed of a punkah wallah I could put on my expense account.

All this has worked beautifully. We have a dining room that can be cozy or swell, messy or elegant, and a den that feels studiously private.

The kitchen was the only room that had to be reconstructed. When we moved in, it was two crepuscular sculleries with a brick wall for a view. Chester knocked the sculleries together. He retained the original 1920s white wood cabinets, adding others to go with them. He put in a black and white tiled floor, peach balloon shades, and resisted functional lighting in favor of frosted Deco globes on brass poles. I threw in a small sofa for George to roll around on and spray with orange juice. Like the dining room with its dual usage, the kitchen has become George's second nursery. He set up HQ in the saucepan cupboard.

We were three quarters through when the entire contents of our London house arrived off the boat, appropriately enough on Christmas Eve. Unfortunately for Chester we had already left for England for a family Christmas and were sitting serenely by the fire in London listening to carols from King's College, Cambridge when he called to say in a strangled voice that he was alone in a half-decorated apartment with 92 packing cases and a crowbar. He was clearly full of trepidation about what was inside.

We moved in on the Ides of March and spent four weekends hanging 98 pictures. Miraculously, although Chester had worked without seeing any of our things, the apartment now seemed to have been designed around them. The accumulated memorabilia is so eclectic there is no point in trying to make sense of it, so Chester gallantly encouraged us to play up the differences and make what he refers to as amusing juxtapositions. One wall of the living room, for instance, features a Victorian oil painting of the Venetian countryside next to a scarlet Pop Art caricature of me by Robert Risko next to a gilt girandole mirror next to a sepia-toned photograph by Jacques Henri Lartigue of Edwardian beach strollers in Biarritz. When the last wall was hung, it felt as if our things had been there forever.

Which is how I wanted the apartment to feel. But more important, how I wanted it to *smell.* One of the things I have always loved about English houses is how they smell late at night when everyone has gone to bed and you creep downstairs to get a book from the living room. There's a slightly dusty, slightly musty lived-in smell of old wood and bric-a-brac, of thumbed copies of *Private Eye* and *Radio Times* piled on the ottoman, mixed in with the aroma of after-dinner coffee.

I like to think of George two years from now waking up in the night and padding out in his baseball pajamas to the authentic whiff of England. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis



In the bedroom an English 19th-century gilt chair sits before a dressing table covered in Laura Ashley lace, with lamps from J. Garvin Mecking. Over the bed hangs a drawing of Edinburgh by Richard Demarco, 1973. Striped wallpaper and floral print from Clarence House.



"Before Chester Cleaver turned to decorating, he was a set designer. What he proposed for our apartment was a scheme that would be thoroughly English in feel but with a dash of Visconti. For us it was the perfect symbiosis"



MASTER OF PLASTER

The workshop of George Jackson is still casting from molds that go back two centuries

BY CLIVE ASLET
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DAVIES

The London workshop of G. Jackson & Sons, architectural plasterers, is one of the most improbable places. It is located on a modest terraced street in Hammersmith, but once you get inside, past the functional offices at the front, the setting could be Naples. While the river flows by outside the window, young apprentices and old craftsmen—some stripped to the waist on a hot summer's day—work at benches. Above them in festoons fishing nets hang from the ceiling. The catch they have enmeshed looks at first glance like a treasure trove of ancient architectural fragments, smooth and white. It is as though a fishing fleet had trawled over an underwater Pompeii. Modern-day Jackson's does not self-consciously turn itself into a place of romance, but this is their engaging way to display their wares. You can point up and say I want one like that, for these lumps of sculpture and architectural ornament are not marble but plaster, and Jackson's has an accumulation of two centuries' worth of molds—as many as 30,000—from which new casts can be made.

The firm owes its beginnings to the eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam. His greatest innovation came in the interiors of his great country houses and town mansions; before him architects designed rooms that were generally rectangular and little ornamented. In Adam's work not only do the rooms follow one another in a succession of contrasting shapes, but every detail is part of a decorative whole. Walls, ceilings, chimneypieces, doorcases—everything down to the doorknobs—might be designed by Adam or his brother James using a repertoire of motifs derived from ancient Rome. Aesthetically it was a triumph. The drawback was that it meant a great deal of costly handwork and fine materials, which only the very richest clients could afford. Always on the lookout for cheaper alternatives, Adam met a Swiss pastor called John Liardet. In 1773, Liardet had patented a "composition or Cement for all the Branches concerning Buildings to which the name is applicable." It was made of "drying oil, any kind of absorbent matters, white or any coloured lead, solid whatsoever (gravel, sand, etc.) as circumstances will permit." When it was freshly mixed, this composition could be pressed into molds and made to form some of the smaller architectural details that would otherwise have been carved in wood or even marble. Adam passed the recipe onto his friend, the master plasterer and carver George Jackson, who had the skill to produce the molds. He set up his business, perhaps with Adam's financial backing, in 1780.

Today, composition—known at Jackson's simply as compo—is still made with the same recipe. Head of the department is Ron Wood, who has been with the firm for 42 years. The designs that he can provide are displayed on a series of hinged compo boards. While the big fish hang in the nets overhead, the delicate little moldings on the compo boards are the sprats and minnows of architectural decoration, usually made in strips of six inches or so. One or two of the end compo boards feature chevron or zigzag moldings from the Art Deco period, but mostly the range is late eighteenth century: swags, shells, acanthus leaves, lozenges, flutes, vases, tablets, griffins, and lion heads. This is the complete decorative vocabulary of the Neoclassical chimneypiece, and it is appealing to think that the different parts can be arranged in any order the customer chooses to form a new chimneypiece in what is the authentic Adam style.

When it came to the larger architectural elements of an interior, plaster rather than composition had to be used. In this the firm was again an innovator. John Jackson, son of George, introduced a French process called *carton-pierre,* and his son in turn bought the patent for making fibrous plaster. It is interesting to speculate whether without Jackson's new technique Robert Adam could have popularized his unmistakably delicate, weblike style of decoration. Before Adam, plaster had been used as a solid *(Text continued on page 244)*

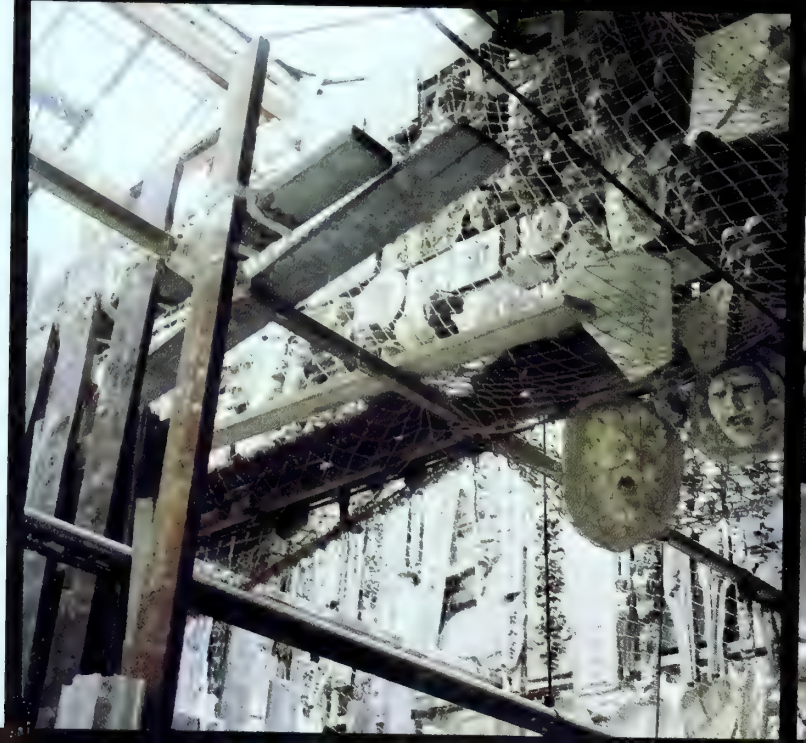
Terry Sale, *above,* the foreman at Jackson's in Hammersmith, with two plaques for a music room. *Opposite:* Capitals and other architectural ornaments are stored behind netting originally hung during World War II to keep the pieces from falling during the bombing.












perrier





OPEN HOUSE

After thirteen years of planning, architect Richard Rogers has realized his family's dream

BY DORIS SAATCHI
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY





The main door to the house, protected by a blue metal gate, leads to the light-filled conservatory. *Left:* Upper three floors of the 1840 London house were reconstructed to form the Rogerses' family domain. Seen through window, Warhol's Mao lithograph series. *Preceding pages:* Column in living area is made of standard steel sections filled and finished with automobile paint. Staircase of stainless-steel treads with painted steel handrail and supports leads to bedroom.







In the Rogers household it is hard to say what—after family and friends—is more important, architecture or food. Richard Rogers is the architect of the awesome Lloyd's of London building, of one of America's most elegant research and development laboratories for PA Technology near Princeton, and with Renzo Piano of the popular Centre Pompidou in Paris. He and his wife, Ruth, love eating well in an interesting setting with lively company and if it is in their own house, so much the better. This Anglo-Italian-American pair can always be counted on for a great meal and a warm reception by a seemingly endless stream of relations, friends, friends of friends, fellow architects, clients, and even outspoken critics—and there are a few—of Richard's conveniently, if somewhat inaccurately, labeled high-tech architecture. Now that the Rogers are settled in their new house, one or two of those critics may even find themselves forced to admit that "nuts and bolts" have never looked better.

It has taken ten years for the Rogerses to have the house they wanted.

The entrance conservatory, *left,* seen from the living area, houses the main staircase and has translucent panels formed of latex and glass laminate. Functional ducts are clad in textured stainless steel. *Above:* Richard and Ruth Rogers in a photograph by David Bailey.

work." The framework they finally chose was actually two adjoining houses that were gradually acquired and knocked together by the previous owners and that had started life in the early part of the nineteenth century as "second-son" houses for the younger brothers in aristocratic families when the oldest son inherited the family seat in the country.

These particular houses, though never posh according to Richard, do have a luxurious view to the south—"my Italian mother always told me only to buy houses facing south," he remarks—of a large green park, tall trees, and Sir Christopher Wren's estimable 1692 Royal Hospital, now home to the red-coated, white-haired army veterans known as Chelsea Pensioners.

"There wasn't a single original element left here when I started," remembers Richard, "so I could, to a point, totally reform the interior." It took the Rogers team a year and a half to reform the 5,000-square-foot space, transforming it into two bright basement apartments (for which there is always a queue of tenants); two ground-floor apartments, occupied by Ruth's mother and a family helper; and three upper floors for Ruth, Richard, their sons, Roo and Bo, and often a friend who is passing through London.

All renovation work in Britain must have approvals and permissions from various authorities, including in this case the Historic Building Department and an official known as the planning officer. Richard may have made this particular individual nervous. Written into the permission the officer granted, after a quick look over his shoulder in the direction of Paris, is the stipulation that no ducts are to be exposed on the surface of the house. "I think it was tongue-in-cheek," observes Richard, but he avoided a showdown and engineered a *(Text continued on page 246)*



Simple high-tech materials—in this case, industrial tubing, glass laminate, textured stainless steel—mark the Rogers style. Here the sleekly functional cooking island shares space with elegant Mies furniture.







FROM OLD ENGLAND TO NEW ENGLAND

A Palladian villa and Italianate garden in an improbable Yankee setting

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Two Dutch landscapes attributed to Van Stry light up the dark green flocked walls of the oval living room. A Directoire billiard-table lamp hangs over the table and a pair of large 18th-century English brass urns stand in front of the Regency gilt sofa. Colefax & Fowler chintz is on couch at right.





In the entrance hall, *opposite*, a Russian chandelier hangs above the Regency marble bust and Anglo-Indian portraits frame the door painted by former owner Robert Moore. *This page*: A set of 18th-century mezzotints by Thomas Frye in their original frames are on either side of the living-room doorway, which looks through to the dining room. A mid-18th-century Irish portrait is over the door, and a swordfish tail and collection of blue john and jasper eggs are on the left.



As soon as the agent opened up the house—last stop on a tour of nice New England look-alikes—I knew I had to buy the place. Why? I realized I'd been there before. Since psychic experiences are not my ›ent, there had to be a rational explanation. Had I seen photograph or read a description? No. Was it per›aps the copy of a house I had seen? At once memory ame flooding back. The house could only be a ver›ion—copy would be too strict a word—of a boathouse ›uilt in 1803 by Robert Mylne in the park of Syon House, the Duke of Northumberland's seat just outside London. I knew the house well: the Northumberlands ›ad leased it for many years to an old friend of mine, heir aunt Diana Daly.

My hunch proved correct. Robert Moore the design›r and William Van Sleet the actor, the two friends who ›ad built it and put it up for sale, filled me in on the sto›y. Twelve years earlier, after touring Syon, they had de›ided to disregard the no trespassing signs and wander Thamesward through the great park. All of a sudden hey came upon Mylne's boathouse in its charming ri›arian setting, the façade echoing a bend in the river—he perfect prototype for the Neoclassical house that he two men proposed to build in New England.

Accordingly they rang the bell and asked to see the owner. Diana Daly, who shared her declining years with a fearsome dog and a yet more fearsome maid, was de›lighted. She was proud of her house with its fine round room, even more so of her garden, and she loved Ameri›cans, especially if they were ready to admire every niche and nook in her house, every spurge and fritillary in her garden, and listen to her discourse on Syon. Moore and Van Sleet were captivated. They took photographs, paced out the rooms, and made a rough floor plan. Back home they found an understanding architect with whom to collaborate, and, more to the point, a contrac›tor capable of switching from ranch-style vernacular to bijou Palladian. In due course—that is in the mid six›ties—a pared-down version of the boathouse material›ized in a New England meadow, somewhat to the bafflement of neighbors, one of whom threatened to blow the urns off the roof with a shotgun.

Moore and Van Sleet had been especially careful about the siting of the house: way off the road—all the authentic eighteenth-century houses I had viewed were bang on the road—and on a slope with a pleasing view toward the callipygian protuberance of a large hill. They





An architect's table, *opposite,* displays a group of drawings in front of the dining-room window. *Above right:* A portrait by Reynolds of Frederick, Prince of Wales, hangs over the fireplace in the living room. Alfie the parrot perches on the medallion of Caligula alongside a collection of blue-and-white hat stands. *Right:* On the dining-room sideboard a pair of Sheffield plate shields by Elkington depicting scenes from *Paradise Lost* set off a multicolored marble bust after the antique. The late-18th-century sconce is Dutch.



A club fender supported on stag hooves surrounds the fireplace in the master bedroom, *left*. A corner of the Directoire lit bateau is just visible on the left. The portrait of a woman is by Paul Jean Gervais, 1884. *Opposite:* A view of the formal garden with a statue of Diana.

had planted the slopes in front of the house with a mass of narcissi, jonquils, daffodils, and some good trees including weeping beeches touchingly named in memory of their mothers. At the back of the house they had laid out a small formal garden, an enfilade of rooms divided by steps and ending in dramatic ellipses of Japanese yew. This axis is traversed by another, centered on the house, which leads, no less dramatically, up a flight of steps to a fountain framed by a proscenium arch of wild cherry trees—justly despised but in this case too picturesque to cut down. In a neighborhood dotted with neat little saltbox houses painted slate blue, oxblood, or chocolate as if God or Grandma Moses had d[illegible]pr[illegible]d them from the sky, this Italianate extravaganza sta[illegible]s out as a solecism. Indeed a priggish friend called it pr[illegible] tentious. So what: much good architecture is.

As for the actual house, I must confess that when I bought it, it did look a bit mausoleumlike. At least so my arbiter elegantiae, Mrs. Paley, told me when I gave her a tour. "Cut down those common hemlocks," she decreed, "have a pool made of slate so that it blends with the lawn, and exorcise the mausoleum look with some pretty creeper." The first decree would have opened the house up to the road; the second would have bankrupted me; the third, however, was easy enough to arrange, thanks to various hydrangeas, striped awnings, large pots of agapanthus, and later the addition of a small pillared orangery.

Moore had done so much to embellish the interior that there was little left *(Text continued on page 263)*









WILD GAMING

The founder of the Clermont Club and Aspinall's, John Aspinall shares Howletts with Lady Sarah and their menagerie

BY BRIAN MASTERS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SNOWDON

Surrounded by a large park, not five miles from Canterbury, lies a Palladian mansion called Howletts whose Classical lines are of such perfection that the house is protected by government order. It is indeed the only surviving building of the early eighteenth-century architect Sir John Leach. But perhaps the house is less remarkable than its inhabitants.

Howletts belongs to the casino owner John Aspinall, the man who restored elegant gambling houses to London after an absence of over a century and who in 1962 founded the Clermont Club above Annabel's, the much frequented watering hole, in Berkeley Square. Extrovert and convivial, a raconteur and charming host, he lives there with his wife, Lady Sarah, daughter of Lord Howe, and their fifteen-year-old son, Bassa, in what appears to be a typical English country setting.

When, however, after a hearty lunch you are invited to climb to the top floor above the main bedrooms, you might encounter, as I did, the first of many surprises. There in a nursery bedroom festooned with hanging ropes and on a floor strewn with oatmeal straw live three infant gorillas. Recently rescued from the Congo, where they had been tied up and cruelly used by village children as playthings to hurl stones at, they would have eventually disappeared into a cooking pot had they not been brought back to health in Brazzaville by Yvette Leroy and finally sent to Howletts.

To comply with British regulations, the infants must be quarantined for six months. After that, they will be integrated into one of the three bands of 33 gorillas—the largest group of captive gorillas in the world—already living in their own luxurious quarters on the grounds. Indeed John Aspinall has established at Howletts a most uncommon privately owned zoo dedicated to the survival and continuance of species whose chances in the wild, in the face of relentless human expansion, grow slimmer every day.

John Aspinall, *far left,* in a friendly embrace with one of his tigers. *Left:* Lady Sarah cradles a young gorilla in the drawing room.







He started in 1956 with a capuchin monkey (who is still alive), an Indian tigress, and two Himalayan bears, all of whom shared his London apartment in Eaton Place. As his convictions deepened and the family of primates grew, he was obliged to search for a country estate where the animals could thrive in space and comfort. Howletts cost $9,000, which Aspinall did not have. He borrowed $900, placed it all on a horse called Prelone in the Cesarewitch Handicap, and with his winnings bought the house and parkland outright. Fifteen years later, the animals had outgrown the 55 acres of Howletts, so he bought a 300-acre estate on the Kent coast called Port Lympne. Once the home of Sir Philip Sassoon between the wars, Port Lympne is a delightful Cape Dutch house built by Sir Herbert Baker—who later went on to design New Delhi with Sir Edwin Lutyens—which was the scene of some of the most lavish entertainments of the aristocracy. Winston Churchill was a frequent visitor, and the late Lady *(Text continued on page 248)*

In the dining room, *right,* animals in silver on the table and in paintings on the walls—boar and dogs by Johann Karl Loth above the fireplace and a trapped lion by Frans Snyders at the far end. Chairs are 18th-century English. *Clockwise above:* Lady Sarah in the elephant house. Elephants at lunch. John Aspinall's round study; the high Gothic chair came from Windsor Castle.

A shortsighted earl was once drinking port on the sofa, casually stroking what he took to be a Labrador dog. No one dared tell him it was a Himalayan bear





The top floor of this up-to-date mews house has a small sitting room, *right,* with sloping ceiling, cream-colored stipple walls, and glass doors to the roof terrace. The furniture, including the table topped with stone, is by John Stefanidis; abstract carpet by Teddy Millington-Drake. *Below:* Owner Max Mosley on the terrace. *Left:* Entrance hall, small but grand, has polished oak stairs.

MEWS OF THE DAY

John Stefanidis replaces a Knightsbridge stable with a Neoclassical pied-à-terre

BY JUDY BRITTAIN
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY RICHARD DAVIES

When Max Mosley bought a small mews house in London's very smart Knightsbridge neighborhood, he was merely looking for somewhere to garage his car. At that point it really was a mews, complete with box stall and manger. Upstairs there was a flat, which Mosley had decided to make into a one-person pied-à-terre. He called on interior designer John Stefanidis, and together they plotted and planned, growing more and more excited until they finally decided that the best thing would be to pull down the original nineteenth-century building—"poky and in bad condition," as Stefanidis remembers it. Subject to local law and its many building restrictions, the new building had to be kept to a specified height and style, but it certainly did not have to remain poky.

A prime requirement was still to









ars because it is very
ark in London, so a double garage was a necessity. Cars hold a special interest for Max Mosley, as he used to be a racing driver. However, one could never tell this from looking around his beautifully austere house. Although drivers and racing enthusiasts often cover their walls with racetrack pictures, here there is not a photograph in sight, or a single car model.

In addition to the garage, Mosley wanted a good-size bedroom and bathroom, a bit of a kitchen, a sitting room, and sun terrace. John Stefanidis set to work and produced a tiny masterpiece of mood and scale. He explains, "Mews houses are often treated as cottages, with chintz and clutter. Because they are a series of small rooms, this is an appropriate treatment. Here I tried to make the opposite of a cottage—a more open, upright, vertical plan where the stairway was important. So why not emphasize the stairway?" The stair, which lies within the gabled tower of the façade, is very wide, with spacious landings. There are numerous large Georgian windows in the house, which give it a country quality. In addition to the oak staircase, Stefanidis used bold-scale architectural detailing: baseboards fourteen inches high and pilasters with strongly delineated grooves.

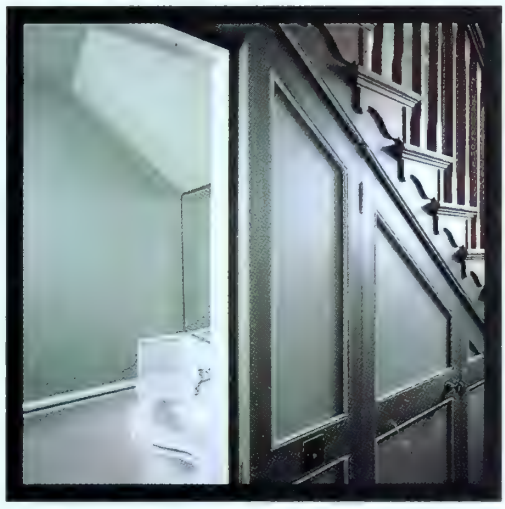


Another feature of grander houses with grander square footage is the color scheme of dignified grays and greens—colors that demand good lines and shapes lest they appear too quiet to be interesting.

Only the sitting room at the top of the house suggests the mews origins of the building. It is fairly small with a sloping attic ceiling, but this is compensated for by a roof terrace just outside glass doors. Beyond the outer boundary of the terrace, a treetop view reveals a secret green garden known only to this little row of houses. □

"I tried to make the opposite of a cottage—a more open, vertical plan"

The stairwell, *below,* is a prominent part of the design. Here a generous half landing with window seat. *Right:* Under the staircase is a tiny powder room with a dado rail and basin of glowing white marble. *Opposite above:* Heated floors and a working fireplace warm the spacious bathroom, which features gray marble on the floor, fireplace, and whirlpool tub surround. *Opposite below:* In the master bedroom the wallcovering, gathered blinds, and roller blinds are of unglazed Cosima chintz from John Stefanidis.







IN THE SHADOW OF CLARENDON HOUSE

The smart life in the stables

BY BARBARA NEIL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

On marrying Andrew I earned the hostility of the Old House since we had decided to continue life in the stable; that is, convert it rather than return to the other house which had been empty for two years. We felt that inside those sun-defying damp walls with voracious dry rot, those emptied rooms (contents sold in the early 1970s against death duties), we would be living a poor imitation of a lost era. Of course, it was a joint decision, but the Old House does not see it that way. She believes (and she is most certainly a she) that should I have chosen her to be my family's home, my choice would have prevailed.

So while writing these words I fight an instinct to vindicate my choice, for not only the Old House but some family and friends said we should move in, make our life there, that, indeed, we had a duty bound up with continuity, propriety, or some such thing. The point is to describe our life in the stables. I'll try to stick to my brief, but it cannot be done without reference to the whole estate and to that gaunt, deserted place that will be forever next door, averting her most

In the entrance hall, *right,* Chippendale chairs and a painting by Samuel van Hoogstraten. *Above:* A view of the former stables from the garden, looking toward the inner courtyard and glassed-in carriageway.





The drawing room, *right,* occasionally used for cards and lunch. *Above:* The main house, built in 1737, sits beside the stables where Barbara and Andrew Christie-Miller live.

beautiful aspect from us to the east.

The five thousand acres of Clarendon Park, uncut to this day by public roads, the gates to its five drives padlocked from nightfall until dawn, was once a royal demesne. A palace was built there in medieval times and kings Henry II, III, and Edward III placed it in the mainstream of European art and architecture. Hallowed by history, it was there in 1164 that Henry II summoned his magnates for the council from which emerged the Constitutions of Clarendon. In that palace Archbishop Thomas à Becket first opposed these Constitutions, thus sealing his ultimate fate: he was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170. Also in Clarendon Palace was founded the Assize of Clarendon in 1166, wherein is the origin of trial by jury: twelve men just and true.

By 1740 the palace was a ruin. She had had her day, but until the 1930s, when there was an excavation, she would hide many medieval treasures in her rubbled earth. (Among the finds of the excavation, now displayed at the British Museum and the Salisbury and South Wiltshire Museum, are some of the earliest two-color tiles made in the British Isles.) Clarendon House was the parvenu, a bastard, architect unknown, although the names linked with her are always noble: Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh, Thomas Archer. For 240 years she had a monopoly on the hurly-burly of family life, until 1973 when it was "all change" again.

The inception of the stable building is vaguer still: not only no name but dateless too—1750 they say, unsure. She sits low with her four-acre apron of garden hemmed all around by a ten-foot rosy redbrick wall, and the beauty





Clarendon sits in a 5,000-acre park

of setting sun reflected upon that wall could break your heart. It is she, the little upstart, who now houses the family, and there is nothing on approaching her plain frontage to indicate the modest elegance with which she does it.

Our bedroom is the latest part of the conversion, a promise we made to ourselves ten years ago. Architecturally it's a success, but it remains virtually undecorated and will do so until I understand just what it wants. From our bed, in a summer dawn I can look through the three-quarter-length casement windows across the grassed courtyard, past the homely eastern shoulder of the stables and see the roe deer come from the pine forests to graze. It's about then the killer crow flies into the courtyard to drag the fledglings from their nests. You can tell from the racket. I clap my hands and the old boy's off. A good deed done and it's not yet five o'clock.

The first thing we did before Vilhelm Koren came with his wonderful idea for the glass arch was enlarge the kitchen by knocking three rooms into one. We laid Provençal tiles over the floor and halfway up the walls. It is there, amid the clatter and convivial abuse of five children breakfasting, that our day begins.

We opened up the stable from a warren of dark rooms and disposed our living areas about three halls: inner, entrance, other, and two staircases east and west. There is, you see, no front, no back. No green baize door. We circulate about our thirteen-bedroom, three-sided home with ease. If you go the wrong way it doesn't matter—pass on around and you get there anyhow. Whatever sunshine does penetrate slate-skied England during our intermittent summers shines in the stable. We're really very spoiled: we have two easts, inner and outer, two wests. A line of south-eyed rooms—drawing room and bedrooms—looks upon the walled garden laid out by Lanning Roper in



Barbara Christie-Miller's studio, formerly the hayloft



Alexander peeking out of the Little House, built for children



An original stable door opens onto courtyard



Waterford glass and silver set out for a dinner party



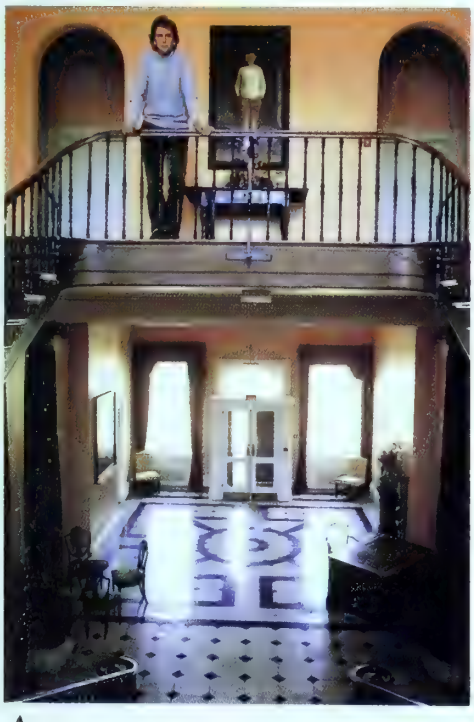
The greenhouses with dovecote-clocktower behind



Barbara Christie-Miller in the garden Temple where she writes



Hepplewhite bed in master bedroom awaits its hangings



Andrew Christie-Miller at the big house



The Christie-Millers with all but two of their children



The mud room, *right*. *Above*: A view of the front of the main house.

1973. We've tinkered yearly since: a walk of pleached limes, a rose arch, weeping pears, undulating borders. There is a parade of eight cotoneasters the dogs and the children gave to Andrew one Christmas. We planted them, wrapped them in black polyethylene, and hung them about with glass balls. They remained unspotted by him until Christmas morning when he was taken out to unwrap them and relieve them of their embarrassment.

The honey-floored gallery and entrance hall, where Brutus sports his seasonal hats, gives me ceaseless pleasure with its serene, echoless space. "Think of the fun the children will have," Vilhelm said as he scribbled his first design for the bridge spanning that hall, "flying model airplanes across this." And they have, they do.

Our disparate interests usually separate us for the morning. Joseph, fourteen, goes to the seventeen-acre lake two miles away where he has built himself a hide from which to observe the mass of birdlife there: cygnets this year and young little grebe, too. Charlotte, fourteen, will be painting up in her studio in the hayloft of the barn beside the stable. Victoria and Rebecca, nine and ten, always a team, make yet another secret camp, their pride and excitement in the place overcoming secrecy by lunchtime. Alexander, four, is under Nanny's watchful eye in the playroom with its stable door onto the courtyard where he keeps his army of snails. If he makes the break and escapes, we know we'll find him down at the Little House just beyond the garden wall. It was built in the late nineteenth century especially for children. Through its miniature Gothic front door is one cobble-floored room in which all is scaled down for little people: a mantel and fireplace, a Welsh dresser, table, chairs. It is situated at the far end of a grassy walk two hundred!

(Text continued on page 238)



...irds long ... On one side of it ...ithed in roses, on ...rnum and malus ...nkerbell, my Newfoundland, ... and I spend ... the Temple, a Palladian folly hidden well away from intrusion in an orchard embraced by rhododendron and azalea. At lunch the family meet up again, just the eight of us, and discuss simultaneously how we've passed our morning.

During the school term, when life is quieter, Andrew and I will lunch at a card table in the drawing room in summer or by the fire in the morning room in the winter. Come evening, I cook pasta in the kitchen by candlelight—it looks better that way—while the children tell me about what Sir said at school and yesterday's hates, today's loves.

To one hungry for details of curtains, colors, trimmings, I can only disappoint. The character of our stable is so strong and honest that she requires little clothing. The morning, drawing, and dining rooms are the only ones really "done" to any extent. Even there the coordination has been haphazard: a carpet one year covers another, but a nonchalant harmony has emerged. Whenever possible I follow the principle of white paint and leave well alone. All the hall and passage windows remain uncurtained; the stable doesn't mind, she prefers it that way.

Occasionally I lie awake at night, having the hours pleasantly punctuated by the bell in the clocktower. At such times I consider it unlikely, in the context of the modern world, that we will continue to breathe out our lives in this tranquillity, that we will be buried with other Christie–Millers in our small plot of consecrated ground overlooking Salisbury Cathedral. But we hope for that and the same for our children. It would be inappropriate to hope for more. □ *Editor: Judy Brittain*

SOANE COUNTRY

(Continued from page 177) acre property at Acton, he heard that a house he knew quite well had come up for sale at Ealing. It was Pitzhanger Manor, an early-eighteenth-century building he had helped enlarge over thirty years before as an assistant in Dance's office. In fact, word of its availability almost certainly came from Dance himself, brother-in-law and trustee of the estate of the owner, who had recently died. Devoted to Dance, to whom he turned for advice even after he was established on his own as an architect, Soane saw this as an auspicious sign and promptly bought Pitzhanger for £4,500.

Pitzhanger Manor was not a true entitled manor house but only a relatively modest mansion that owed all of its distinction to the Dance expansion. Out of respect for his teacher, Soane elected to keep Dance's superb contributions but decided to remodel Pitzhanger significantly in keeping with his program for advertising his professional attainments and suggesting his sons' eventual assumption of them.

When inspired, Soane flew into a frenzy of activity, and he began dashing off scores of sketches in the fall of 1800. Preserving Dance's strong and inventive Neoclassical dining room and the large drawing room on the second floor above it, Soane demolished vestiges of the original house, including the existing entry and reception wing. To take its place, he drew up plans for an impressive new frontispiece in brick and Portland stone, a design of considerable grandeur. Its primary model in Classical antiquity was the Arch of Constantine in Rome, which forty years earlier had provided Robert Adam with his formula for the south façade of Kedleston Hall in Derbyshire. The configuration of the triumphal arch was reworked for domestic use by making the large central opening into the main door and the smaller flanking portals into symmetrical windows. Four frontal columns, topped by draped female figures cast in Coade stone, and a tall entablature bearing a square bas-relief cartouche flanked by a pair of roundels complete the ensemble. Even in its smaller version at Ealing the composition is almost as imposing as it is on the more magnificent scale of Lord Scarsdale's seat or the Roman Forum.



Soane's new main façade for Pitzhanger, framed by four figure-topped columns, was based on the Arch of Constantine.

But there was a more revealing precedent as well. Soane had already appropriated the triumphal arch arrangement in 1797–99 for the Lothbury Court entrance to the Bullion Court of the Bank of England. His recycling of the idea for the principal front of his country house was, as the Soane scholar Dorothy Stroud has pointed out, a proud announcement that the architect of the Bank of England lived there.

The vestibule behind the front door is a powerful demonstration of how Soane was able to invest even minuscule areas with monumental presence, an architectural sleight-of-hand that none of his coprofessionals then or since has been able to equal. Soane's most dependable trick was to use a skylight—often indirect—to give a small volume intimations of vertical expansion and variable illumination. He did that here with dazzling effect. Supplemented with colored reflections cast by the yellow and cobalt blue glass fanlight over the front door, the light filtering down from the lantern aperture overhead creates an illusion of celestial expansion that works to perfection.

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Well aware that cautious measures make a small space seem smaller, Soane gave bold articulation to every surface of the vestibule: strong and severely abstracted pilasters, incisive but simple rustication, massive moldings, high shallow niches, and overscale relief medallions allegorizing the sun and the moon (copied by the English sculptor Thomas Banks after those on the Arch of Constantine). Together these details endow this potentially minor passage with an explosive tension. Though now a uniform white, in Soane's time it was, in his words, "painted to represent veined marble or gratio antic."

To the right of the vestibule lie Pitzhanger's two major public rooms by Soane. Completed in the spring of 1804, they contain just about every signature touch we associate with this architect's interior designs. The rear parlor, or library, provides a direct link with Soane's London house. The splayed cross-vaulted ceiling was a copy of that in the ground-floor breakfast room at 12 Lincoln's Inn Fields, which in 1792–93 had been painted with a delightful design of treillage intertwined with honeysuckle, with stylized stalks of columbine between the ribs of the cross vault. This elegant and unusual treatment—most likely the work of John Crace, the decorative artist whose firm's later masterpiece was the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, for an equally obsessive client, the prince regent—is a good instance of Soane's willingness to repeat his ideas when they pleased him. Constantly looking for ways to make small areas seem bigger, Soane exploited the illusionistic device by which the center of the ceiling is made to seem higher than it actually is because of the convex bow of the ribs, a clever trick in a low-ceilinged interior. (In 1983 Philip Johnson similarly appropriated Soane's idea of the Pitzhanger library ceiling for the living room of his Postmodern apartment in New York's Museum Tower.)

The library connects with the smaller front parlor, or breakfast room, which was the forerunner of Soane's most famous interior, the breakfast parlor at 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields. The saucerlike pendentive dome is even more characteristically Soanian than the splayed cross vault, and again he had used it earlier in the Bank of England. Here the dome is not quite so



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exciting as the way he handled it before and after. No skylight perforates its surface, which is prettily painted with trompe l'oeil sky and wisps of clouds. Implications of heaven brought down to earth have been more vividly conveyed by Soane using less standard means. Much more stunning is the definition of the four walls, intricately segmented and richly painted in faux-marble and porphyry finishes offset by large bronzed Coade stone caryatids in the corners. Soane's only contemporary rival as a colorist and decorator of such breathtaking originality and confidence was Karl Friedrich Schinkel, who likewise transformed the Classical vocabulary but did so in a much less eccentric and agitated fashion.

Recently restored at a cost of £250,000 in the first phase of a program to return the house to its original splendor, Pitzhanger Manor is a particularly precious addition to the small remnant of Soane's oeuvre that has survived intact. But as skillfully refurbished as Pitzhanger is, it does not approximate the real atmosphere the house had during Soane's day. Its rural setting has become a suburb, but an equally big change can be sensed in the interiors, devoid of the artworks, antiquities, and architectural fragments that crammed them during Soane's brief six-year residence there. The niches and shelves in the library and breakfast room are bare of the hundreds of objects Soane purchased to make Pitzhanger into a private museum and teaching collection for the edification of John Jr., whose eighteenth birthday was celebrated on the first night the family spent there, and George, who was then 14. Like many urban teenagers, they failed to respond to the quiet charms of country life, no doubt preferring the excitement of London to the didactic intentions of their overbearing father.

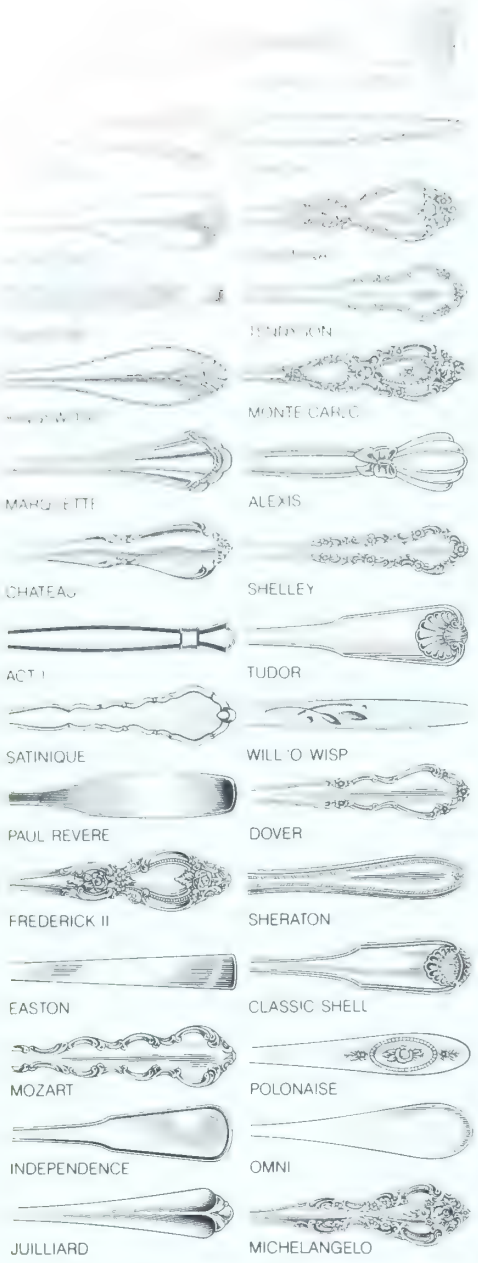
John Soane was determined that his boys should learn to love painting, sculpture, and above all architecture. His acquisitions for Pitzhanger began with Greek vases, Roman cinerary urns, and casts of architectural details from great monuments of the past. They soon expanded to include an important selection of pictures, most notably Hogarth's moralizing eight-canvas *Rake's Progress* series (bought for the handsome sum of £570 at Christie's) and Watteau's *L'Accordée du village* (40 guineas). Around 1802 the Soanes became friends with J. M. W. Turner from whom they bought two watercolors, and they also added works by Henry Fuseli, William Hamilton, and Charles Louis Clérisseau, who taught architectural design to both Robert Adam and Thomas Jefferson.

As frequently happened with Soane, his intensity and singlemindedness could be alienating to others, and his sons' lack of appreciation for his efforts rankled. Torn by the conflict, Mrs. Soane tried to act as a buffer between her husband and the boys, secretly bailing them out of financial scrapes and concealing their failures and infractions at school. John Jr. dropped out of Cambridge largely because of ill health (which eventually brought about his death at age 38) and both he and the even more troublesome George made marriages their parents disapproved of. As George informed them in writing, "I have married Agnes to spite you and father."

By 1810 it was clear to John Soane that his sons would never follow in his footsteps, and the whole rationale for owning Pitzhanger Manor seemed to crumble in his mind. Eliza Soane, whose health had begun to fail (some say as a result of her parental woes), had never liked the country, but she had been willing to go along with her husband's dreams for the sake of their sons. Now that they were on their own, Pitzhanger became not just an inconvenience but an unpleasant reminder of the shattered family circle.

Two years earlier, in 1808, Soane had bought the terrace house at 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, next to their home at number 12, and in 1809 linked them to create a gallery and bigger offices to keep pace with his expanding practice. Finally he decided to sell Pitzhanger Manor and move his enormous collection back to the city, with the idea that number 13 would one day become a museum. It was one sure way of preventing his beloved treasures from falling into the hands of his thankless, spendthrift sons. So began the incredible incrustation of 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which John Soane's Pitzhanger project was laid to rest and memorialized with all the pathos and drama of a Romantic epic gone astray. □

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte



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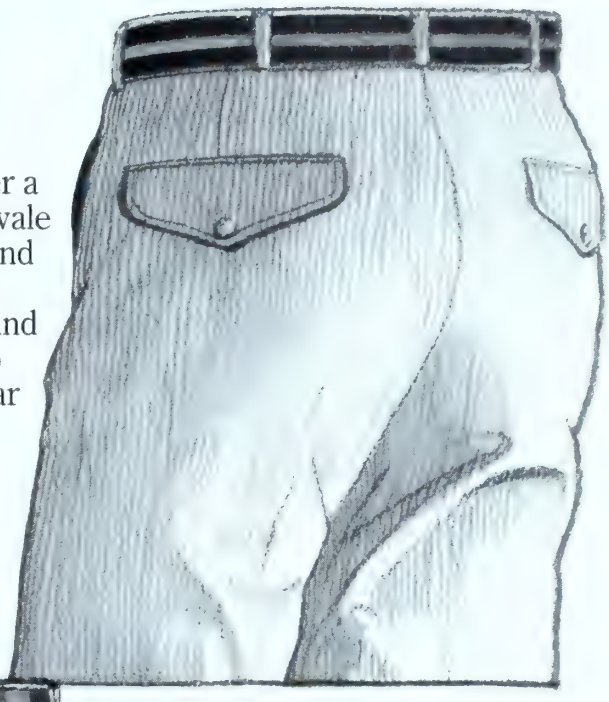
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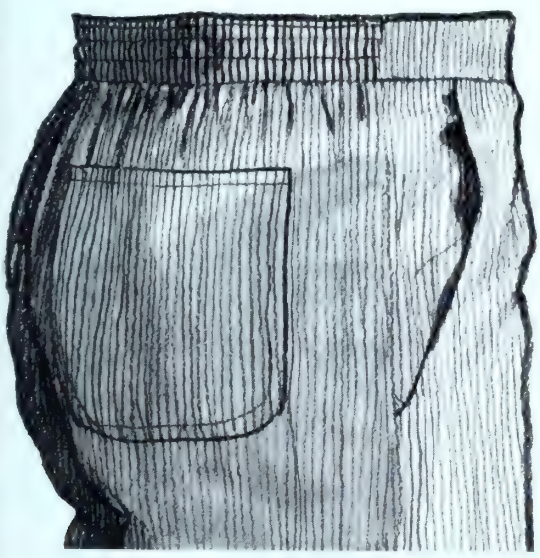
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mass, dense had to be elaborately nto the timber rafters above it. Tony Evans, the managing director of Jackson's, remembers visiting a house in which a lump of this plaster had fallen from the ceiling: "When it came down, it demolished the grand piano." Fibrous plaster uses only a thin coat—much less plaster than the old solid version. This is applied to a backing made of hessian and timber laths. As a result it can simply be screwed into position.

Fibrous plaster is cast from molds rather than modeled freehand by a *stuccatore*. So its introduction killed the freshness and spontaneity that is the delight of Rococo plasterwork. This had led some historians to speak scornfully of the "dead hand of Adam," but the new Jackson's process called for its own virtuosos, as can be seen by visiting the works. Each of the flawlessly smooth molds seems a small miracle of carving. For the most part, boxwood and pearwood were used because with their close grain they do not warp. "Now there's a gorgeous example of boxwood," says Ron Wood lovingly. "They were geniuses that carved these molds." Very occasionally you can pick up an immensely heavy mold made of brass. Brass molds were used where the mold, because the ornament is heavily undercut, had to be in more than one piece. Tony Evans shows how the different pieces fit together like a walnut to cast a freestanding three-dimensional figure. Each mold has a number for identification. About 3,000 are used regularly, but a designer who cares to explore the immense collection can specify any one that strikes his eye. Alas, a number of molds were thrown out when Jackson's moved from the West End to its present address in the late 1930s. But fortunately, by then the Georgian period had swung back into fashion, so while Evans finds he cannot offer as many Victorian patterns as he would like, the eighteenth-century range is virtually intact.

Viewing the molds is a bit like visiting the family tomb. You go down a flight of steps to the basement where there is a prolonged wrestle with an iron door. Inside the vault the endless numbers of dusty exquisitely carved blocks are laid out on shelf after shelf. It is easier, however, to sample the stock by a walk around the workshop upstairs, with an eye on the nets. If Nigel Turner, one of the firm's designers, takes you, the experience is a crash course in the history of decoration in England. "There you've got all the corbels or brackets," he says, "All various styles and dates. Where you get very delicate-type design, that would be late eighteenth century. The plainer ones are mid eighteenth century: D2 has a very Regency feel." Moving on, we come to the ceiling centers. "That one with the scalloped edge is as Adam as you're going to get. If you go back to the mid eighteenth century, you find something like 631 with the large raking leaf. That one," he points to another one, "I would almost class as being Queen Anne. That one, very Adam. Then you can get onto Victorian with B55, just two concentric rings."

Elsewhere come swags of fruit, panels bearing trophies of arms or musical instruments, the signs of the zodiac, a number of herms to go beside fireplaces, numerous odd panels for ceilings, and, of course, every variety of entablature. Some stretches of cornice are even in the fruity seventeenth-century manner, since that was revived at the turn of the century. Among it all are a number of lugubrious-looking heads used for the keystones of arches. "It is a rarity if we see one of those made," says Turner. "But we also have a few gargoyles. There is even Cleopatra round the corner, should you want her." With such decorative riches, one of Turner's greatest tasks is to keep inexperienced customers interested in the appropriate piece. Jackson's are happy to have their plasterwork in houses large and small, but they do try to point out, as tactfully as possible, that details made for a great country-house ballroom will look overpowering in a more modest space. "If you have a very large cornice in a small room, you will think you are crawling on your hands and knees."

In restoration work it is quite common for Jackson's to find that they have the molds for plasterwork that was made two centuries ago. This happened a few years ago when they worked at the Duke of Northumberland's great Adam mansion, Syon House, west of London. Other jobs have included restoring the Music Room ceiling at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, and the ceilings of Home House, Portman Square. The most exacting of standards must have been required for the latter, for this Adam town mansion currently houses the Courtauld Institute of Art. Recently Jackson's was responsible for installing the Adam drawing room from Bowood House in Wiltshire into Richard Roger's new ultra–high tech headquarters for Lloyd's of London. Thirty years ago they had put the same room into the previous Lloyd's headquarters. In America they did the plasterwork and joinery for the Henry Hyde Room at Harvard's Houghton Library. As this suggests, the firm's expertise is not confined to plaster.

At Saltram and Nostell Priory—both houses where Adam supervised complete decorative schemes—they have successfully undertaken the cleaning of eighteenth-century Chinese wallpapers, a task that requires the greatest degree of patience, caution, delicacy, and skill.

Not all orders for new plasterwork can be met from Jackson's existing stock, however comprehensive it may seem. In recent years there has been a demand for Islamic detail for new palaces in the Middle East. These molds are kept, too, so they can be used again. The molds of today are no longer carved in reverse out of boxwood: they are cast in vinyl from an original carved most likely in composition. In the intensely traditional, even agreeably museumlike workshop at Jackson's it comes as something of a surprise to learn that only about a quarter of their work is done using the old molds. The other 75 percent involves new decoration, often using the latest modern techniques. Tony Evans talks just as enthusiastically about projection plastering—a modern German technique for plastering big modern office blocks and hotels by which liquid plaster is sprayed out of a machine—as he does about compo and boxwood molds. It is not exactly what you would call the Arts and Crafts spirit. But perhaps it does preserve something of the spirit of Jackson and Adam. "They were innovators in their day," says Evans. "We like to think we are working in their tradition." □ *Editor: Judy Brittain*


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(Continued from page 212) suitable place for necessary ducts to run up an inside wall—exposed, of course.

Ruth and Richard both recall that the basic concept came quickly. "We knew early on that we would get rid of the old staircases within the house, so we decided to put the entrance and new stairway at the back," says Richard. This egalitarian couple now enters their house through the place that in previous times was thought suitable only for tradesmen.

The second decision was that they would live in a large space. "Part of my Italian upbringing," explains Richard, "is that we were never very private in my family, and Ruthie is even more social than I am anyway. Generally speaking, I do not like closed-off spaces." The result is a vast main room with a living area that is almost like Inigo Jones's famous Banqueting Hall nearby, a double cube, in this case measuring about 22 feet high by 22 feet wide by 44 feet long. Like Jones, who asked Rubens to paint the ceiling of his space, Ruth and Richard have installed contemporary art in their house, with works by Warhol, Twombly, Dine, and Guston, as well as by the younger artists Susan Elias and Reinhard Voigt.

The configuration of the room with its girder column, mezzanine, and wall of windows is reminiscent of that elegant Parisian epitome of the machine age, Chareau's Maison de Verre, completed in 1931, which for Richard is "one of the great seminal modern spaces." He also points out that like the 1949 Eames house, which was another important influence on his thinking, most of the elements in his house come out of a catalogue. For example, the shutter upstairs that can divide the children's space into two separate areas is actually a garage roll-up shutter turned on its side and furled into a pillar. The finned-tube radiators are the same used in the Rogers Partnership offices, except they are chrome-plated. Even the technically complex staircase, which leads from the main room to Ruth and Richard's mezzanine bedroom and for which Richard claims there are more drawings than for the rest of the house put together, is made of standard tubes.

Perhaps the most exotic materials in the house are the foot-square white bathroom tiles imported from Italy. But various other aspects of the house have Italian origins, too. The entrance is like those visible from the streets of Milan and Rome, in that it is a small compressed space opening onto a courtyardlike area which the Rogerses call the conservatory. Its white translucence is created by panels consisting of a latex membrane in a sandwich of clear glass.

"In Italy they tend to use tiles and polished wood on the floor," says Richard, "so I don't like carpets very much. They're just not part of my language. But I couldn't put tiles down here, so we chose this white ash floor for its quality of not being too naturalistic." While the British gift for engineering can be seen in Richard Rogers's work, the Arts and Crafts tradition cannot.

When it came to the project team, the Rogerses chose experts who in many cases also happen to be friends: the metalwork drawings were by Lawrie Abbot, heating and ventilation by Ove Arup Engineering, contracting by Stanfords, furniture for the children's room by Eva Jiricna. The general adviser and keeper of order at the only occasionally fractious meetings was John Young, one of Richard's partners, and the project architect was Andrew Morris.

As clients, Ruth, Richard, Roo, and Bo can confirm that the Rogers principle of building structures that accommodate change, attract crowds, and comfortably suit a variety of sometimes frenetic activities, works as well in a domestic setting as in a large public arena. In the entrance stairwell beneath an intricate and sculptural staircase is a much-used Ping-Pong table. "I always wanted a house where my kids could ride their bikes inside," says Ruth, and in the main living area Bo's bright yellow tricycle sits where he has abandoned it, tempting visitors of all ages to try to ride it. Often something delicious-smelling is cooking on the stainless-steel island unit where Ruth can talk to her guests while she prepares a meal. The house is an object lesson in how to scale down spaces without making them seem small. It is, in every respect, a generous open house. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



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(Continued from page 224) Diana Cooper spent part of her honeymoon there. Now it was to become the last refuge for herds of rhinoceros, elephants, and Przewalski's horses. Fortunately there was no shortage of elephant dung to fertilize the magnificent gardens.

At first the zoological establishment looked with scorn and derision upon Aspinall's endeavors. Depicted as a gambler and a playboy who was indulging an exhibitionist hobby, he was advised with wearisome patience that he should leave his self-appointed task to the professionals. Certainly he was an amateur, a word he glories in. "Academic training," he says, "would have sent me down the wrong path altogether and guaranteed errors of judgment." Apart from having a tame jackdaw as a child, Aspinall began with no experience of wild animals. At Oxford he had read literature, not zoology, had never attended lectures because they interfered with chemin de fer and Royal Ascot, and had left with no degree at all. He was remembered as a dandy with a gift for holding an audience spellbound by his epic stories, an extravagant admiration for Oscar Wilde, and an encyclopedic knowledge of Zulu history—not an obvious list of qualifications for zookeeping.

Yet Aspinall had the edge in his passionate belief that humankind was woefully ignorant of the true nature of animal personality and in his determination to demonstrate by patient experiment that men and the great primates could live together in trust and harmony. To this end he offended received wisdom by encouraging his family and his keepers to go in with the animals regularly and thus establish bonding between the species. The results of this policy are astonishing. Having been taught that a tigress was ferocity incarnate when with her cubs, it comes as more than a mild shock to see one not only greet Aspinall with a lick but also dump her cubs in his lap so she may have a rest from them. (A similar scene is in Roy Deverell's prize-winning film about Aspinall's work, *A Passion to Protect,* which has often been shown on television in the United States.) Whenever I visit Howletts, I spend an hour or two with an adolescent gorilla called Djala, who likes to wrestle and bite. I always emerge bruised but never hurt, for the gorilla knows perfectly well I am like marshmallow beside his mighty strength and therefore withholds his power.

Lady Sarah has herself reared orphaned tigers and gorillas in the house and her stepchildren, Amanda and Damian, now in their twenties, were brought up not to consider animals as dangerous. Neither are they pets, to be fawned on and taught tricks. Nevertheless, there have been accidents. Aspinall came close to death at the hands of an irate bear some years ago. Three keepers have been killed—two by the same tigress, one by an elephant—although this is by no means an outrageous record when compared with other zoos, despite the impression given by hysterical press coverage. The tragedies have not diminished Aspinall's trust in the inherent good nature of the animal. He has bred over three hundred tigers at Howletts and Port Lympne. "Only one of our tigers has proven to be delinquent, the tigress not bred here," Aspinall adds. "I wish I could say the same of my human acquaintances."

The zoological establishment denigrated Aspinall's "bonding" policy not only because it posed a threat to human life but, more importantly perhaps, because it would make breeding more difficult to achieve. This fear has been triumphantly disproved by an avalanche of births over the past ten years. Howletts and Port Lympne can boast the first snow leopard, honey badger, Siberian tiger, clouded leopard, and African elephant to be born in the United Kingdom, and in the case of the honey badger the first to be born in captivity in the world. The list amounts to nearly seventy species, with the ironic effect that zoos which scoffed a few years ago now send delegations to Kent to see how this unique breeding record is achieved.

Aspinall maintains that it is done by intuiting what the animals want and then giving it to them. As you enter the mansion at Howletts, on the floor of the hall there are crates filled with the most exotic fruit. Gorillas in the jungle enjoy a vast array of food for which they like to forage. They do not enjoy a gray cake of vitamins and proteins which many zoos still offer them in the mistaken belief that they may benefit from human scientific knowledge. Aspinall gives his gorillas over 150

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kinds of fruit and herbs each week, ome flown in from distant lands, some grown specially in the garden, and he pends a couple of hours hiding them n the straw for the animals to find. Aspinall pointed out, "There are no seconds in the jungle." Nor do gorillas are for a concrete floor, which reminds them of nothing whatever in the forest. Thus has the genetic wisdom of he species taught them that at Howetts it is worthwhile to breed. Twenty years ago, Aspinall was told that gorillas simply would not breed in captivity. Now he has an average of five females pregnant each year.

In the afternoon he spends time communing with the gorilla band. It is awesome to watch the great silverback male, Djoum, holding Aspinall's head in an iron grip while he delicately plucks out the man's eyelashes with his lips, a favorite game of his which he pursues in majestic peace while his children clamber on his back and his various wives scurry nearby. Nowhere else is such a daily event remotely conceivable. "If one of Djoum's wives begins to flirt with me, then I get out pretty smartly."



Lady Sarah with tiger and Palladian façade of Howletts as backdrop.

The constant presence of unusual companions at Howletts and Port Lympne can prove embarrassing on occasion. A shortsighted earl was once drinking his port on the sofa and casually stroking what he took to be a Labrador dog. No one dared tell him it was a Himalayan bear. One of the butlers gave in his notice when a tiger tried to trip him up by nipping his ankles as he was serving the potted shrimp. It did not help to point out that the tiger thought the butler was a prey object and was merely practicing a technique that might prove useful on antelope. When decorators came to wallpaper the bedroom, Aspinall's former mother-in-law warned them not to make a noise as the gorillas were in bed and "they need their sleep as much as you do." They thought her dotty and eccentric until they saw two almighty yawning mouths emerge from beneath the sheets, and they fled. Another time, the coal merchant had not been tipped off that one of the tigers found inordinate pleasure in ripping up sacks. He was discovered kneeling on the floor reciting the Lord's Prayer while Zemo gleefully tore his coal sack to shreds a few yards away.

Neighbors have never forgiven, and perhaps understandably so, an inci-

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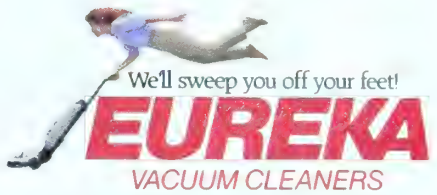
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WILD GAMING

[illegible] years ago when some gorillas [illegible] escaped on Christmas Day and made their way to a cottage where they found a table groaning with turkey and plum pudding and dates. Purloining the lot, they trundled home with their booty, the entire Christmas lunch intended for a family of five. On the other hand, when a wolf escaped, villagers went in irrational fear of an animal they had been brought up to believe cunning and evil. When Aspinall went into the woods and howled, the wolf, itself frightened and alone, came running. The animal had not eaten for five days. As Aspinall says, a more likely outcome of the Little Red Riding Hood legend is that grandma ate the wolf and made of its skin a bedside rug.

Aspinall regales one with stories such as these over the luncheon table, interspersed with the most esoteric information on animal husbandry. For one must not forget that the man at the center of this unconventional country house is fired by a deeply serious purpose. Animals destined for extinction may have their last chance at Howletts, and if they continue to breed happily, then their kind will not dribble into oblivion, pushed by human greed for space on a limited planet. Aspinall not only *feels* the injustice, he also wants to redress it. Dinner guests were bewildered one evening when he left soon after the dessert. One of his tigers was dying of old age—itself a rare event in a zoo, where they are habitually killed off when they become less attractive to visitors—and Aspinall took a blanket in order to spend her last night lying beside her in the den.

No commitment, emotional or otherwise, would endure without the cash to support it. The food bill alone for seven hundred creatures is astronomical, especially since Aspinall insists on giving them only the best. Virtually all his personal profit on the casino in Curzon Street which bears his name is gobbled up by the zoos, which enjoy no subsidies, so that gamblers' gold disappears weekly down the throats of elephants, lemurs, and the siamangs whose cacophonous screeches soar into the midnight Kent air. As their guardian and protector, Aspinall displays his gratitude in lavish style. To celebrate the arrival last year of his first Sumatran rhinoceros, whose days in his natural habitat are perilously numbered, he gave a ball at Port Lympne of which Sir Philip Sassoon would have been proud. Over four hundred guests, a carpet of rhododendron leaves, the Philharmonia Orchestra, a band flown in from Palm Beach, and a feast even the gorillas might envy served to show that not only is Aspinall the first among enlightened conservationists but also one of the last great twentieth-century hosts.

Moreover, he enjoys the applause of those who can most appreciate the value of his work. The late Dian Fossey said that Howletts was the only zoo of which she approved, the great ethologist Konrad Lorenz has stated that John Aspinall now understands animals better than most experts, and Kurt Benirschke, former director of research for the San Diego Zoo, is unrestrainedly hyperbolic. "If I were a gorilla," he says, "there is nowhere in the world I would rather be than at Howletts." □ *Editor: Judy Brittain*

DRAWN TO THE PAST

(Continued from page 171) blissfully possessed of their eyes and fingers. Some are closer to his own personal taste than others. John Singer Sargent, for example, in his bravura charcoal slashings is remote from Leonard's harder, firmer, more cautious, and deliberate rendering. He's particularly comfortable with Albrecht Dürer, the elder Holbein, Perugino, Jacques Louis David, Ingres, and the photographer Mathew Brady, as in the treatment of the painters Paul Cadmus and R. B. Kitaj.

Leonard hopes to attract sitters and viewers to regard these heads first as of interest in their individual accomplishment, even before they are recognized as references to personal likenesses, however transformed. He enjoys an initial response of "What the hell are these?" In the main, these drawings are intended to entertain, but also they seek to make real a proposal that the "faces we see around us now could be equally or sometime more at home in a previous age."

What makes such a proposition unrealistic or unacceptable are contemporary fixations as to what posits charm or glamour. Leonard hunts for an abruptly appropriate historical placement as counterpart or converse, not merely a decorative presentation of characters in fancy dress.

It is not surprising that many of Leonard's subjects are art historians, curators, and critics. Robert Hughes of *Time* is seen as an Albrecht Dürer; John Richardson of *The New York Review of Books* as a miniature by Samuel Cooper; Marina Vaizey of *The Sunday Times* as a Jacques Louis David; Edward Vaizey as a Van Dyck of the English period; collector Doris Saatchi as a Van Dyck of the Genoese; interior designer Mark Hampton as a drawing by Ingres; myself as Piero's Malatesta with a border of Leonardo's cats.

The decline of Britain as a world power is not without its fortunate amenities. A very effective national effort has resulted in energetic attention being given to the restoration, conservation, and maintenance of great country houses with their fantastic furnishings, as well as less monumental homes of social, political, and artistic or literary association. In barren seasons splendid buildings and their domestic relics stimulate a heartening reassurance from the long traditions of design and technical achievement which built palace and cathedral. Michael Leonard's transpositions offer a suggestion of continuous patronage when one identifies a face with the caprice that might have commanded a Reynolds, a Romney, a Raeburn, or a Gainsborough.

Leonard's success in setting contemporaries as inhabitants of other eras is not unlike an elaborate intellectual game. Played with a light hand, an informed sense of past process warped onto a present eye has shown that this game is worth the effort and, for all its sportive levity, is a serious critical exercise. □

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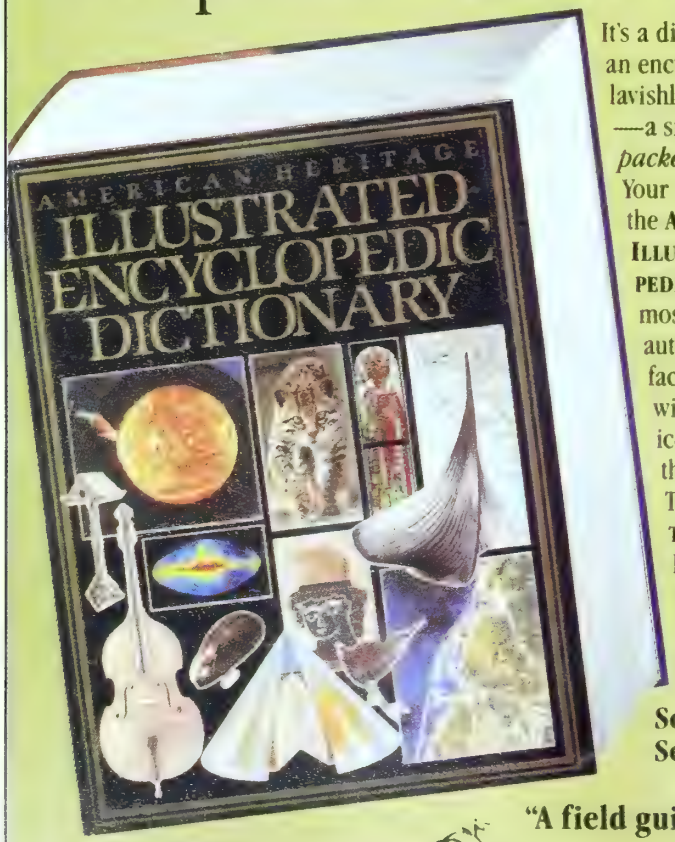
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A COMFORTABLE PERFECTION

(Continued from page 150) ton in 1696, but the interest of this picture is that it is the first in England to illustrate the early industrial north; the coal staithes can be seen on the river in the background. The Lambtons have been colliers since the twelfth century. This has resulted in 400 pit shafts being sunk at various times in the park. This mining was on a surprisingly large scale, and in 1590 the family pits sent over 90,000 tons of coal to London.

At the bottom of the stairs is Master Lambton by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The history of the boy is sad. He was of singular beauty, both of face and character. After the painting of the picture he became the male Shirley Temple of his generation. Thousands of prints were circulated throughout the country, and Mrs. Hemans wrote a sickly ode to his beauty. He must have had a peculiar charm, for often he would be stopped in the street by women begging to be allowed to stare at him. But his health was poor, and he died at the age of thirteen at Sudbury near Richmond, prostrating his father and mother and reducing his grandfather, the languid Lord Grey, then prime minister, to tears and causing the cancellation of cabinet meetings.

In the late 1940s the garden was very overgrown: remnants of aircraft batteries were found in the soil. On a tennis court, which was built on the site of a formal lake, a total clearance was necessary. The size of the front lawn was narrowed by widening the wall-side borders, digging up two gravel paths, and planting a beech hedge. By the late sixties the hedges, grown to a respectable size, were made to encompass a formal garden containing sixteen rose beds, and were united by a formal planting of clipped yews and 'Skyrocket' juniper with a twisting sundial in the center. Beyond that is perhaps the garden's most original room: an apiary with bees housed in four Chinese Chippendale–style hives. This may seem a frightening idea, but in fifteen years nobody has been stung except a wonderful old miner who used to move the swarming bees every year. As they covered his arms entirely, he would carelessly brush them off, paying no attention to the numerous barbs being inserted into his skin. He fortunately passed on his knowledge to my late beloved chauffeur, Willoughby, who

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ce of their stings.

garden stretches a hawthorn-and-yew avenue [illegible] an Italian fountain set as a piece of a wooded garden of avenues and walks.

The side gardens have been differently used. The north kitchen garden is devoted to vegetables and fruit and one rose-and-clematis formal walk. The southern garden is an orchard filled with daffodils in the spring, like the front drive which—planted from end to end—is entirely yellow for nearly a month each year.

Beyond the southern garden is the Italian garden, which I designed in the 1960s as a series of open rooms enclosed by clipped yews. From east to west one walks through a round garden with a pond in the center which leads through two squares to another round garden in which I placed a great rose window from the hall of Lambton Castle, pulled down in 1932. Next is the central room with a copper beech hedge along its southern front and a gate facing a beech avenue. Then comes a long room with a rose-covered temple at its center amid two avenues of 'Skyrocket', the nearest English equivalent to cypress. The temple faces a narrower avenue planted with 'Amanogawa' cherries. The final room has four round beds planted annually with sweet peas that climb over seven feet high on birch branches. It faces a long yew avenue that at the moment looks insignificant but will probably be at its best in two hundred years' time.



The bed in the Panel Room made by Lambton Estate carpenters.

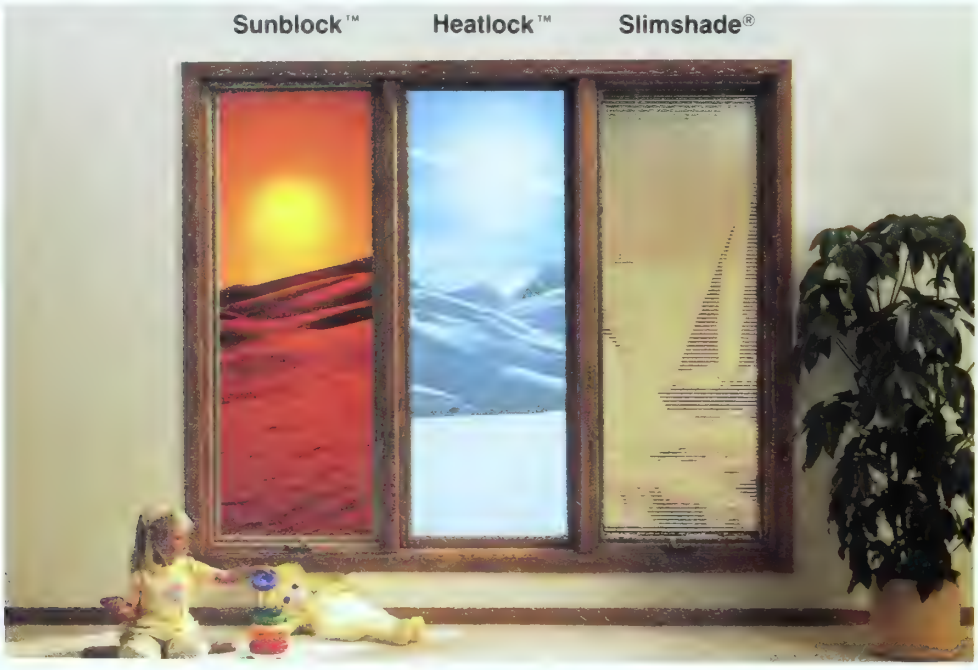
The whole idea was to create a garden in which the structural formality was softened by informal planting, linked to order by a succession of relating paths and avenues. This was made easier by the double E-shape of the original red walls of bricks brought back from Holland as ballast for the returning empty colliers.

One of the necessities of a garden based on straight line is statuary. Apart from well-draped ladies standing in the center of bowers, Victorians did not like Classical statues, fearing the effect naked limbs in the Greek and Roman fashion had upon their children, and between 1840 and 1900 many a statue was turned into a eunuch by fig leaves. None of the statues at Biddick are particularly good, but I do not think it matters. What they create is a center, an effect, and a careful examination of many garden statues in Italy shows the speed and carelessness with which they were created, impression being the aim. In England they are soon covered with lichen and moss. Breakages add rather than detract from their appeal. This is perhaps lucky, for when an Italian goddess ordered by a friend arrived from Italy, he wrote, "It is here in excellent condition except the head has been knocked off!"

The temple in the Italian garden is also of no particular merit, but since it is covered with vigorous climbers, imperfection ceases to matter and it becomes a gigantic rosebush with one period of glory.

Like every garden owner, I don't care for suggestions for improvement but believe every visitor should take to heart the short sentence inscribed in Latin over the front door of my Italian house. Sir Harold Acton's translation reads:

Whoever you are who approach,
That which may seem horrible to
you is pleasing to myself.
If it appeals to you, remain.
If it bores you, go away.
Each is equally agreeable to me. □



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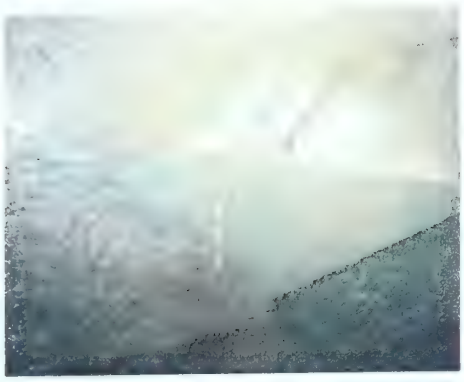


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North windows face Royal Hospital grounds

(Continued from page 159) taken to an astounding extreme. Pawson and Silvestrin, the most accomplished masters of the Minimalist aesthetic at work today, here once again demonstrate their skill in making what at first appears to be nothing into something very special indeed. They are able to endow Minimalism with an extraordinary degree of content, giving virtually empty rooms an atmospheric fullness and spiritual richness at once powerful and haunting.

Pawson and Silvestrin's approach can no more be advocated for mass consumption than Mies van der Rohe's Farnsworth house could be proposed as a model for suburban tract housing. But for an understanding and willing client it is a solution as rewarding as the most elaborately furnished interior would be for a very different kind of person. International politics played a significant role in encouraging this starkly reductive approach to residential living. The owners of this duplex in a Victorian terrace block not far from the Chelsea Embankment along the Thames are an expatriate Lebanese businessman and his wife. Since the outbreak of war in their beleaguered native land in 1982, they, like many of their countrymen, have suffered the loss of their homes there. Accordingly, they have developed a philosophical, not to say fatalistic, attitude toward personal possessions.

Middle Eastern culture added a complementary aspect. "We Lebanese are coastal people," the owner explains, "and we are fascinated by the void—by the desert and its inhabitants. Although some assume that this house was inspired by the Japanese, I have seen such simple things done by the bedouins. It is that spirit which we wished to achieve here. The traditional, unhygienic house one finds in the U.K., with fabrics and vases and cats everywhere, fills us with horror. We would rather stick to the basics with something that is clean, functional, and not architecturally verbose."

How they could attain that high level of refinement was suggested to the clients when they came across Bruce Chatwin's article on his own London flat by John Pawson, which appeared in the June 1984 issue of House & Garden. Above all they admired its lack of ostentation, which even Minimalist interiors can have. They contacted John Pawson, who agreed to look at the tiny two-story unit they had recently bought largely because of its excellent natural illumination and privileged view over the parklike grounds of Sir Christopher Wren's Royal Hospital. Although the existing conformation of rooms on the top floors of the building was cramped and the condition seedy, Pawson immediately grasped the strong potential of the space and sketched his idea right on the spot. It called for gutting the entire volume, cutting a curving stairwell between the two levels, and taking maximum advantage of the light afforded by the primary northern exposure.

Beyond that, Pawson and Silvestrin's main efforts were directed toward relentlessly paring away the nonessential. Their cleverness at accommodating all the utilitarian requirements of modern life in their interiors is prodigious—to look initially at one of their schemes is to wonder where everything is. Not only furniture, lighting, and storage but even such small and sometimes intrusive details as door pulls, hinges, light switches, electrical outlets, and baseboards have been concealed to leave every surface free of interruptive incident.

The sum effect, however, is not one of seamless glitter or superhuman flawlessness but of genuinely habitable ease. The hand of the craftsman seems ever present, as in fact it was in putting together this intricately assembled sequence of volumes within volumes. Executed by the Yorkshire firm Designworkshop, the joinery is superb. Faultless though it is, it brings to mind not the high-tech gleam of such contemporary British architects as Norman Foster or Richard Rogers but rather the forthright carpenter values

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MARVIN WINDOWS ARE MADE TO ORDER.

of the De Stijl movement, the architectural artifacts of which are more like environmental cabinetry than monoliths of machinery.

Climbing up the creaky stairway of the hundred-year-old building with its homely mustard yellow walls and Queen Anne–style bannister, one has no inkling of what is waiting at the top. The door to the new flat is opened, and guests are bidden to remove their shoes. That Oriental gesture makes instant sense as one steps inside onto bleached Japanese oak. Though discreet and understated, it is a wildly luxurious material, being the best wood obtainable from a country with a scarcity of timber and standards of quality far more exacting than those in the West.

The unblemished chamfered floorboards are laid side by side with only the slightest of interstices between them. At the walls, the wood vanishes under the vertical surfaces that do not bear down in a direct joint but rather appear to float—the shadow gap, as John Pawson calls it. Here and there semicircular notches are cut into short lengths of floorboard. These finger holes allow those segments to be lifted off, revealing sunken light switches and electrical outlets. The absence of conventional radiators or ventilation ducts is made possible by the Swedish underfloor heating system. Although floors are a key decorative element in interior design schemes and are often lavished with the highest degree of workmanship, rarely have they been given so important a functional role in a domestic setting or been subject to this much conceptual rethinking by contemporary architects.

The small entry area of the flat soars up to the full two-story height of the space. On this lower floor are the two bedrooms and single bath. To the left is the partially concealed curving staircase leading to the main living floor above. One zone melds gracefully and imperceptibly into the next, not just through the lack of visual barriers but also because of the basic coloristic unity of the whole. One phenomenon of Minimalism is that there are all kinds of subtle gradations in colors, textures, and finishes which would look much the same in interiors of greater variety and abundance. Here the particular characteristics of each shade of white, off-white, or natural are distinct and identifiable, much as the Eskimos have many words for the color of snow.

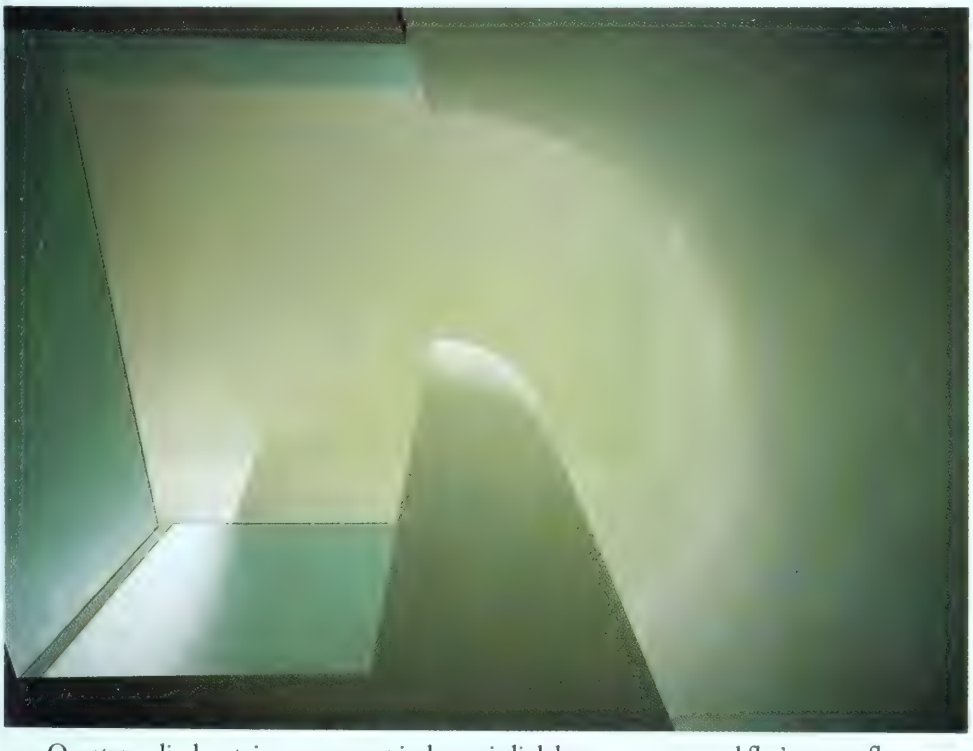
Ascending the staircase is an experience both substantial and ethereal. The treads and risers of the steps are of the same Japanese oak as the floors, so smoothly polished that beneath stockinged feet they become a decidedly tactile experience. Toward the top of the stairs the light becomes more diffuse, filtered through the large sheets of frosted glass that surround the stairwell as a safety balustrade. Those three oblongs are not fastened to one another; their corners float closely but independently in the same way the floorboards and walls do, forming a strong entity that is nonetheless light and airy.

The top floor of the flat is a garret, but the paucity of furniture diminishes the impression of convergence given by the sloping walls. The only freestanding seating is a pair of Mies van der Rohe chrome-tube lounge chairs upholstered in channel-quilted white leather. The narrow east end of the room is a multidoor storage wall behind which are concealed closets, bookshelves, television, stereo equipment, a refrigerator, and a telephone. It says something about the self-discipline of the occupants that the contents of the cupboards are as meticulously organized as if they were faced with clear glass.

Aside from the chairs and the glass around the stairwell, the one other volume within this space is next to the stairwell at the west end; it is the gray-and-white Carrara marble-faced block of the kitchen unit, which houses oven, stove, and sink in a single orthogonal mass the same approximate size and shape as the stairway surround. If that glazed volume seems like one of the translucent sculptures of Larry Bell, the kitchen unit has all the density of a stone sculpture by Scott Burton. To maintain the purity of line so important to them, the architects have kept all hardware away from the surfaces of this geometric marvel. For example, spigot and taps are placed within the sink itself, made especially deep so that nothing need protrude above it.

The lack of optical interference in this apartment allows the eye to gravitate quite naturally to the large north-facing windows, which of course are unbroken by mullions. "Turner par excellence," says the owner of the constantly changing cloudscapes above the treetops of the Royal Hospital. One is tempted to launch into a further discussion of the topic—the new Turner galleries at the Tate are only a mile and half down the Thames from here—when the patron of this supremely sophisticated exercise in architecture offers what must be the last word on the home he has made for his wife and himself: "The only response is silence." □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



Quarter-cylinder stairway support is dynamic link between entry and flat's upper floor





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RARE AND EARLY

(Continued from page 165) gardens on the opposite shore, one can hardly believe a city is nearby. The country feeling pervades the interior, too, with its large Georgian windows bringing a wash of watery light to the high white rooms.

The house was built in 1729 for the owner of the Mortlake tapestry works, which dates back to 1619. When the factory building was pulled down in 1784, one wall remained; it still shelters a side of the Csaky garden. The Csakys cherish their house for many reasons, and one is the integrity of the original structure. Almost everything the builders put there remains: walls, stairways, floorboards, fireplaces, doors, woodwork, and windows with their old glass.

Adrian Csaky says, "I sell what I like," and naturally he furnishes his house the same way. "We are our own best clients." The Mortlake house makes a wonderful setting for the couple's fine early pieces. They keep the walls unpatterned, the windows uncurtained, and the floors fairly free of rugs so the objects can be seen without interference. Several rooms on the upper floor of the four-story house are arranged to display some of the shop's wares to special clients as they would be seen in a collector's home or a museum. The family's own rooms are comfortably lived in, and although the old pieces are treated with respect, they are not handled timorously and they are not repaired unless they are in danger of falling down—despite Csaky's intensive year-long training in the restoration of paintings and furniture. Even eight-year-old Lela, who used to eat in an antique high chair, has a room filled with valuable old pieces—painted bed, primitive chairs, a schoolroom desk.

Adrian Csaky is not only a dealer in antiques but also a furnisher of houses: "It's my favorite thing to do." He always works with a decorator because he feels "hopeless with curtains and wallpaper," and he has furnished houses from London to Los Angeles to Auckland. Even when the proprietor is flying around the world, travelers can make their way to Csaky's Antiques at 20 Pimlico Road, London, to savor the strong, evocative early works of decorative art that he deals in and lives with. □

Editors: Doris Saatchi and Carolyn Sollis

FROM OLD ENGLAND TO NEW ENGLAND

(*Continued from page 220*) to do. I merely accentuated some of the architectural details—notably the heavy cornices, which were a striking feature of the principal rooms. "I was obliged to add the acanthus leaves one by one by hand," Moore told me of the great curved cornice in the living room. To my eye, it simply didn't register painted white, so I had Malcom Robson, the English grainer, pick it out in maple-wood and mahogany. Not perhaps the ideal solution, but twelve years ago, when I moved into the house, *faux bois* was not the cliché it is today.

Furniture was no problem, as I had just sold a flat in London's Albany and thus had a lot of more or less suitable stuff. An added advantage: most of this looked as if it had seen better days, as indeed it had—just the thing to give the new-looking house a touch of badly needed patina. It therefore did not worry me that needlework rugs were worn down to the canvas, that a huge buttoned leather sofa from the defunct Liberal Club exuded stuffing like the whiskers of a Victorian politician, that the red-lacquered top of a Chinese export table had been casually restored with nail varnish. The "distressing" process, which a succession of Mrs. Mops had done much to achieve, was now given finishing touches by my rambunctious dog, Rosie. (Rosie can achieve an authentic country-house look quicker than most decorators.) The only good piece of furniture is a Directoire lit bateau—a mahogany boat stuck with eagles—which Garvin Mecking, most perspicacious of dealers, had found for me at a Greenwich Village auction. A year or two after buying it, I was pleased to find the bed illustrated in a standard book on French furniture; less pleased when it turned out to have been the bed in which poor Margaret Biddle was murdered by an avaricious French doctor.

I also had a quantity of miscellaneous pictures: among them a set of Thomas Frye mezzotints in their original frames, gilded Rococo papier-mâché, circa 1750; two dozen nineteenth-century interiors of family châteaus and villas painted by a not very gifted girl of the Esterházy family; a number of presents—skulls, Mick Jaggers, flowers, erotic landscapes—from generous Andy Warhol; and a pair of decorative Dutch landscapes

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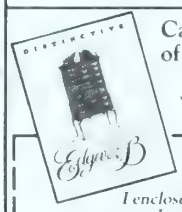
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the eighteenth-century Hays ("Vanderbilt first [illegible] it says on the stretcher), bought [illegible] a song because they are too tall for most New York apartments. In addition, I found that I had unwittingly accumulated too many marble busts of pompous worthies, too many bits of chipped blue-and-white, too many "amusing" needlework cushions, and far too many eggs made of jasper, blue john, alabaster, and the like. My excuse for having all this junk around is that it is a hostage to ghastly good taste. The evidence of past lapses or excesses helps take the curse off modishness, which I abhor. To my mind, nothing is worse.

The original plan of the house was ingeniously simple: a large, high, not quite circular drawing room, with bedroom and bathroom to the left, kitchen and dining room to the right. To make the place more hospitable as well as salable, Moore and Van Sleet subsequently added a couple of guest rooms. The only structural change I made was to glass in an ugly breezeway to form an orangeless orangery, which has proved surprisingly adaptable—a pleasant place for breakfast.

But the heart of the house is the round room, which in its cozy way can look quite festive. In the winter friends—headed by Boaz Mazor and his parrot Alfie—gather round the white marble fireplace; in summer the focus switches to the view through the windows and the splish, splash, splosh of the fountain. A large Directoire billiard-table lamp hangs over a cloth-covered, book-littered gueridon in the center of the room. What with paisley shawls on the lampshades, Ravel on the record player, and a not entirely haphazard array of pattern on pattern, I sometimes fantasy that the room has something in common with one of those Vuillard paintings called *Sous la Lampe*. "Very Turgenev," a complimentary Russian friend once said, although there is not a Russian thing in the place.

My predecessors' only lapse had been to paint this handsome room a rather shrill yellow with curtains and upholstery to match. Finding this unpretty, I imported yards of those old British standbys, rose-covered chintz from Colefax & Fowler and dark green flocked wallpaper from Cole's. The atmosphere instantly changed from New England to Old England. Twelve years have gone by, and everything looks the same, only more so. Pictures are now hung three-deep instead of two-deep. Books and magazines have piled up on every table, and the peegee hydrangeas I planted around the pool have contributed vase after vase of dried and dusty blooms—a cop-out, but they enable me to spend more time writing instead of having to do the flowers. Only the pages of the visitors' book have remained more or less pristine.

Judging by Cecil Beaton's photographs of house parties at his Wiltshire pavilion in the thirties or Jerome Zerbe's at his Connecticut River pavilion in the forties and fifties, weekends in a folly used to be an incessant rout: cocktails in the white garden at high noon; picnic luncheons with the girls in the hay wagon; fireworks at midnight on the island in the lake—that sort of thing. No longer. Nowadays the folly, this one at any rate, belies its name. Instead of parading around à la Watteau like Beaton and his ilk, we wear jeans; we usually have some kind of deadline to meet; and we all get down to the dishes. The days of dressing up are over: no more turbans or tricornes, no more lederhosen or shepherd's crooks. Neighborhood dinner parties turn out to be business affairs in honor of the ubiquitous agent, director, or licensee. And that's no hay wagon parked in a nearby meadow, that's a helicopter, like as not in my rustic area, filled with Japanese businessmen to see Mr. K, our local bigwig. Red tags of ill omen embellish the trees in the next field. Shopping center or housing development—what will it be? The way suburbia is encroaching, follies are doomed to anachronism. That's why I'm embarking on yet another one, a Neoclassical library back of the fountain. □

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THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 159, Number 12

SPLENDID SANCTUARY
The magnificent but little-known pilgrimage church of Atotonilco has been called the spiritual heart of Mexico/By John Richardson
104

CHALET BALTHUS
A masterpiece of Swiss folk architecture, the eighteenth-century house of the master painter and his wife, Setsuko/By Jean Leymarie
108

PAVILIONS IN THE SUN
Architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen's cool play on Caribbean style/By William Walton
118

A SPONTANEOUS CHARM
The many-talented French designers Michelle and Yves Halard are constantly changing and enriching the ambience of their Paris house/By Christina de Liagre
126

DOGS' BEST FRIENDS
By Brooke Astor
134

CLASSICAL COLLAGE
John Saladino's knowing way with the past in a contemporary New York apartment/By Suzanne Stephens
138

NAPOLEON'S GRAND DESIGNS
The emperor put his stamp on the furnishing of his campaign tents and palaces, on silks and porcelains as a matter of political and economic policy/By Olivier Bernier
146

ALLURE IN THE GRAND MANNER
Jacqueline Thion de la Chaume called on her friend Vincent Fourcade to help her create a French home in a Manhattan apartment/By Jesse Kornbluth
152

THE GREAT BIG LITTLE PAINTINGS OF GEORGIA O'KEEFFE
By Barbara Rose
160

THE COUNTRY SET
Designer William Diamond revives the McKim, Mead & White style in a new Westchester house/By Elaine Greene
162

IN THE REALM OF THE SENSUOUS
A great traditional Japanese inn caters to the body, eye, and spirit/By Ian Buruma
170

BEAUX ARTS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Lynda and Stewart Resnick, with their fine collection and the help of decorator R. Paul Berry, bring new life to a 1920s house
174

QUINTA DA BACALHOA
For its American savior, Orlena Scoville, this Portuguese palace held a charm beyond its magnificent tiles/By June Taboroff
180

POSSESSION OBSESSION
How Andy Warhol's uncanny intuition led him to amass an astounding collection/By Steven M. L. Aronson
186

TRAVEL 12
Dr. Johnson's Open House
By James Atlas

BOOKS 22
Artful Presents
By Alexander Cockburn

FINE WORK 40
Painting a World
By Elaine Greene

GARDEN PLEASURES 44
Think Pinks
By Jeanine Larmoth

CHOICE 52
What's New,
What's Noteworthy

THE DEALER'S EYE 58
Stuffs from the Steppes
By David M. Lisi

JOURNAL 66
On the Arts Scene

COLLECTING 70
Chine de Commande
By Rosalind Fischell

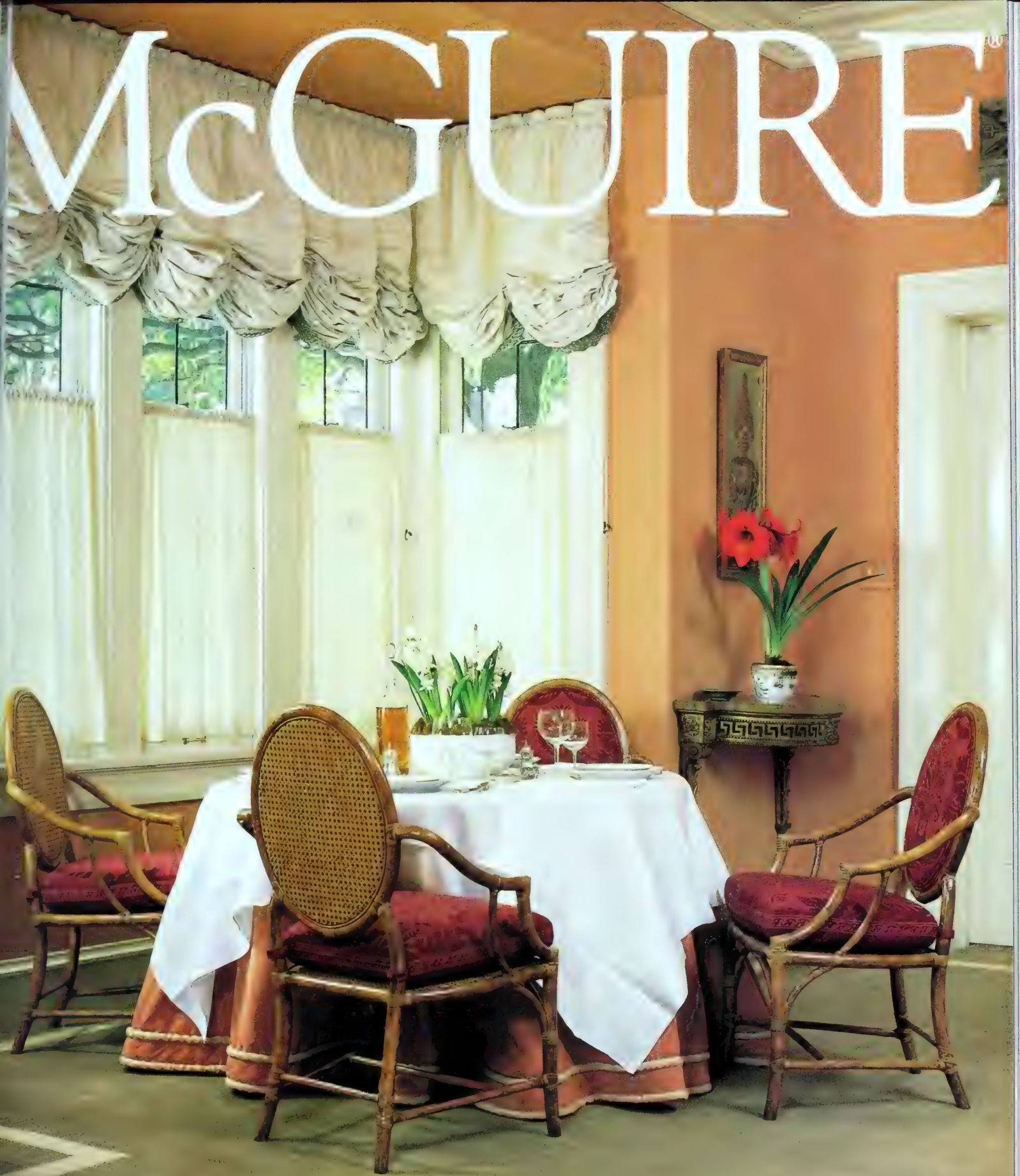
IMPRESSIONS 74
Pienza:
The Reward of Patience
By Murray Kempton

FOOD 88
Strong Breads,
Dark Sweets
By Leslie Forbes

ON VIEW 100
Current Exhibitions
Not to Be Missed

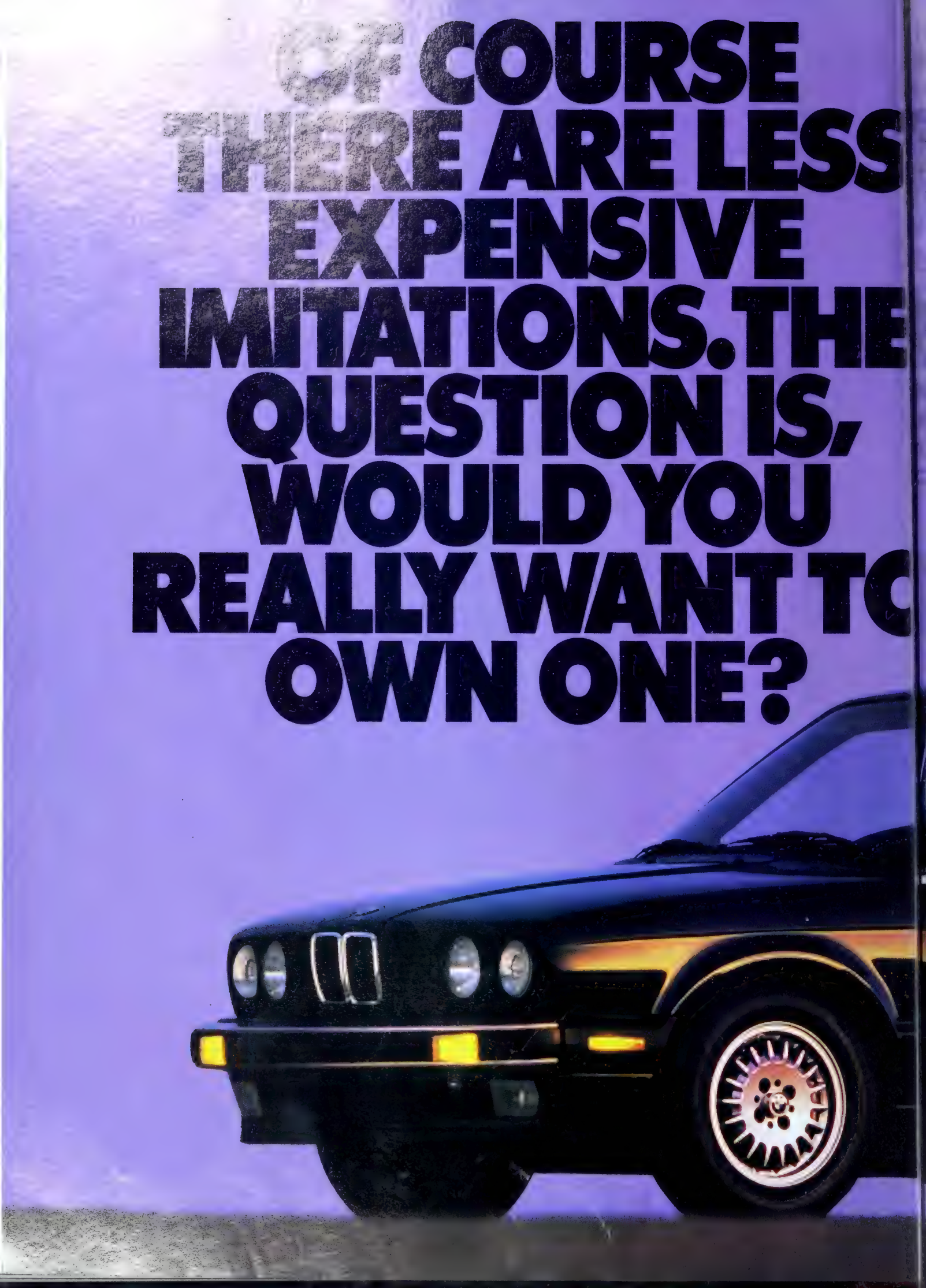
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STEVEN M. L. ARONSON edited Andy Warhol's books at Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, where he was copublisher.

JAMES ATLAS is the author of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet* and a novel, *The Great Pretender.*

OLIVIER BERNIER's most recent book is *Louis XIV: A Royal Life.*

DAVID BOURDON is a New York art critic and has written books on Christo and Alexander Calder.

IAN BURUMA is the cultural editor of the *Far Eastern Economic Review* and frequently writes for *The New York Review of Books.*

ALEXANDER COCKBURN writes columns for *The Nation* and *The Wall Street Journal.*

CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE is a writer who lives in Paris.

ROSALIND FISCHELL is a former editor of *L'Officiel USA.*

LESLIE FORBES is a designer and illustrator and is the author of *A Taste of Tuscany.*

MURRAY KEMPTON, whose books include *America Comes of Middle Age* and *The Briar Patch,* is a columnist for *Newsday.*

JESSE KORNBLUTH is a screenwriter and contributing editor of *Vanity Fair.*

JEANINE LARMOTH is a contributing editor of *Town & Country.*

JEAN LEYMARIE is the author of *Corot, Balthus,* and *Watercolors: From Dürer to Balthus.*

DAVID M. LISI is an associate editor of *Art & Auction.*

BARBARA ROSE has published many monographs on modern artists.

SUZANNE STEPHENS teaches architectural criticism at Barnard College and recently edited *Building the New Museum.*

JUNE TABOROFF is an architectural historian with special interest in historic gardens and their preservation.

WILLIAM WALTON, the author of several books, was chairman of the U.S. Commission of Fine Arts from 1963 to 1971.

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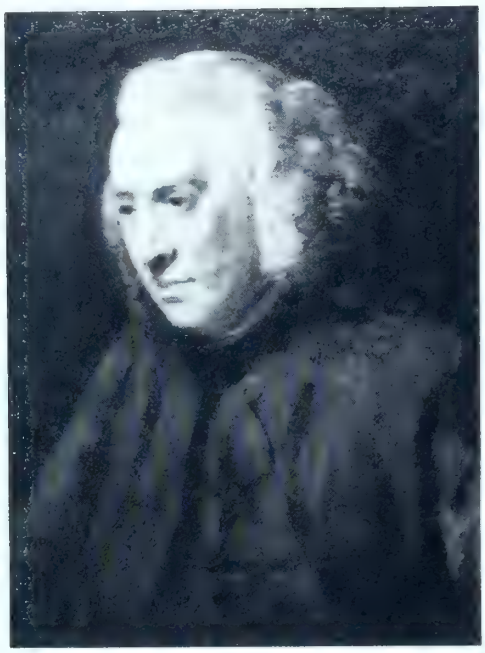
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Right: Johnson's house at 17 Gough Square.

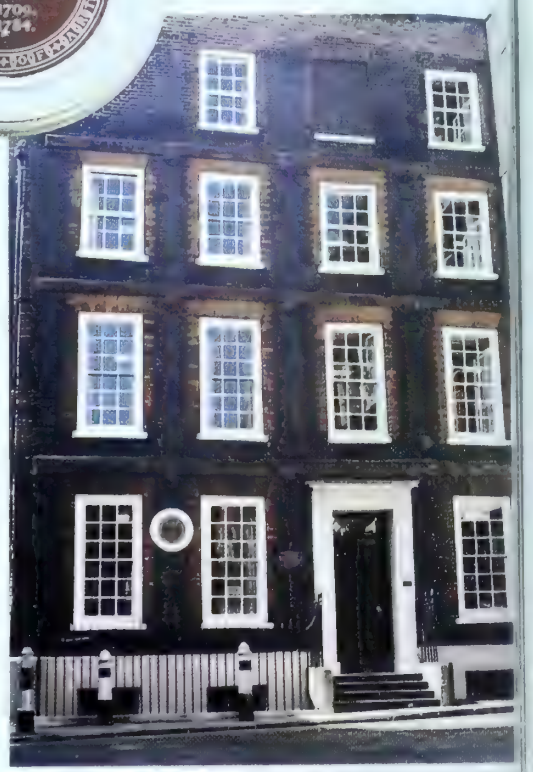
One of the great pleasures of walking the streets of London is coming upon the round blue plaques that mark the homes where famous writers lived: Oscar Wilde's in Tite Street, Virginia Woolf's in Brunswick Square, the Carlyles' in Cheyne Row. Those elegant streets have remained unchanged since the dates inscribed beneath the names; they reflect the tranquil, ordered—and affluent—character of London's fretwork of squares and parks, Victorian burgundy brick row houses, and creamy high-windowed Regency façades.

But London's most famous literary residence stands in the midst of the city's contemporary bustle at the end of a narrow passageway off busy traffic-clogged Fleet Street. It was here in a modest four-story house facing Gough Square that Samuel Johnson lived from 1748 to 1759, the years when he compiled his celebrated *Dictionary of the English Language.* Office blocks have sprung up on all sides, and the neighborhood reverberates with new construction. The paved square is littered with cars. But the house itself, a sturdy many-windowed dwelling built about 1700, is just as it was in Dr. Johnson's day, and to step inside is to find oneself in the eighteenth century.

Gough Square was hardly a posh address. It was the sort of neighborhood where pedestrians were advised to keep to the middle of the street to avoid the garbage tenants threw out their windows. But it was convenient to the *Dictionary*'s printer, William Strahan in New Street Square, and large enough for Johnson's extended household. Famous for his indiscriminate generosity, he soon filled whatever house he lived in with the indigent and infirm. "The lame, the blind, the sick and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income would secure them," testified Johnson's old friend Mrs. Thrale. Resident in Gough Square were the blind Anna Williams, the daughter of an impoverished Welsh inventor whose eccentric projects Johnson had encouraged over the years; Francis Barber, a black youth from Jamaica; Dr. Levett, described by Boswell as an "obscure practiser in physick amongst the lower people"; various cooks and maids; and Johnson's invalid wife, Tetty. In the long garret at the top of the house labored six assistants Johnson had hired to help him with the *Dictionary,* and the parlor was usually crowded with an assortment of hacks "who lived men knew not how," Johnson marveled, "and died obscure, men marked not when!"

Tetty found the house so congested with eccentric tenants and shabby amanuenses that she retreated for months at a time to a cottage in Hampstead—a convenient refuge from Johnson's sexual importunities. They were an incongruous couple. Tetty, a widow twenty years Johnson's senior, spent her days lying in bed drinking, reading, and indulging in opium. She was "abominably drunken and despicable," asserted the Reverend John Taylor, "the plague of Johnson's life." And Johnson himself was outwardly grotesque. His face was pocked and scarred from a childhood case of scrofula, and he suffered from an



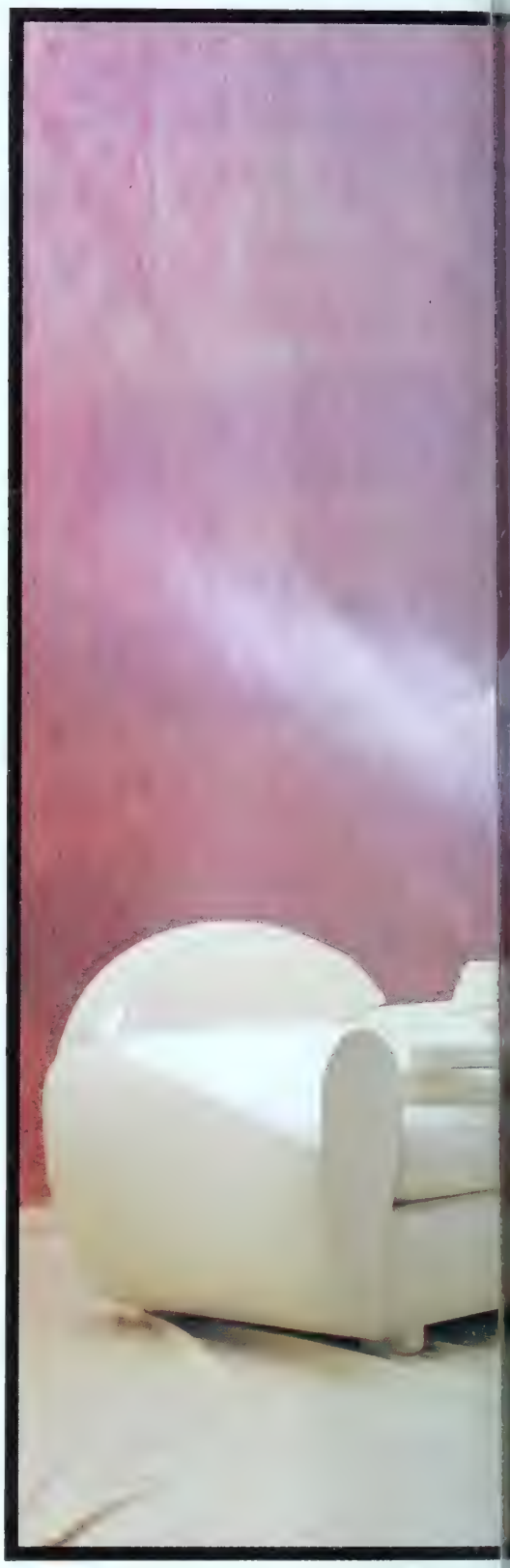


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array of nervous tics that made Hogarth wonder, when they met at the home of novelist Samuel Richardson, if Johnson was an "idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson."

So incompatible were the Johnsons that his friends speculated endlessly about whether their marriage had ever been consummated. But Johnson was fond of Tetty beyond all reason, and when she died in 1752, he was inconsolable. Walking the streets of London half the night, "a kind of solitary wanderer in the wild of life," as he once described himself, he became a legendary apparition around town—the gigantic, uncouth genius who went about in a soiled waistcoat and ill-fitting wig, diverting his auditors at the King's Head or the Cheshire Cheese with his fabled eloquence.



Left: A 19th-century stained-glass portrait of Dr. Johnson by Sparrow. In the dining room, *below,* Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language* (detail *right*) is open on the 18th-century table. Over the mantel, an unfinished sketch of Johnson by James Barry. *Below right:* Drawing of Johnson in his Hebridean costume.

Johnson was nearly forty when he moved to Gough Square and unknown to the general public. He had published a good deal—political satires, the poem *London,* contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*—but the practice of unsigned journalism was more prevalent in those days than it is now, and his contributions were largely anonymous. It wasn't until 1749, when Johnson's former pupil David Garrick put on his play *Irene* at the Drury Lane Theatre, that he became a figure on the London scene.

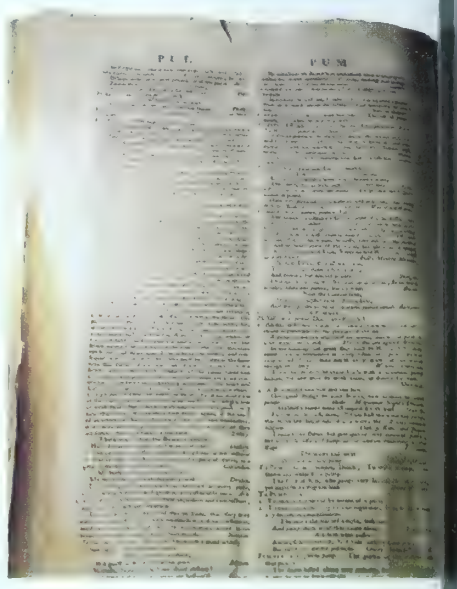
Johnson's main enterprise in the Gough Square era was the *Dictionary.* He had obtained a considerable advance—£1,575—but out of that sum he had to support Tetty in Hampstead, pay his six assistants, and feed his large household. He often had to borrow from friends and on one occasion brought his bed downstairs to barricade the door against a milkman who tried to have him arrested. "Being ahead of the game was for Johnson a very rare condition," as one of his biographers wryly put it.

Johnson's contract called for completion of the *Dictionary* within three years, but reviewers were amazed that he'd finished it in eight and a half—an achievement, declared a critic in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* that the "joint labor of forty academicians could not produce to a neighboring nation in less than half a century." The reviews were generally favorable, although some critics called attention to definitions that were lazy ("pondweed: a plant"; "runner: a person that runs") or sarcastic ("oats: a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people"). Johnson



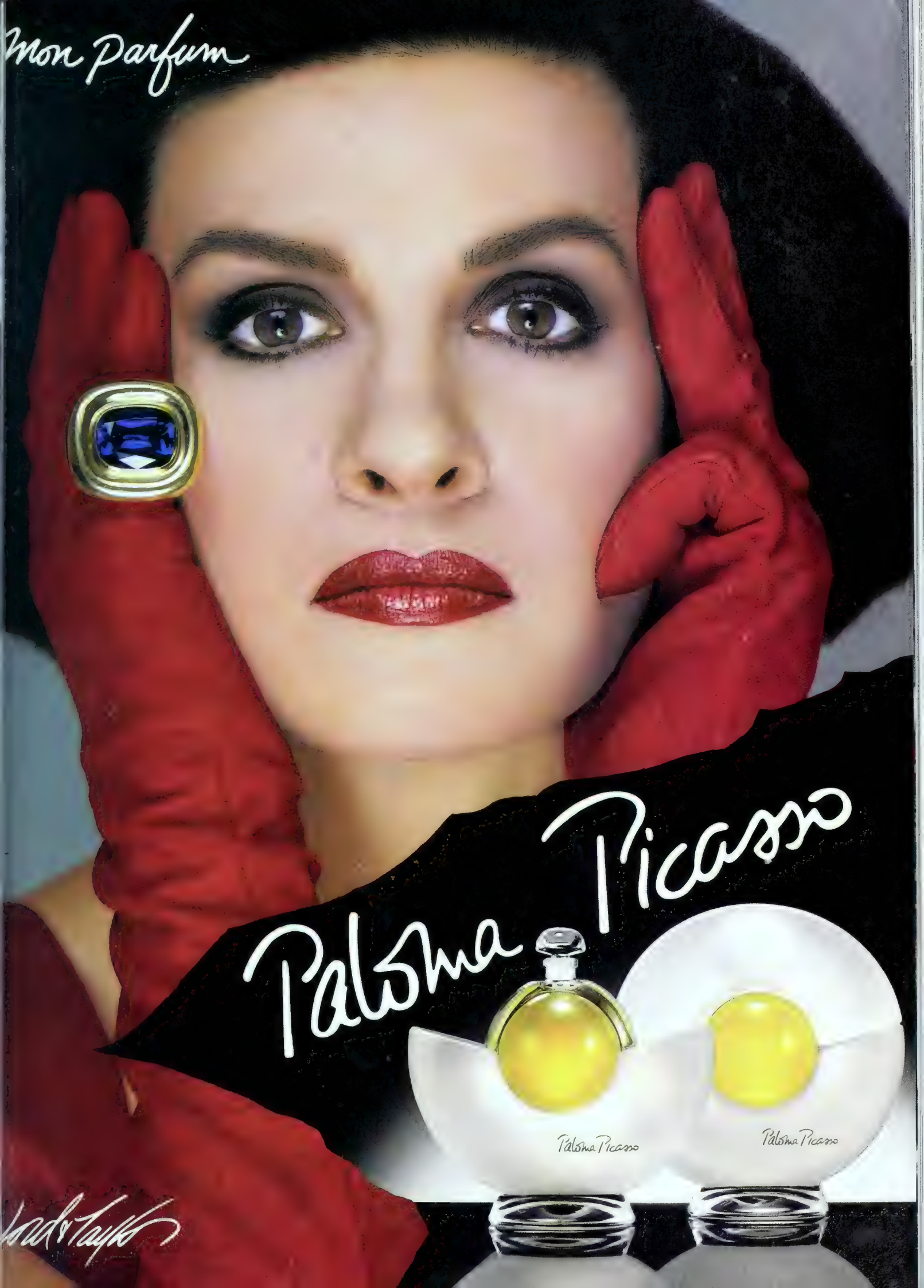
bore such objections with his usual equanimity. Asked by a woman why he had defined pastern as the "knee of a horse" (rather than the part between the fetlock and hoof), he replied, "Ignorance, Madame, pure ignorance."

Johnson left Gough Square in 1759 under circumstances that remain uncertain. Walter Jackson Bate maintains that he simply couldn't pay his bills, but according to Boswell, the landlord evicted him because the "neighbors complained they could not get rest for a man who walked all night and talked to himself." For the next few years he was itinerant again, moving first to rooms at Staple Inn, the old half-timbered Inn of Chancery, and Gray's Inn, then to lodgings in Inner Temple Lane. It wasn't until 1765 that he could afford to lease a house again, at 7 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.



The house at 17 Gough Square went through a long decline after Johnson left it. Carlyle, visiting in 1832, admired the "stout, old-fashioned, oak balustraded house" but was appalled by its air of dereliction: "The landlord . . . shewed us the garret rooms, etc. (of which he seemed to have the obscurest traditions, taking Johnson for a schoolmaster); but at length (dog of a fellow) began to hint that he had all these rooms to let as lodgings." Later on it was a hotel, and in the late nineteenth century it housed a firm of printers. When Cecil, Lord Harmsworth, purchased it in 1911, the house was nearly beyond repair. "It is doubtful whether in the whole of London there existed a more forlorn and dilapidated tenement," he recalled. But every feature of importance was intact: the massive oak beams in the garret, the twin-pointed roof, staircase with its pine balustrade, win-




Mon Parfum
Paloma Picasso
Paloma Picasso
Paloma Picasso

[illegible] doors, even hinged partitions on the first [illegible] could be thrown open to enlarge the rooms.

[illegible] Lord Harmsworth's intent to restore the house as much as possible to its original condition, not to make it a replica. "After all, the house is the thing," he wrote in an excellent monograph available from the custodian. Most of Johnson's furniture vanished in his many moves, including the chair Sir Joshua Reynolds reported having seen in the Dictionary Attic, "where, besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and a still worse and older elbow chair, having only three legs. In this chair Johnson seated himself, after having, with considerable dexterity and evident practice, first drawn it up against the wall, which served to support it on that side on which the leg was deficient." But there is an austere wooden armchair that belonged to Johnson, and a long narrow stool that was known in the Old Cock Tavern as Dr. Johnson's dining chair.

The walls of the house are hung with valuable Johnsoniana: E. M. Ward's oil painting *Dr. Johnson Reading the Manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield,"* which depicts the famous episode when Goldsmith's landlady called in the bailiff to arrest the penurious author for debt and Johnson managed to get him a quick advance on the novel; a portrait of the elder Johnson by John Opie; Boswell by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and many other portraits of Johnson and his circle. Johnson's walking stick, samples of his correspondence, and a first edition of the *Dictionary* are on display, and in a glass case on the second landing, a rather moldy-looking brick from the Great Wall of China presented to the Johnson Club by Alfred Charles, first Viscount Northcliffe. Johnson once expressed a desire to visit the Great Wall, and Boswell chimed in that if it weren't for his children, he too would be tempted to make the journey. Johnson urged him (no doubt half-facetiously) to go all the same claiming that it would make his children eminent: "They would be at all times regarded as the children of a man who had gone to view the wall of China."

"Sir, if you wish to have just a notion of the magnitude of this city," Johnson advised Boswell, "you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists." Nowhere is this multiplicity more evident than in Johnson's own neighborhood where St. Bride's, the church to whose upkeep he contributed, and the Cheshire Cheese, where he often dined, still stand—only yards from the lorries and buses roaring down Fleet Street.

It was in the Cheshire Cheese that the Rhymers' Club founded by Yeats met in the 1890s "in an upper room with a sanded floor." It's always crowded, and the trough-worn stairway to the second floor is so narrow that it's impossible to get upstairs if anyone has started down, but you can usually squeeze in at one of the long booths in the downstairs dining room for a traditional English lunch. With a pint of bitter and a steak-and-kidney pie set before me in the low-beamed room, I could see why Dr. Johnson had said, "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it."

Dr. Johnson's House, 17 Gough Square, London EC4, is open daily from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. (until 5:30 May through Sept.). Admission charge.

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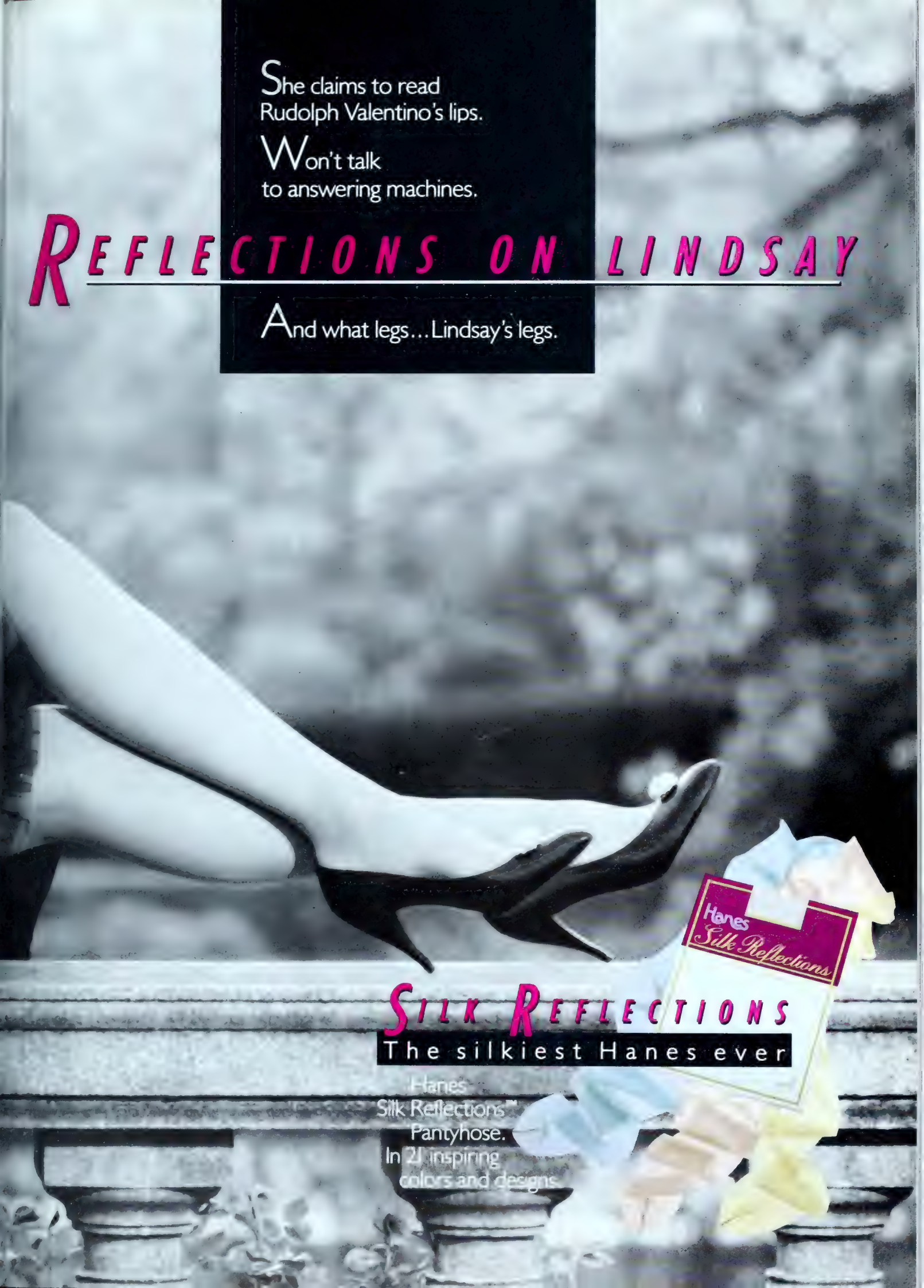
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ARTFUL PRESENTS

By Alexander Cockburn



GARDENS OF THE ITALIAN VILLAS
by Marella Agnelli
in association with Luca Pietromarchi, Robert Emmett Bright, and Federico Forquet
Rizzoli, 224 pp., $50

THE COUNTRY HOUSE GARDEN
by Gervase Jackson-Stops and James Pipkin
New York Graphic Society/
Little, Brown, 223 pp., $35

The oddest garden in the collection of which Marella Agnelli is the author *en titre* is the Villa Pucci where the designer decided in 1970 that he was tired of looking at the traditional array of flower beds and fountains in front of his austere fourteenth-century mansion and substituted a lawn tiered in broad shallow steps. It comes as something of a relief after all the pages of variegated floral glory, ranging from the Borromean Islands so despised by Dorothy Wordsworth to the romantic idyll of the Caetani family at Ninfa. *The Country House Garden* similarly contains few surprises though the colors have greater assurance, as in the mad russet and magenta glare of the wall garden on page 121.

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LOST HOLLYWOOD
by Jack Woody
Twin Palms Publishers, 144 pp., $50

In this wonderful collection of studio publicity photographs made between 1916 and 1933 Jack Woody takes as his paradigm his grandmother, Helen Twelvetrees, a star born in *Her Man* (1930), forgotten by the end of the decade, and dead of barbiturates twenty years later. "Her portrait," says Woody, "can be purchased at the memorabilia shops along Hollywood's side streets. These shops are the haunts of the true Hollywood fan. They sort through file cabinets and cardboard boxes, selecting from what remains of Hollywood's great photographic legacy. Many of the films and faces they reveal here are lost and forgotten, others are not as we remember them." Woody here presents some seventy relics from these boxes.

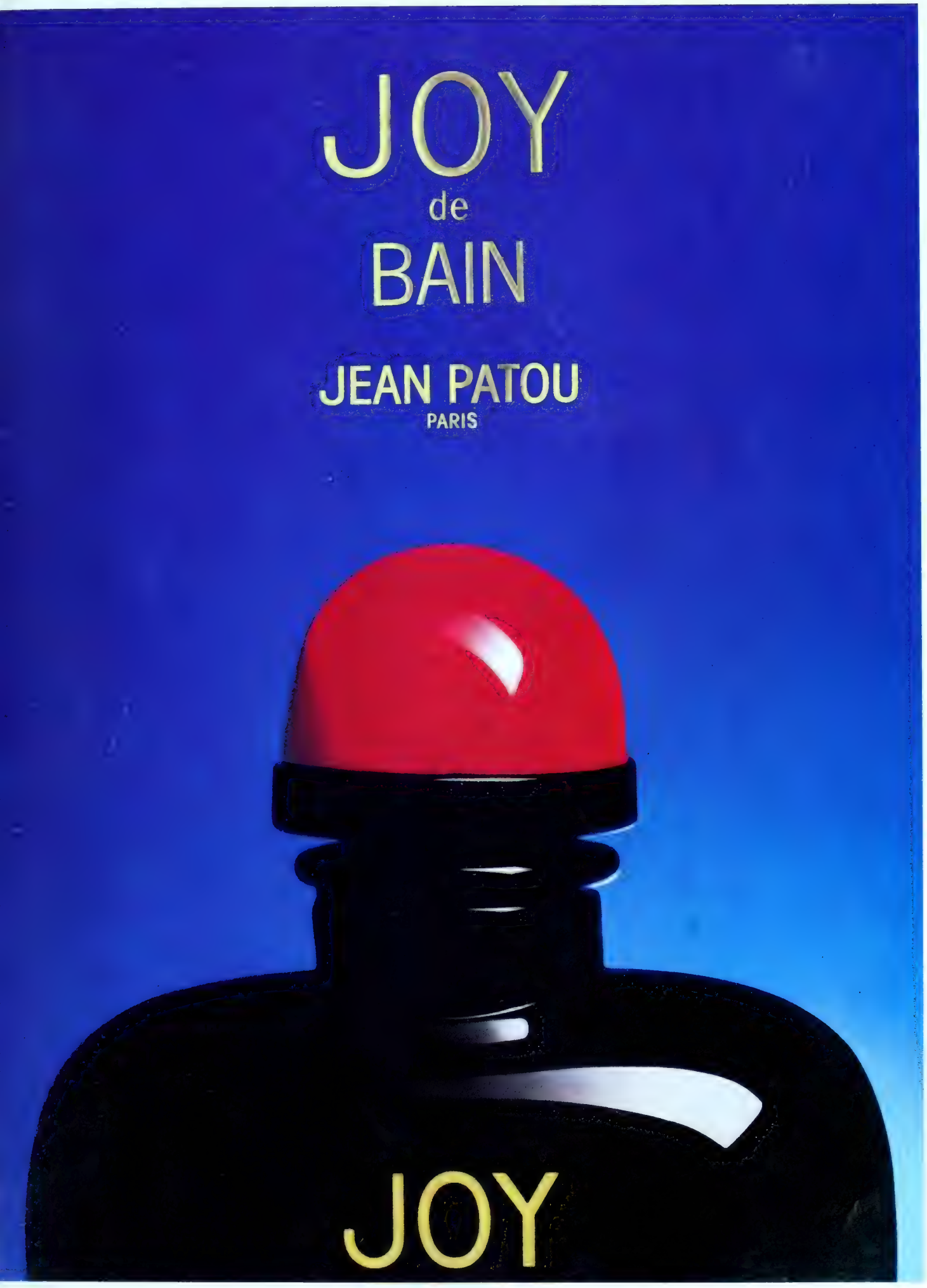
The quality of photographic work by George Hurrell, Edward Weston, Eugene Robert Richee, Clarence Sinclair Bull, Henry Waxman, Baron Adolf de Meyer, and the others was often extraordinary. Working with 8-by-10 equipment, they would search hour





Above left: Fruit trees in bloom at Penshurst Place, Kent. *Above:* Joan Crawford, 1932. *Far left:* Ashbery and Wieners covers. *Left:* Viennese Biedermeier chairs.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: *COUNTRY HOUSE BOOK, LOST HOLLYWOOD, BIEDERMEIER,* HANUMAN SERIES



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upon hour with complex sets and lighting for the essence of each aspirant or established star. Woody's textural commentary has a Balzacian lilt: Mae Murray, whose tryst with Valentino in Paris brought that city to its knees, finally arrested in New York for vagrancy; Gwili Andre, one of the first great fashion models, burned to death in her Venice Beach apartment as firemen scattered her magazine covers and photographs on the surrounding lawns; Johnny Weissmuller lowered into his grave as a tape recording played his famous Tarzan yell. There are some particularly entrancing photographs of Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich. Joan Crawford admirers will enjoy comparing the pre-Crawford Crawford made by Ruth Harriet Louise circa 1927 with the Crawford of Hurrell, made in 1932.

BIEDERMEIER PAINTING, 1815–1848
by Geraldine Norman
Thames & Hudson, 192 pp., $45

BIEDERMEIER
by Angus Wilkie
Abbeville Press, 216 pp., $49.95

The goody-goody qualities in Biedermeier painting make it necessary to take the stuff in brief doses; otherwise the small-town good manners send the eyelids slipping down into reposeful oblivion. Ms. Norman remarks that "realism, the faithful and objective rendering of nature, is the essence of Biedermeier painting"—but this realism was, often as not, vitiated by appalling sentimentality or priggishness of the sort one might expect in the years of reaction between 1815 and 1848. Representative of this Ur-Disneyism is the Viennese painter Peter Fendi's noxious *Evening Prayers* or the Munich painter Carl Spitzweg's *The Poor Poet,* which could easily have come out of the Disney studio sometime in the late 1930s for the very good reason that both Biedermeier and Disney thought mistook a saccharine literalism for truth to nature.

This oppressive sense of bad faith diminishes with Angus Wilkie's handsome scholarly presentation of Biedermeier furniture and objects, since those expanses of pale veneer make less claim on one's good nature and the craftsmanship did not require the glue of pathos.



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By the time they served lunch I s halfway to falling in love.

Over the next two weeks I saw him t about every day. So when he asked to join him for a trip out of town, it sn't really a surprise.

After a long and leisurely lunch at emote Country Inn, my man took me a walk into the garden.

"This is for you, and for our days to me," he whispered in my ear as he nded me a package about half the e of a shoe box.

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Admiring the way the raised gold numerals seemed to shimmer in the reflected sparkle of the diamonds, I suddenly recalled my Mother's advice.

"There must be strings attached to a gift as beautiful as this?" I asked my man, perhaps a little hopefully.

He let go of me and knelt down on one knee, "I was rather hoping it would help get you to the church on time."



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A COUNTRY HOUSE COMPANION
by Mark Girouard
Yale University Press, 192 pp., $24.95

This is the kind of book that ends up in the English country house lavatory, next to *Private Eye* or *Country Life*. There are plenty of moderately entertaining snippets, not least a footman's account of the grim business of powdering his hair and the report in the London *Times* of November 6, 1952, of the rampage of Harold Winstanley, footman to the Earl of Derby at Knowsley. Winstanley bought a Schmeisser and several hundred rounds of ammunition from a friend, in exchange for a pair of trousers and £3, and started blasting away during dinner on Guy Fawkes Day, November 5. He killed both the butler and the underbutler—no doubt his most proximate persecutors—but only wounded Lady Derby, thus furnishing an instructive parable on the staying power of the English class system.

ENGLISH COUNTRY: LIVING IN ENGLAND'S PRIVATE HOUSES
Text by Caroline Seebohm
Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes
Clarkson N. Potter, 288 pp., $35

More ample and knowing than the naive Scottish compendium, *English Country* takes us through familiar haunts once more, with chapters on the genesis of the E.C.H. bedroom, drawing room, kitchen, garden, china, watercolor, and so forth. These chipper essays are interspersed with descriptions of actual E.C.H.s and at the back is a directory so do-it-yourselfers and foreign spies can pretend to the



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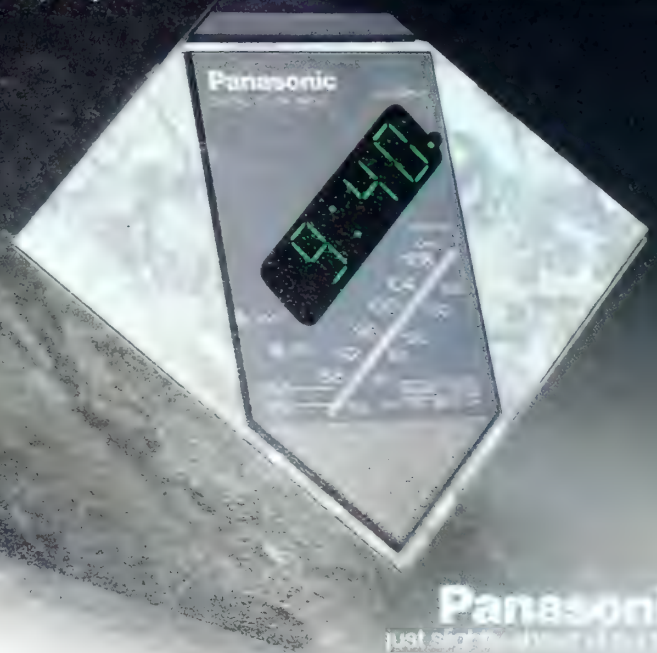
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ghastly E.C.H. look ("Trousers: Es sential for both men and women, pref erably in a brown or green tweed, t match the Shetland sweater that ma be worn under the Puffa"). For thos who dream of nothing but gazing a faded chintz and wet cows the far sid of the ha-ha this is all very well; See bohm and Sykes proudly announc that "no other country in Europe ca claim such a record of unbroken enjoy ment in country pleasures." The plea sures in question are ferociously evoked, in the authentic idiom of on of Wodehouse's hearty girls, by th daughter of Baron Mildmay of Flet who once recalled that "with a really good shot you would quite often see four birds dead in the air at once, al ways shot in the head—none of that flutter-flutter-whump. Absolutely crump—dead. It was wonderful."

THE NATURAL CUISINE
OF GEORGES BLANC
Text by Georges Blanc
Photographs by Christopher Baker
Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 320 pp., $45

Soothing gastroporn for the veggie set. Seldom has the cabbage, the auber gine, and the cucumber been seen to better advantage. Georges Blanc runs a well-known restaurant in Vonnas, 200 miles from Paris in the Bresse region of Burgundy, and by the look of things must have had Christopher Baker to stay for about a year, since the photo graphs run through the four seasons, from fava bean and pea soup to broc coli aspic with truffled vinaigrette. The recipes—potatoes filled with creamed salsify, *ballottine* of cabbage with chest nuts—are interesting and not exces sively complicated, though Blanc undu ly respects the traditional but always ill-fated union of spinach and nutmeg. Photography and production are of a high standard, as the price suggests. The hot pictures of the vegetable puree on page 39 and fruit purees on page 182 suggest that gastroporn is moving into an Abstract Expressionist phase.

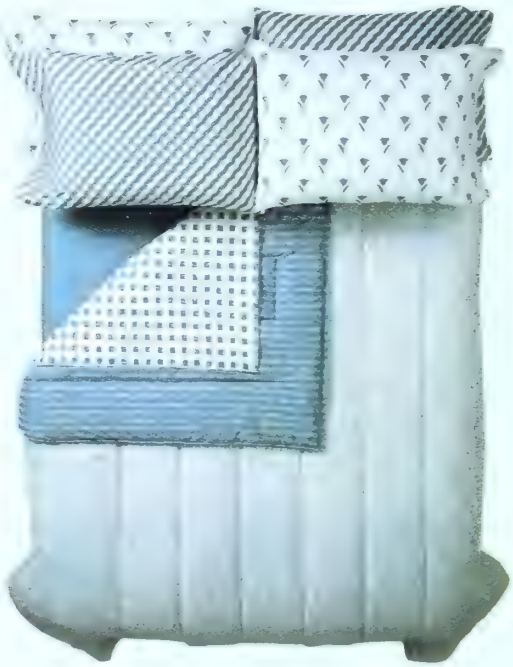
JAZZ
by William Claxton
Twelvetrees Press, 124 pp., $40

When he was seven, growing up in southern California with a mother who was a semiprofessional singer, Claxton started a scrapbook devoted to Lena Horne and Cab Calloway. In his teens

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[illegible] both jazz and photography, thereby giving the credentials for his renowned métier: the Claxton photographs that have enhanced hundreds of jazz albums. In 1960 the German critic and author Joachim Ernst Berendt retained Claxton to photograph the U.S. jazz scene. Published only in Europe, many photographs are now included in this great collection.

In its narrative and historical depth Claxton's work is very powerful, whether in the New Orleans street scene containing Jim Robinson and Slow Drag Pavageau or the pastoral composition of Max Roach asleep at the Newport Jazz Festival. The camaraderie of jazz bursts from the portrait of Jack Teagarden and Don Ewell or the Gerry Mulligan Quartet; its romantic agony glows darkly in the studies of Chet Baker; its desperation suffuses the 4 A.M. scene with a sax player outside Birdland. Among the best is the portrait of Charlie Parker with fans made in Pasadena in 1952. Claxton recalls that he hung out with Parker at the Tiffany Club on 7th Street, then brought him and three admirers back to his parents' home in Pasadena, improvised a studio in his bedroom, and posed them formally, remarking, "I've never seen Bird look happier." The photograph is a poem of innocent dignity and good humor, jazz with its most confident foot forward.

THE WRITING OF THE WALLS
by Anthony Vidler
Princeton Architectural Press, 230 pp., $35

LEQUEU
by Philippe Duboy
MIT Press, 367 pp., $65

Vidler's tonic work concerns itself with the way architecture was imagined and with the social practice of architecture at the time of the French Enlightenment. Refreshed by the rewriting of the intellectual and epistemological history in the past quarter century, Vidler's supple study shows how architecture, under challenge from eighteenth-century engineers and other mechanics of the functional, "thought" itself as a civilizing and symbolic practice and thus foretold the projects, dilemmas, and ruses of "Modernism." Through this new intellectual cartography steals the enigmatic figure of Lequeu, the eighteenth-century French visionary (and erotic) draftsman discussed both by Vidler and Duboy in his cryptic monograph. In his oneiric architectural scheme Lequeu thumbed his nose at the classicizing rationality of eighteenth-century discourse and pointed the way to the Surrealists and particularly, Duboy argues, to the ludic critiques by Duchamp of the rationalist son of the Enlightenment, Le Corbusier.

CHICAGO ARCHITECTURE, 1872–1922
Edited by John Zukowsky
Prestel-Verlag/Art Institute of Chicago
480 pp., $60

OTTO WAGNER: SKETCHES, PROJECTS, AND EXECUTED BUILDINGS
Foreword by Peter Haiko
Rizzoli, 304 pp., $85

In this imposing collection of essays published to coincide with the 150th anniversary of the granting of Chicago's first charter and election of its first mayor, its editor John Zukowsky writes, "We have what we hope is a well-rounded, though by no means comprehensive, study of the work of the architects who shaped this flat lakeside site into the metropolis of mid-America." The architectural history of the city of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright is redefined to emphasize the international contributions to this supposedly most American of urban achievements. Among the many pleasures of this volume is the thought of what Chicago would have looked like if Adolf Loos's entry in the international competition for the new Chicago Tribune building, submitted in 1922, had actually won. Loos's rendering, reproduced on page 303, induces a pleasing reverie of what might have been.

Having contemplated Loos's perspective, the enthusiast for the Viennese Secession can now turn to the magnificent single-volume reproduction of the original Austrian four-volume collection of Wagner's sketches and drawings, first published in limited editions between 1889 and 1922. He conceived and supervised the first two volumes himself. Included are the plans for Artibus, his ideal city. □



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PAINTING A WORLD

Decorative artist Stephen Gemberling captures the spirit of time and place

By Elaine Greene

This is what decorative artist Stephen Gemberling was working on a few months ago when we spent some time looking over his shoulder: a gold Greco-Roman–style pin made by the ancient lost wax process and a semi-barbaric, semi-Byzantine–style silver pin to be sawn, embossed, and soldered; a New York Dutch Colonial–style dollhouse with stepped gables; Delft-style scenic tiles to be installed in the kitchen of the apartment containing the Croome Court faux tapestry in the illustrations; painted silk fabric for the same apartment inspired by 250-year-old French interpretations of Chinese material and executed with the same paint formulas the eighteenth-century French artisans left behind; and a seraglio-like bathroom for these clients for which Gemberling produced a filigree mirror surround of gilded gesso studded with imitation gems and pearls along with four ten-by-fourteen-inch miniature paintings of erotic scenes in the Mughal style on walls bearing pastel-colored arabesques and line drawings of mythical animals. In short, we are not dealing with an ordinary marbleizer–grain painter.

Naturally the suffixes *-style* and *-like* and the words *imitation* and *inspiration* appear frequently in the description of a trompe l'oeil painter's work, and there is no technique or art form from the ancient or merely old world that Gemberling will not attempt. (He can also forge iron and blow glass.) But he is firm about one limitation: "For me the world really ends at 1800, if not a decade before." Rarely does he venture any closer to our time.

At home with his wife and son on the West Side of Manhattan, the artist lives with real Cromwellian chairs and a Pennsylvania painted chest dated 1760. He designed and made his Dutch-style box bed hung with fabric he painted and bearing a coverlet he block-printed. It stands under his trompe l'oeil wood-beamed ceiling on one of his floorcloths of marble blocks familiar to admirers of Flemish genre paintings and popular with his decorative-arts curator clients. "I want to live in a museum," he says in explanation of what is really self-evident. Stephen Gemberling is proud of his middle name, Ten Eyck, and of the Dutch part of his heritage, which he expresses not only at work and in his apartment but also in his country life in a small 1680 Dutch Colonial house near the Hudson River in New York State.



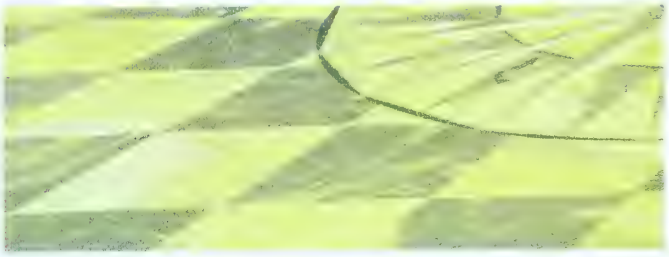
Stephen Gemberling refining a detail on a painted wall in a Park Avenue apartment. His inspiration: the Gobelins tapestries in a Robert Adam room at Croome Court, originally in Worcestershire, England, now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Stephen Gemberling's choice of profession seems inevitable, given his innate artistic talent and strength of character along with a harsh childhood marked by frequent changes of residence and caretakers. He determined to invent and create with his own hand a beautiful and stable world, undoubtedly to be his life's work.

At Cooper Union, where Gemberling earned his fine arts degree in 1971, he majored in sculpture with a minor in architecture and remembers "being in trouble sometimes because I have always thought of art as decoration." At art school he executed sculpture in stone, clay, marble, and plaster and built a Japanese teahouse on upstate New York property that Cooper


N°5
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PERFUME

Union owned, but his life as an artist had begun by the time he was drawing at age two. When he was ten, Stephen Gemberling was fashioning for himself an icon with leather hinges and Egyp-



tian and Babylonian borders on the cover. He still has the icon, a stylistic oddity that is not at all prophetic of the purist he would become.

After Cooper Union, Gemberling returned to York, Pennsylvania, which he considered his home, and he began to work with a restorer for Joe Kindig, the legendary antiquarian whose merchandise found its way into Winterthur, Colonial Williamsburg, and many other private and public collections. Gemberling's specialty was the local painted folk furniture that had been damaged in a recent flood. Fracturs began to interest him next, and he sold these eighteenth-century decorated Pennsylvania German documents recording births, baptisms, and marriages in frames of his design (fracturs had not been framed in their own time). Stephen Gemberling then opened an art gallery in New York where he sold fracturs as well as old drawings, prints, and paintings for eight years until the building was sold.

Although painting now occupies most of his time, the artist is still willing to locate art, frame pictures, restore painted furniture, and perform any other related chores a private or museum client might require. Once he has a skill, he keeps it. Skills that he is planning to acquire in the near future include the printing of toile-style fabric with engravings on metal and the casting of embossed paper to simulate tooled leather for walls. Gemberling is not a purist about materials and techniques; sometimes he will use the ancient method, sometimes he will improvise with modern house paints and even Craypas, if he is sure the finish will be stable and long lasting.

The Gemberling purism concerns style and period. He disapproves of using New England stenciling in a Southern house or nineteenth-century stenciling in an eighteenth-century house. He felt a certain discomfort in following the Gracie Mansion curators' instructions to paint the large circa-1800 entry floor in a flamboyant nineteenth-century mode, although he admits that the much-admired result is handsome. When he painted a previously stripped antique mantelpiece in a Connecticut house, he had to present a brief to the designer-owner, who envisioned something unsuitably formal, before he could move in the correct historical direction. Now knowledgeable visitors who inspect the mantel's naive-style panels are "ninety percen sure it is authentic."

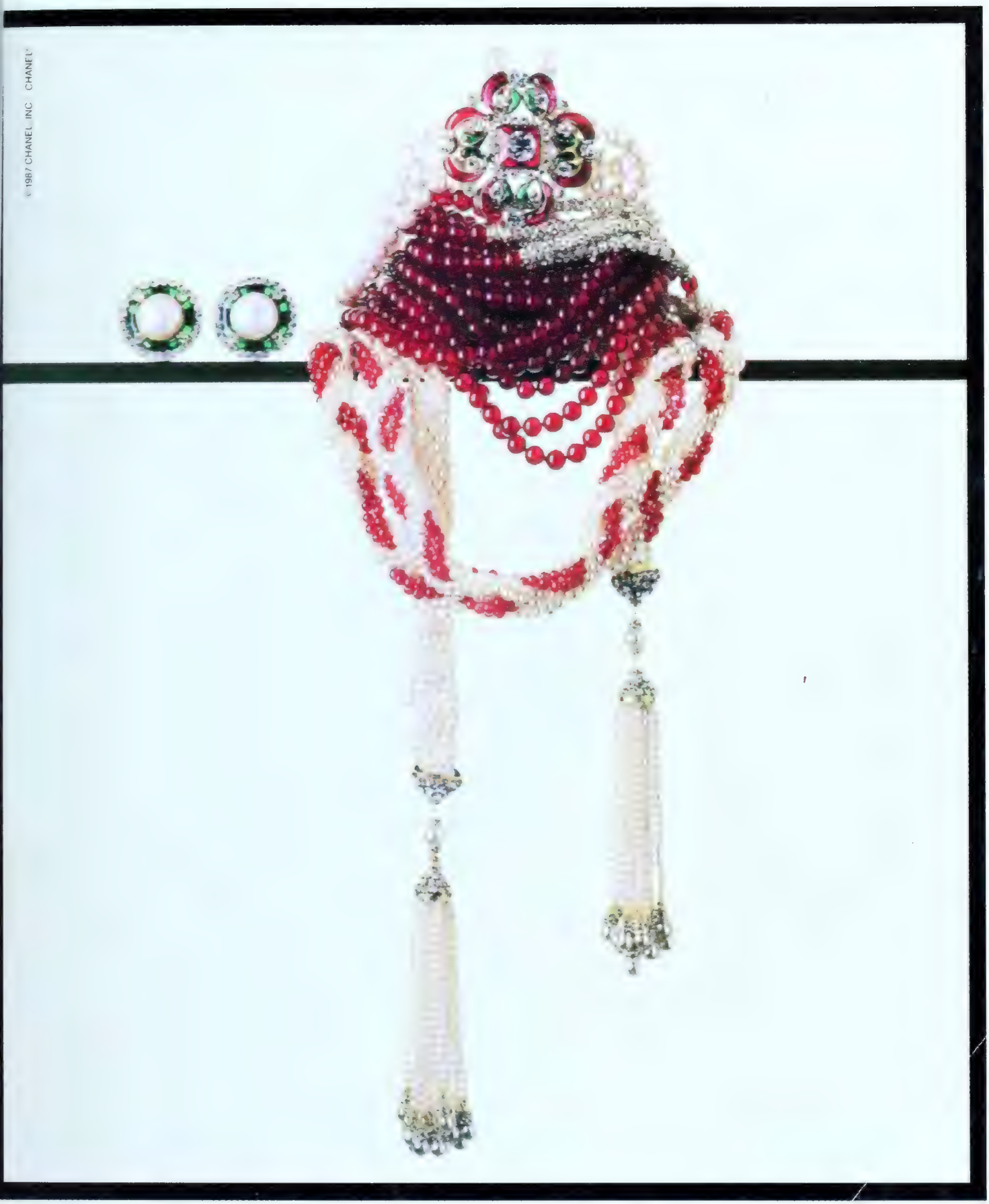
Stephen Gemberling frequents auc tions and antiques shops and shows an has actually seen some of his pictur frames, restored painted furniture, an floorcloths offered as unimpeachabl antiques, even though he always sign and sometimes dates his work. He ad mits this mistaken identity is a compli ment but deplores the carelessness o dishonesty behind it. Compliments ar nice, but to this thoroughly inner-di rected man not essential. His perfec tionism and gentle uncompetitiv nature make him an excellent teacher and he occasionally gives courses in th simpler forms of trompe l'oeil—faux marble and grain painting—skills h finds most amateurs can master wel enough to adorn their rooms. The ma who wants to live in a museum enjoy helping others—whether clients or pu pils—with similar impulses. □





Above: A Gemberling-painted faux-marble floor, with mariner's compass medallion, in Gracie Mansion, the mayor's house in New York. *Left:* His trompe l'oeil in tiny foyer elsewhere imitates Renaissance cut velvet above inlaid wood above paneling. *Below:* Detail of the Croome Court faux tapestry.

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CHANEL BOUTIQUES: NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, CHICAGO, DALLAS, PALM BEACH, HONOLULU

THINK PINKS

Once overbred and out of fashion, the dianthus is making a comeback

By Jeanine Larmoth

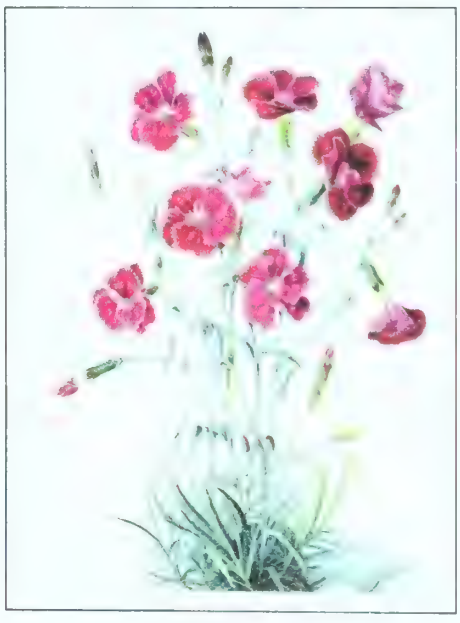
Though it blooms with roses, daisies, and violets on the borders of illuminated manuscripts and on the turf seat beside the Virgin in medieval paintings, the pink seems always to have been a secular flower—a flower more for wooing than for worship, the flower a gallant might tuck in his cap as he sets off to see his lady. In ancient hours it garlanded the brief curls of triumphant Greek and Roman athletes. In the Middle Ages robust monks, their minds more on earthly than celestial matters, dropped its spicy petals into their wine cups in hopes of improving the flavor.

While the serene and well-loved rose has rung its changes decorously—a lady, not a sprite—the pink has darted the length of Europe, disguising itself as a clown or harlequin with buttons or ribbons of color. Its petals have been now smooth-edged, now cut out like a child's paper snowflake or, more fragile still, a seventeenth-century lace collar.

Unlike the rose, which seems never to have gone through a lean period when its lovers drifted away or thought of other things, the history of pinks has been uneven. Shakespeare considered them the "fairest flowers o' th' season"; by the late eighteenth century, with other old garden flowers, pinks had given way to the taste for exotics; and at the end of the nineteenth century they were, according to Gertrude Jekyll, "dealt a cruel blow" by the then new custom of bedding out tender greenhouse plants in summer.

Fortunately the pink's moment has come again. "In the next five years," says Marco Polo Stufano, director of horticulture at Wave Hill, "we'll be seeing more of them. It may sound arrogant, but when a group of us in the greenhouse begins to get interested, that's the way the wind's blowing. Pinks are heavy on charm, yet unassuming. They have scent; they're cottage garden flowers—and that's romantic, that appeals now." In England, William Rickaby, managing director of Allwood Brothers, Hassocks, West Sussex, renowned growers of carnations and pinks, remarks, "Ten years ago people wanted anything modern. Now they are interested in the old varieties from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries."

A member, with carnations and sweet William, of the genus *Dianthus,* the pink is difficult to define. Facts are few; and even those are arguable: five-petaled; single, semidouble, or double; toothed or pinked; a descendant of *Dianthus plumarius* (meaning "plumed" or "feathered"); marked characteristically, if sometimes near invisibly, at the base of its petals with an "eye." "Because of the hybridization between them, it may be difficult to distinguish



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between a pink and a carnation," says F. R. McQuown in *Carnations and Pinks*. "In practice, as in the case of good port and good sherry, there is no doubt. If they are both bad enough, there probably is no difference." For him good garden pinks retain a "lightness and daintiness which is quite distinct from a carnation."



Dianthus alpinus. All illustrations are by Charles Stitt from the 1988 edition of *The Dianthus* by Will Ingwersen. Courtesy Sagapress.

The reason for the pink's return to fashion at this point is much the same as the reason that chintz flourishes in the living room and the Cavalier King Charles spaniel on the hearth: the sense of security, there for the borrowing, built into the British tradition. In old English gardens pinks nestled at the feet of roses, spilled over the edges of herbaceous borders, tufted between the flags of stone paths, and tumbled over rocks in rock gardens.

What made, and makes, such a variety of roles possible is not only the charm of the flowers but also the leaves. Sometimes grass green, sometimes silvery, sometimes bluish, the slender bladelike leaves pile up in neat little tuffets or dense cushions. Landon Winchester, staff horticulturist at White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Connecticut, gives as an example of such useful and versatile behavior the Cheddar pink (*D. gratianopolitanus*). This pink, Winchester points out, forms an evergreen mat that makes it an excellent ground cover, a delight festooning a rock garden, and, since it is more amenable to "direction" than other pinks, an admirable part of the knot garden.

Despite the pink's identification with the English garden, few if any are native to England. Brought by the Normans deliberately or by chance on the Caen stone shipped for their churches and castles, the first pinks may have arrived during the Conquest. Long after that date, Dutch, French, and German growers are thought to have continued to be the principal suppliers.

By 1629, however, the tide was at least starting to turn, and botanist John Parkinson could list thirty varieties of gillyflowers, or pinks, growing in England. But while its sumptuous and demanding cousin, the carnation, was being potted up or coddled by such dainty hands as those of Henriette of France in the garden at Whitehall, the pink was left to wander about on its own in small gardens or to mind its manners in large ones. "Pinks are of many sorts and of little esteem," wrote John Rea haughtily in 1676. "They only serve to set the sides of borders in spacious gardens, and some of them for posies, mixed with the beds of Damask Roses."

True, no grand effects could be achieved in garden or vase with the small, often raggedy blossoms that, in their vigor, could burst the calyxes confining their petals. Their moment of bloom was brief. But in addition to their scent and hardiness, self-contained and evergreen growth, two other characteristics—of being easy to hybridize and frequently coming up splashed, pounced, or patterned with color—were bringing pinks nearer their hour of highest prizing.

At the end of the eighteenth century, even as the fashionable were averting their glances from the common, the muslin weavers of Paisley, hardworking, clean-living Scots, like other workers of the new industrial age, were taking keen interest in the "ordinary" flowers of their gardens.

From spring onward the weavers met every few weeks in the local public house and, as the season progressed, made the benches bright with their auriculas, gold-laced polyanthuses, feathered tulips, picotee carnations, and pinks. How they achieved their results were well-guarded secrets. When asked his methods for producing such splendid flowers, one old grower is said to have replied, "My friends would never ask me, and others I would not tell."

Of the varieties of pinks they bred, the laced pink is the one most closely associated with the weavers. Produced in about 1770 in the south of England by a grower named Major, the laced pink was the only flower, other than the rare polyanthus, with this lace type of marking. In lacing, ribbons of rich color, on a background of white or pink, follow the outer edges of the petals, repeating the color of the flower's eye. At the height of the craze in the early nineteenth century, special pinks shows made florists strain after ever greater perfection. The shows' rules required that the flower be symmetrical; its lacing smooth-flowing over rounded, not notched, petals and of the deepest possible crimsons, velvety pur-

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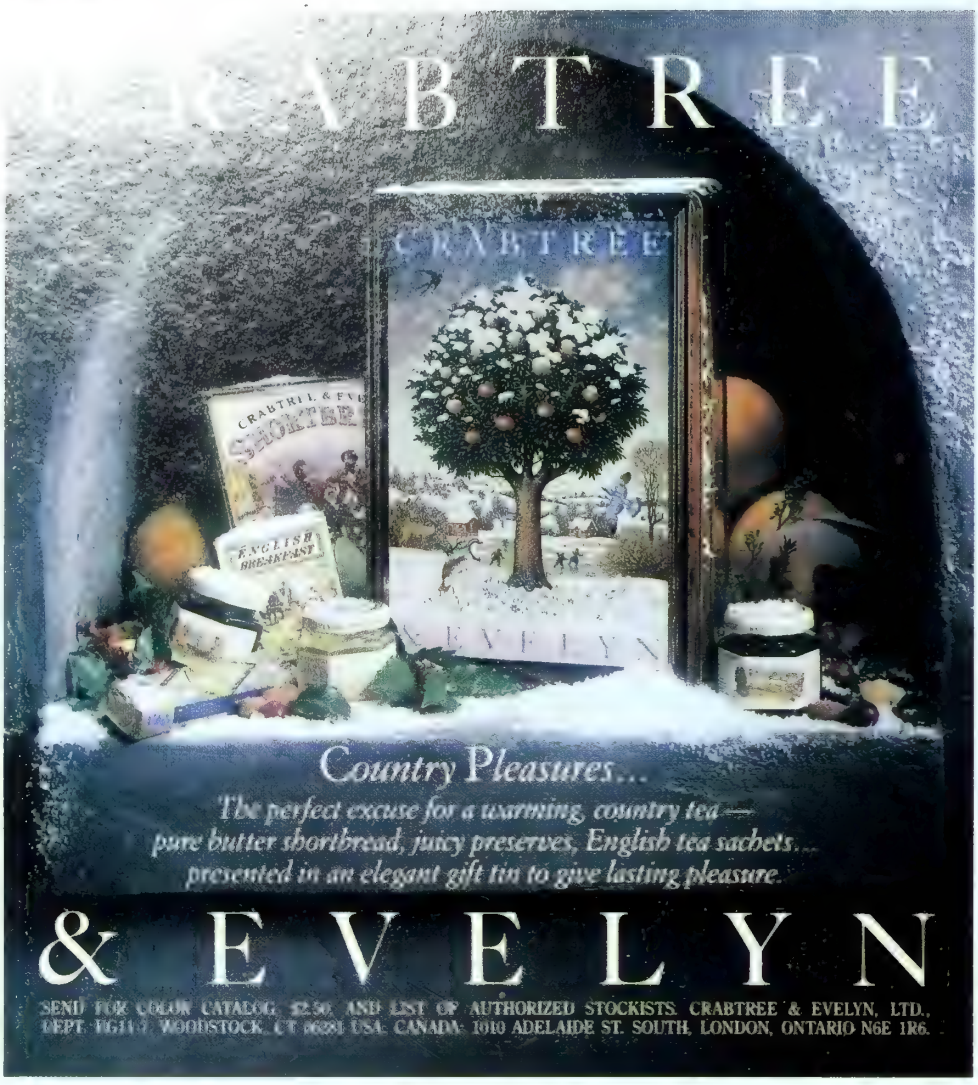
ples, or chocolate on a spotless white background.

By the end of the century, the fantasies into which the weavers had poured their art were gone. All that remained were botanical drawings of flowers as exquisitely designed as the stained glass rose windows at Chartres and lists of names, dashingly patriotic, stoutly republican—Wellington, Waterloo, Nelson, Trafalgar, Repeal, Independence. Commenting on their disappearance, grower Montagu C. Allwood asserted in 1926 that the Paisley weavers' pinks were ruined because they were shown. "They became the rage; then weakened by their inbreeding they became despised."

It was Allwood himself who effectively saved the pink for the garden. By crossing the sturdy old garden pink with the perpetual carnation, he was able to combine the familiar dwarf habit and scent of the pink with the more frequent flowering of the carnation. It was Allwood, too, who produced ravishing twentieth-century reproductions of laced pinks, such as crimson-on-rose 'Laced Joy' and crimson-on-white 'Laced Prudence', both of which Allwood Brothers still raises today.

But only seed is available from England, and pinks, alas, do not breed true: the seed gives mixed results much like a litter of hybrid kittens. Besides White Flower Farm, Wayside Gardens in Hodges, South Carolina, and Thompson & Morgan in Jackson, New Jersey, are some of the American growers who offer species pinks or modern versions of the old garden pinks. With them, the gardener, trowel in hand—and with gardeners William Robinson, Gertrude Jekyll, and Vita Sackville-West for companions—can find his way through the gardens of the past to his garden of today. A nook, a terrace, a cluster of rocks, a bare bit of earth, covered with piquant-scented or cheery-faced pinks, will give the same quiet delight it has given gardeners and their guests for centuries.

William Robinson had it right, of course: "A man who makes a garden should have a heart for plants that have the gift of sweetness as well as beauty of form or colour." □







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What's new, what's noteworthy



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RIGID AND RIGHT
Shaker by June Sprigg and David Larkin (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $45) tells of the communal religious society founded in America by Ann Lee in 1774. Shaker life and work are of a piece, rigid and simple, carefully wrought and utopian in aim. Not only their objects—handmade baskets, boxes, brooms, rocking chairs, and silk kerchiefs—but their architecture, as in the two spiral wooden staircases, *above,* distill an American essence in design that has changed little over 200 years. Though their numbers have dwindled, Shaker vision remains, documented here in photos by Michael Freeman.

IF YOU LIKE THE TYPE
There may never be enough of it, but keeping track of time has become a definitive fashion statement and a project eagerly undertaken by a variety of designers. The Sointu de Stijl watch *below,* by design director Lloyd Ziff for Sointu USA is a collage of numbers taken from Dutch posters of the twenties and thirties. Swiss-made watch has black calfskin strap. $200. Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Storehouse at Lenox Square, Atlanta; Aerial, San Francisco.



AMERICAN WILD
Lady Bird Johnson's devotion to American wildflowers has inspired fourteen fabric and wallpaper designs by Hinson. Fabrics are chintz or pure linen. Papers (among them Claudia, *right*) have a washable finish and twelve companion borders. Flowers of many regions are depicted, from eastern eglantine to California poppies. Part of each sale goes to Mrs. Johnson's National Wildflower Research Center in Austin. At stores or through designers.





OLD BLUE Working tinted clays into a marbleized blend for plates and pots was an ancient Roman art. From 1725 to 1750 Staffordshire potters revived it, and the agate-ware technique is back again—this time in Provence's old Roman town of Apt. Faïence d'Apt pieces—in blue/cream, *above,* or brown/gold—include a 12-inch pitcher, which is priced at $1,500, and an octagonal plate, at $85. A Pierre Deux shop in New York has them, (212) 570-9343.

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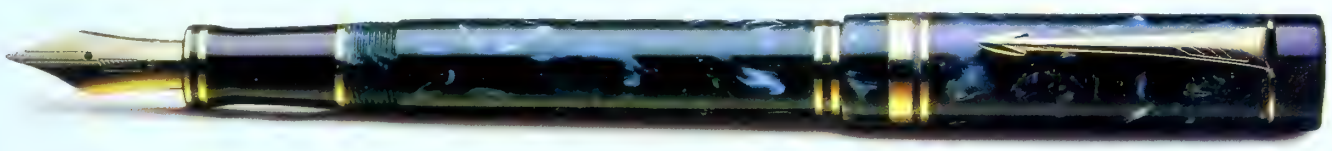
Rather than cut the nib from some modern metal, we stay true to gold.

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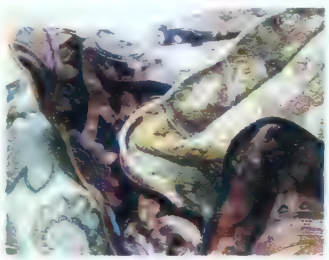
PARKER

CHOICE

What's new, what's noteworthy

MATERIAL LUXURY

Vibrant Bengal paisley-print pillow shams by Barbara de Wolfe Designs are available in four dramatic colors, *left,* in satin-stitched cotton sateen. Her luxury line includes bed, bath, and table linens, at-home wear, closet and travel accessories, all made-to-order. I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, and (for shams and bed linens only) Saks Fifth Avenue, Manhattan.







FRANCO FILE

Developed in 18th-century France, the cartonnier was the equivalent of the personal computer. This 19th-century example, *above,* has leather doors that drop to expose filing bins, *left,* decorated with marbleized paper. $8,700 at Yale Burge Antiques, New York, (212) 838-4005.

SECOND-CHANCE STEUBEN

Steuben has virtually stopped making stemware, but Lillian Nassau—a Manhattan shop best known for Art Nouveau—devotes a whole room to "previously owned" Steuben. Much of it is stemware, and some has never left its original box. *Left:* Aurene compote, Trumpet champagne, Aurene vase, Air-Twist liqueur, squared-bowl water, baluster champagne,



and a water goblet by Steuben founder Frederick Carder. Call Lillian Nassau: (212) 759-6062.

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Weighing 1,400 pounds, the handcrafted, enameled cast-iron English status stove known as the Aga cooker works best in cool climates: never off, the range is continuously fueled with gas or coal. Two-oven and four-oven versions in a choice of seven colors have fast-cooking and simmering ovens, boiling and warming top plates. Prices are $5,300 to $6,400. The custom cabinets surrounding this Aga, *above,* are by Smallbone, a recently formed company that prides itself on English country looks. Complete kitchens can be had, including the Aga. Query Smallbone, (212) 935-3222, or Aga dealers across the U.S.

CASTING A GLOW

John Lewis's hematite table, *below,* is a strong design composed of cast glass elements—a black disk base, translucent pedestal legs, and a 52-inch plate-glass top—laminated together. For $7,500 from John Lewis (415) 893-3224.





IN THE SWIM

Rug #1, *left,* is architect and painter Roger Ferri's fanciful vision of how floor covering should relate to contemporary architectural space. As in his building designs, Ferri's 100-percent wool and silk rug incorporates a strong sense of nature's presence in architecture. Since 1978 V'Soske, the New York rug-and-carpet firm, has commissioned architects to reinterpret their use of floor space. The results are limited edition rugs such as Rug #1, available through interior designers or architects.

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STUFFS FROM THE STEPPES

The ancient textiles of New York's Artweave Gallery are in remarkable harmony with the interests of contemporary artists

By David M. Lisi



Left: Gallery owners Gail Martin and Vladimir Haustov. *Below:* The 19th-century Uzbek ikats from the collection of Guido Goldman are shown in one of the gallery's first exhibitions. A 19th-century northwest Persian kilim is on the floor.

When you look at this blanket, you see something more than just a blanket," says Vladimir Haustov in a low voice accented with traces of Slavic consonants. The brownish red cloth in question is etched with spidery glyphs and decorated with animal and plant life from the jungle as well as motifs from Iban culture. "The Iban people of Borneo would place their newly taken heads on this blanket as an intrinsic part of the ceremony," Haustov continues. "This piece of fabric embodies their spirituality, their real and mythic surroundings, their culture. So it *is* more than just a blanket, you see."

Indeed, though the Martin & Ullman Artweave Textile Gallery of New York deals in textiles and occasionally objects—museum-quality pieces collected from sources all over the world—partners Gail Martin and Vladimir Haustov will tell you that their second passion is history. The gallery is different from most in New York. They represent no artists, and at Riverside Drive and 103rd Street they are well removed from the pedestrian traffic of midtown and SoHo. The gallery is open to visitors by appointment only: "We thought we could devote more attention to individual clients that way," Gail Martin explains. Clients range from Philip Morris and Chase Manhattan, to New York's Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles to private collectors. For these clients, Martin and Haustov may track down and obtain a centuries-old artifact from central Asia, stabilize and restore a fragile silk from a Chinese temple, and, of course, research the history and iconography of each piece.



This kind of personal attention does not leave time for much else—including shows. The gallery usually has no more than two a year, but, as Martin points out, this is due mostly to the fact that the gallery is interested in maintaining a certain standard in the pieces exhibited. "If I came across a really extraordinary piece, I'd arrange a show just for that," she insists. Extraordinary can mean a fragment of cloth depicting the Egyptian god Hapy, circa 323–30 B.C.; a Sino-Tibetan silk-embroidered tanka of the Buddha Akshobya, circa sixteenth century; or possibly an Indonesian batik sarong by Eliza van Zuylen whose turn-of-the-century designs depicting lush tropical motifs were celebrated for their clear delineation and pastel colors. These were all part of an exhibition last year of pieces culled over more than a decade by Artweave.

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In winter the yak caravans come through the Hindu Kush

Formed in 1972, the gallery is a product of the partners' love of travel and a mutual interest in the art of the peoples of central Asia. "Neither of us has had any *formal* training," Martin laughs. "Vladimir had been traveling around central Asia in the sixties and seventies, collecting textiles and sculpture. We met through mutual friends and began to sell a few pieces to finance more trips."

In 1972 they met Öcsi Ullman, born on the Black Sea in Turkey, who would become their close friend and partner until his death in early 1987. Like Haustov, Ullman had been buying Turkish folk art—including textiles—and bringing it back to sell in New York. Realizing they shared a common passion, the trio decided to combine their efforts and open a gallery on Second Avenue at 52nd Street. "We did everything ourselves," Martin recalls. "Vladimir and Öcsi did most of the carpentry and put in the floors. We showed pieces from our trips." And gradually, the partners narrowed their focus. Since most of their pieces were rendered in a textile medium, they decided to show mostly fabrics, and what began as a storefront folk-art gallery became a center for textile art.

The partners recall a show of Near Eastern art at the gallery in 1977 which coincided with the Whitney Museum's Jasper Johns retrospective. A reviewer covering the show compared elements in Johns's *The Barber's Tree* to a sixteenth-century Turkish embroidered curtain. Jasper Johns came into the gallery the following day, according to Martin, and "was amazed because it seems that the aesthetic he arrived at independently was expressed in a four-hundred-year-old piece of fabric."

Since then, the gallery has moved several times to accommodate growing needs for increased exhibition space and room for a permanent conservation staff. In 1983, Artweave moved into its present location at the Masters Apartments, 310 Riverside Drive. An Art Deco treasure built in 1929, it was originally designed for artists and has a theater and a gallery space that is perfect for Artweave's needs. They restored the gallery, raising the ceilings where necessary, and set everything in neutral colors. The result is a spacious gallery and curatorial offices flanking a terrazzo entrance lobby and grand stairway along whose walls pieces may be mounted if additional space is needed. Overlooking Riverside Park and the Hudson River, the elegant quarters offer a tranquil detachment that underscores the gallery's desire to be private.

The gallery's list of clients has expanded steadily since its inception and now includes some of the art world's most respected collectors. Haustov explained that many people who come to them want to complement existing collections that would apparently bear little relationship to a three-hundred-year-old fabric from central Asia: "We've seen individuals who've collected paintings for years, and when they see an Uzbek ikat for the first time, they see it in terms of painting and are amazed to find Impressionist, Modernist, Postmodernist design in the work of peoples who lived centuries before Monet, Picasso, Pollock."

One such person is Pierre Apraxine, who is curator of the

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PARIS

[illegible]company's collection of [illegible] Apraxine approached [illegible] with the trained eye of a professional art historian, and his collection, put together over the past fifteen years with the help of Artweave, was the subject of a 1986 show.

"I came to the gallery through a friend and was very impressed by the way the design of these fabrics related to elements in contemporary art—especially in their use of color and line. I purchased an ikat from Uzbekistan for this reason. Two years later I bought another piece and a year after that a large Chinese tapestry. Once you have three pieces you become a collector!" he laughs. Apraxine notes that what fascinates him most is the ability of a textile to encompass the culture which produced it. "In our society today, art is an expression of individuality—but textiles are communal work. They're not made by only one person; the drawing, the dyeing, the weaving are each handled by different members of a workshop or tribe, and so the pieces express a community aesthetic."

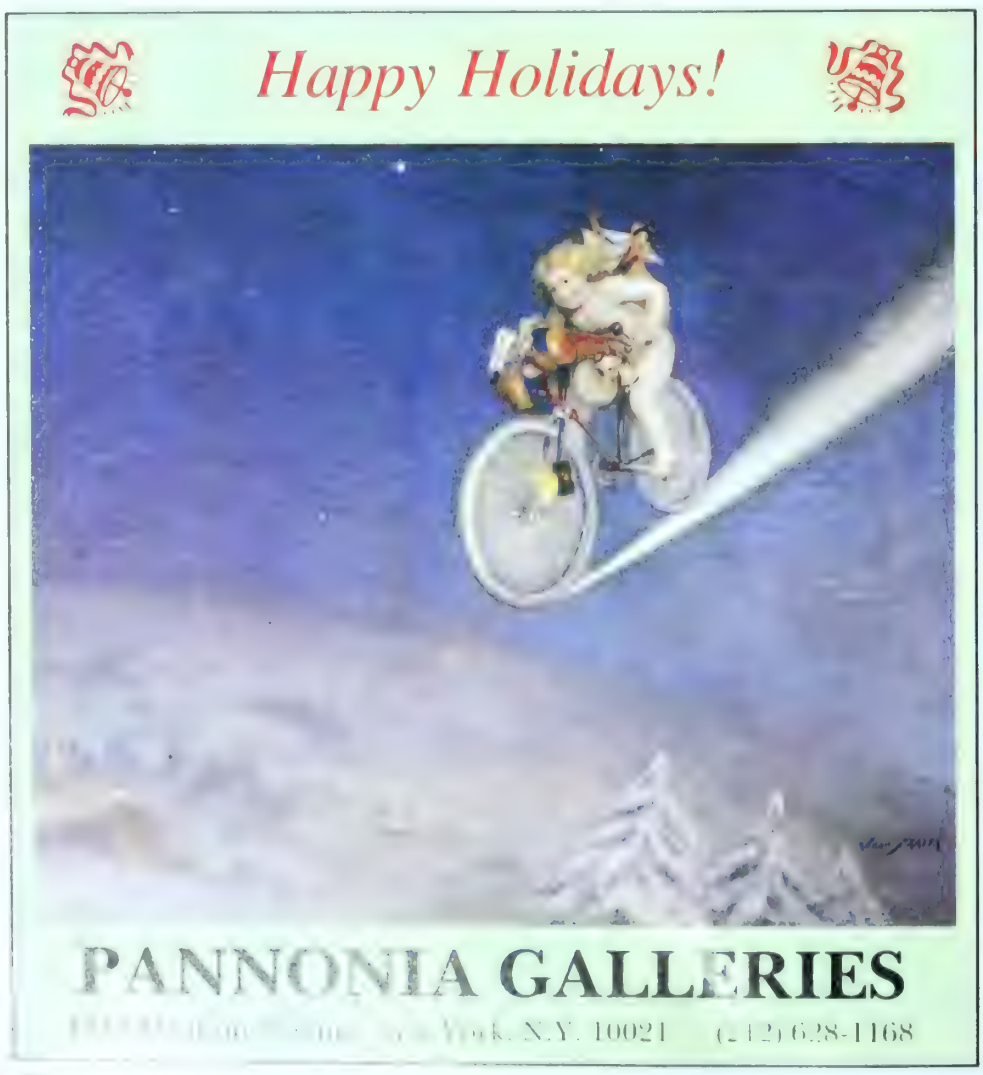
Since the seventies Apraxine's collection has expanded under the gallery's guidance and includes pieces from the cultures of five continents. A favorite piece and one that serves to illustrate Artweave's eye for the exceptional—and determination in getting it—is a white-on-white ensemble with origins in Precolumbian Peru. Made entirely of cotton, it was probably meant to dress a prominent lord for burial in a ceremony that predates the Incas. The subtlety of the white embroidery of animals and mythic elements on a white cotton background provides a unique and mysterious fragment of a culture best known for its brightly colored alpaca wools. Although the gallery was able to acquire the turban, loincloth, padded hat, and tassled band belonging to this ensemble, years later they learned this set was incomplete and that a mantle, also part of the group, was to be auctioned by a private collector in Switzerland. "Martin went to see the mantle to determine if it was part of our set," recalls Apraxine. "Of course, if the Swiss knew we had the rest of the set, the price would have been prohibitive." The mantle *was* the missing piece. "Martin called to say, 'It's extraordinary, you have to buy it.' " And Apraxine did. The ensemble is one of two known to exist; the other is at the Textile Museum in Washington, D.C.

> The Iban of Borneo placed their newly taken heads on this blanket as part of the ceremony

Many clients come to Artweave not to buy, but to consult their two conservation specialists about restoration or storage of particularly ancient or delicate pieces. "There was a particular piece belonging to a certain collector," Martin confides, "a very ancient silk. If it had been left in its condition, it would have been destroyed in two to five years. We stabilized it with a cloth backing and remounted it on a frame to relieve the tension of the piece from its own weight. That saved it."

The gallery's experience with these ancient fabrics has come with years of traveling. Haustov indicates a tapestry. "This I bought from nomads," he says grinning. "In winter the yak caravans come through the Hindu Kush to Afghanistan. I would be waiting there at the pass to get the great pieces before anyone else. We have a network of knowledge that has built up over the years—like a spider web," he assures me.

And here in New York in the quiet of the gallery, looking into the park with the river beyond, they are surrounded by their travels. The coarse fabric of a Coptic fragment, the serene white-on-white mystery of a Peruvian burial garment, the cool splendor of Oriental silks speak a common artistic tongue of peoples and cultures viewers can only imagine.



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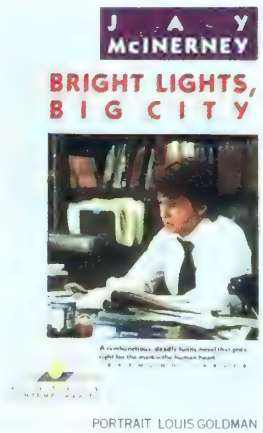
JOURNAL

On the arts scene



RICHES OF THE REICH

Visitors to Munich are often surprised by the beauty and coherence of its Neoclassical cityscape, including Leo von Klenze's Propyläen of 1846–60, *above,* but there are even more revelations in *German Architecture and the Classical Ideal* by David Watkin and Tilman Mellinghoff (MIT Press, $50). This richly illustrated introductory survey puts the Germany of Schinkel and company at the heart of 19th-century high-style architecture. *Martin Filler*



PORTRAIT LOUIS GOLDMAN

HOLDEN, OUR OWN

Touted as the *Catcher in the Rye* of the eighties, Jay McInerney's best-seller *Bright Lights, Big City* hits the box office this season. The United Artists release stars Michael J. Fox as Jamie Conroy, *left,* an aspiring young writer who pays the rent by working in the Department of Factual Verification at a magazine much like *The New Yorker* and who searches for chemically induced nirvana in the synthetic glitter of New York nightlife. *Jennifer Royall*



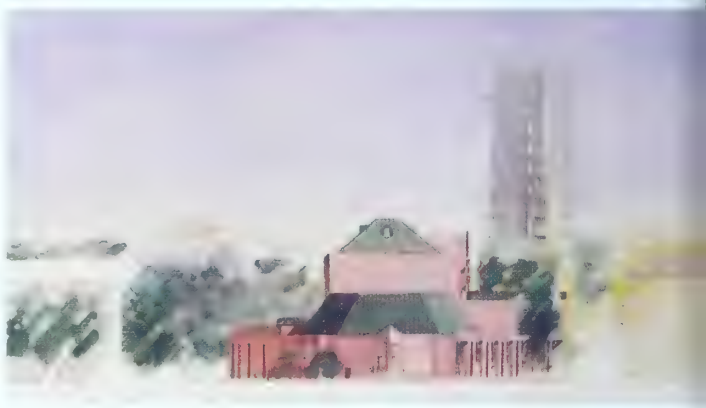
DIME-STORE DEB

The life of the late Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton (Farrah Fawcett, *left*) makes those of deb Brenda Frazier and Little Gloria Vanderbilt resemble June Cleaver's. Her penchant for spending money, marrying often and roaming the globe makes a colorful two-part miniseries, *Poor Little Rich Girl,* on NBC, November 16–17. *Gabrielle Winkel*

TWO-ACT PLAY

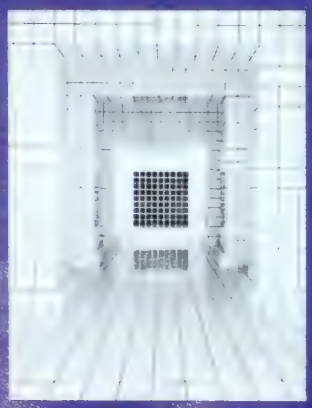


Italy's sizzling architectural scene generates innumerable theories and ideas but not very many new buildings, symptomatic of that country's stagnant construction conditions. Thus the debut of two new theaters in Milan by the same architect Marco Zanuso, is a major event. First completed was the Piccolo Teatro Studio, *above,* a space for experimental productions in a handsomely remodeled 1860 theater. Nearby, the Grand Teatro *below,* is nearing completion for its January 1989 opening. *M.F.*

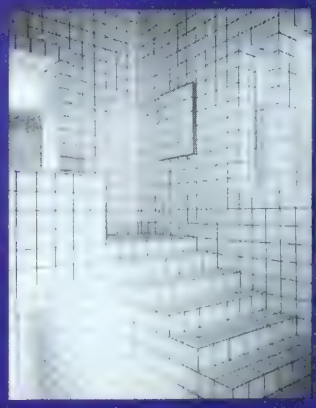


WHITE CASTLE

French artist Jean Pierre Raynaud first imagined his house as an underground structure with a trap-door opening. In 1969 construction began near Paris on the aboveground fortress with cool white ceramic-grid interior spaces. Today the Raynaud house, *right,* for now complete, is a work constantly in progress. *J.R.*







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CHINE DE COMMANDE

The blue-and-white porcelains made to European designs

By Rosalind Fischell

In a sixteenth-century account of the French royal treasurer's Oriental collection, mention is made of porcelain "white and beautifully decorated with small paintings." At this time, when few Europeans had ever seen porcelain, only aristocrats and princes of the church could afford to possess objects made of this rare and costly substance.

Although they were unaware of the complex symbolism underlying those small paintings, Europeans were fascinated by the exquisitely observed details of the natural world. The subjects included birds, animals, insects, and plants and represented an aesthetic sensibility far different from that of the West.

Then there was the porcelain itself, fine and smooth in the hand, superior to all other ceramics in the world. In combination, the blue painting and the dazzling white porcelain exerted a compelling attraction.

Europe probably saw porcelain for the first time when Marco Polo brought some examples back to Venice after his extended sojourn at the court of Kublai Khan. The West had no name for these mysterious objects that were musically resonant, paper-thin (so that one could see through them), and yet so hard the sharpest blade could not cut them. Marco Polo called them *porcellane*—Italian for "little pigs"—a word also used for the cowrie shell, which was white and shiny like porcelain and served as currency in China.

The Chinese had invented porce-



lain as long ago as the Tang dynasty (618–906), but they managed to keep its formula a closely guarded secret for a thousand years and more. Merchant venturers, diplomats, missionaries—indefatigable travelers along the old Silk Roads across central Asia—were deliberately misled about what they thought they saw at the places of porcelain manufacture.

Almost from the moment foreign traders made direct contact with China, however, they began to impose their own tastes and aesthetics on the Chinese when ordering porcelain to send home. Shipping records, company invoices, and detailed family inventories referring to these specially ordered wares offer a reliable method of dating export porcelain.

During the Yuan dynasty (1279–1368), some of the first Chinese blue-and-white porcelain was made to order for the Persians. It is likely that Persian merchants provided samples of their own underglaze blue earthenware for the Jingdezhen potters to copy. Muslims continued to order special wares, and during the Zhengde reign porcelains decorated with interlaced arabesques, vine scrolls, verses from the Koran, and Arabic mottoes were probably made for Muslims living at the Chinese court as well as for export to wealthy Egyptians, Syrians, and Persians.

The Western traders brought samples, models, and drawings of their requirements to Canton merchants who then carried them to the potteries at Jingdezhen. All of the East Indian companies hired artists to do the designs. One of these artists, Cornelis Pronk, created for the Dutch East India Company



Left: A 1734 design to be made in China, *The Parasol Ladies* by Cornelis Pronk, adds European elements to a Chinese motif. Recolored from a watercolor in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam. *Above:* The Pronk design on an underglaze blue cup and saucer, Qing dynasty, Qianlong period, c. 1740, from the Mottahedeh Collection.

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Parasol Ladies, based on Chinese motif. Paintings by Dutch, French, and Italian artists as well as engravings and even coins and medals were faithfully copied in underglaze blue. Biblical subjects, marine scenes, mythological tales, sports, erotica, political figures, and the fables of La Fontaine were used as design sources.

The Dutch called this made-to-order category Chine de Commande; the French, Porcelaine de la Compagnie des Indes. In America, such wares were once referred to as Lowestoft in the mistaken belief that they were decorated at the Lowestoft factory in England. The term used now is Chinese Export Wares.

Soon after their arrival in China in 1516, the Portuguese too began to commission special pieces. Almost every carrack leaving Canton for Lisbon carried blue-and-white with Portuguese motifs and inscriptions. Wares emblazoned with a royal coat of arms or a cipher (monogram) called an armorial were also ordered. The ewer of King Manuel I made during the Zhengde reign displays the king's emblem, an armillary sphere. Armorial pieces were also made for Spanish royalty. Charles V, king of Spain and Holy Roman Emperor, ordered an entire dinner set displaying his arms and cipher.

In the seventeenth century, when the Dutch dominated the China trade, demand for special pieces increased and was expanded to include many European forms and decorations as well. The first Chine de Commande dinner service designed by Pronk was commissioned by the Dutch East India Company in 1736. In all, 46 services of 371 pieces each were ordered.

The design for the rare *Riots of Rotterdam* plate is derived from a Dutch commemorative coin, with a border of Chinese design elements. The subject, which puzzled experts for years, concerns an unjust execution in Rotterdam in 1690.

Porcelain decorated with biblical subjects ordered by early missionaries at the imperial court is known as Jesu China. Christian subjects are often i congruously combined with Buddh motifs like the symbolic pearl in flam and clouds. In a letter of 1712, P d'Entrecolles writes: "From the deb at a large emporium they brought m little plate which I treasure more th the finest porcelain made during t last thousand years. In the centre of t plate is painted a crucifix between t Virgin and St. John."

England shared the enthusiasm the Portuguese for armorial ware These were the finest of made-to-ord porcelains, often taking as long as tw years from order to completion. Du ing the 1700s, of the five thousand di ner and tea services with armori decoration that were shipped to E rope, four thousand went to Englan Orders for armorials were placed e ther with the East India Company with specialized English merchants London who were called "chinamen.

The most famous of American a morial wares are those of the Society the Cincinnati. The American supe cargo Samuel Shaw ordered the first e amples of this ware in Canton in 178 during the initial voyage of the *Empre of China*. He and the Canton ename ers worked out the decoration, whic is based on a medal designed by Maj Charles L'Enfant with the Canto enamelers. The Cincinnati-decorate porcelains were an immediate succe with the members of the Society.

George Washington bought one the earliest services with the Cincinna insignia from a merchant in New Yor during the summer of 1786. The s contained 302 pieces and cost $15 not a modest price for the time.

In Canton, orders for armorial ware were handled by the supercargoes. Th supercargo dealt directly with "ou side" porcelain merchants, of whor there were more than a hundred, an whose shops were in the streets an alleyways behind the hongs.

Armorial decoration was applied i workshops in and around Canton; was painted on wares from Jingdezhe that were blank or only partiall adorned. Up to a hundred people, i cluding children and the very ol worked at the sketching and fin painting, which was done in unde glaze blue and/or enamel colors an then refired. □

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PIENZA: THE REWARD OF PATIENCE

Musings on the Tuscan town built by a literate and obsessive Renaissance pope

By Murray Kempton

Why, at evening on these cliffs while the eyes, dimmed by the dying light, search across the Tuscan hills for the modest crest of Mount Amiata, does the mind come alive with, of all apparent incongruities, the spiritual communion of Jane Austen and Aeneas Silvius, Pope Pius II, who was Pienza's founder and remains its never-absent supervisory presence?

Perhaps because, enjoy the fifteenth century as he indubitably did, Aeneas Silvius seems somehow born out of his time. The eighteenth century would have fitted him altogether better, for no one else could have laughed with heartier delights of recognition at coming upon Lizzy Bennet's response to Mrs. Gardiner's invitation to join her in the Lake Country: "My dear, dear aunt. . . Adieu to disappointment and spleen! What are men to rocks and mountains!"

And, since his gaiety was, like Lizzie's, of the high sort that sustains every test by tribulation, a visitor to his memorial library in the cathedral of Siena may find himself wondering whether Pinturicchio was the soundest choice for Francisco Cardinal Piccolomini's commission to execute these frescoes celebrating his uncle Aeneas Silvius's progress to the throne.

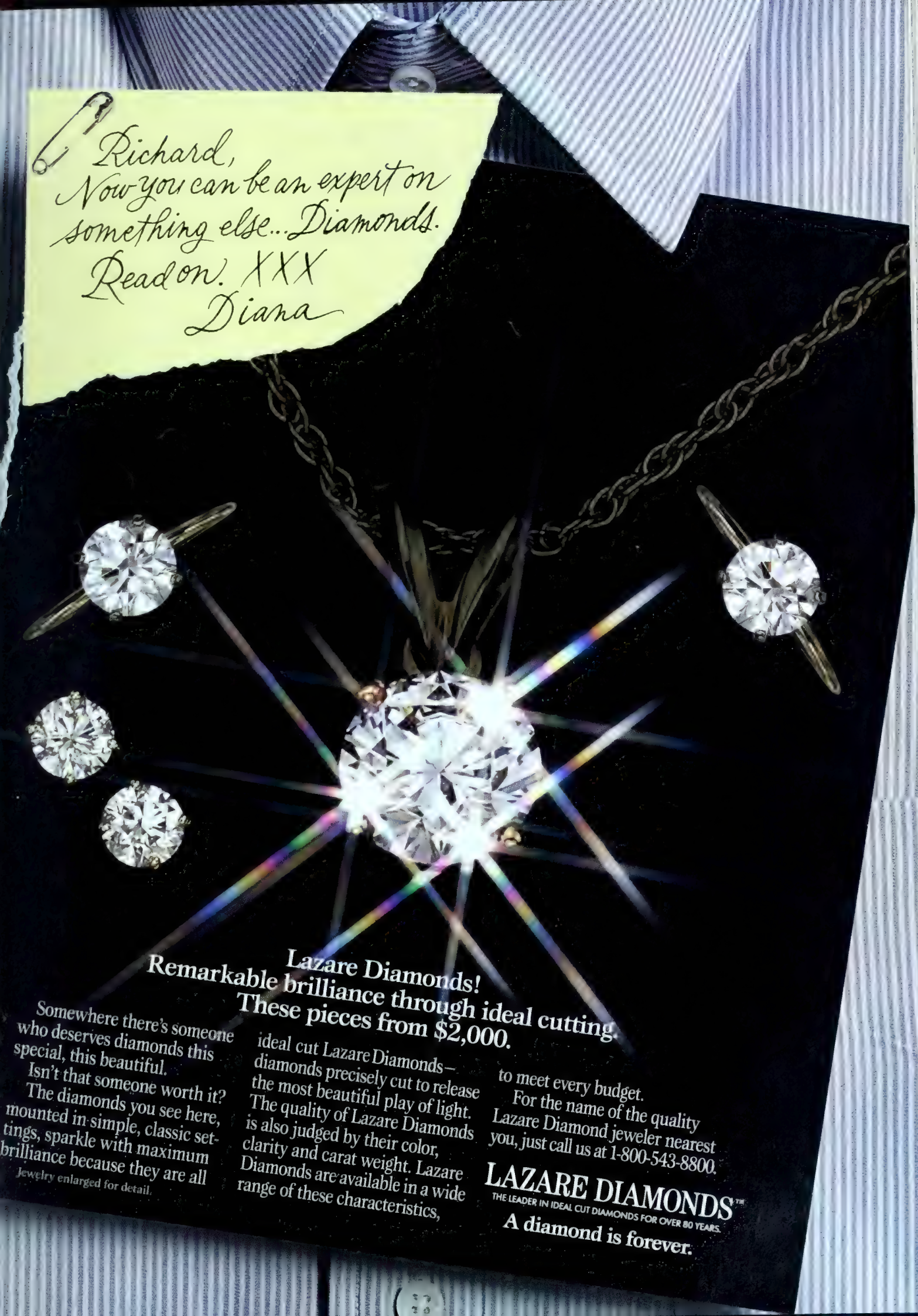


Top: The dramatic Tuscan skyline of Pienza overlooks the valley of the Orcia. *Above:* An arcade of stone columns and arches in the courtyard of the Palazzo Piccolomini.

Pius II's had been a path with stones and rocks enough to make you rather wish to have had it traced by a hand less habituated than Pinturicchio's to rendering hard journeys as pageants. Still these panels give forth a rich and gaudy light; they begin with the young Aeneas, already a hero while yet a fledgling on his white stallion, in his slate blue cloak and golden ruff, a rose-colored corniform hat on his head and rose-colored stockings on his legs.

These princely trappings cannot have overmuch to do with the actual state of affairs for a young man who had arrived at Siena from the hill town of Corsignano six years before with small property except a great name and a wardrobe so out-of-date as to earn the gibes of the luckier among his fellow students.

The Piccolomini had been Siena's grandest family before being expelled by popular tumult, and after an unfruitful attempt to recoup as a mercenary soldier, Aeneas Silvius's father limped back to Corsignano and the farms in the valley below it that constituted the remaining shards of his property. His eldest son was born in 1405, twenty years after the ruin of the Piccolomini and, by his own account, "brought up in poverty" and put to every sort of rustic chore. When he was



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Aeneas Silvius was sent off to Siena to take whatever advantage might still reside in relatives who had salvaged more than his father had from the wreck of the Piccolomini estates.

He entered the lay service of ecclesiastical masters with no very lively sense of vocation, since his inclinations ran rather to humanist than sacred studies. But, greasy as the church's pole was, there was no other for his hand, and it held false holds and slips enough to pitch a less nimble climber into the mud. He had undertaken his career at a moment when popes and bishops were contesting one another's prerogatives with special venom, and his earliest patrons were almost uniformly hostile to Rome. Aeneas Silvius stayed with this losing side so long after it was convenient for his future that he is the only one of the popes to have performed a turn as secretary to an antipope. He saved himself just short of the abyss by kissing the foot of the triumphant Pope Eugenius IV and owning up to his sins with sufficient address and humility to get them forgiven.



The façade of the cathedral designed by Bernardo Rossellino.

After repenting, he wholeheartedly enlisted and at last took the holy orders from which he had shrunk at some cost to his professional progress. He was ordained a subdeacon. Within eleven months his friend the emperor conferred the see of Trieste upon him, and within five years he was bishop of Siena. Twelve years after he had ceased to be a layman, he and Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia executed the prodigies of sinuosity that made him pope.

When he proposed to establish Cor signano as the third Rome, as Avignon had transiently been the second, ther were grumblings in the college of car dinals at the prospect of summer spent in the isolation of the Tuscan hills; but there could be no quarreling with it. A pope's doctrines might now and then be questioned, but his taste never could.

He had been pope for a year when he directed his litter bearers to carry him up to Corsignano to refresh himself at his childhood's well, and he found nothing there for his throat except dust and ashes. The boys he had sported with were either in the grave or tottering toward it, "feeble," as he would write, "and crippled like harbingers of death." Even their children seemed already withering to him.

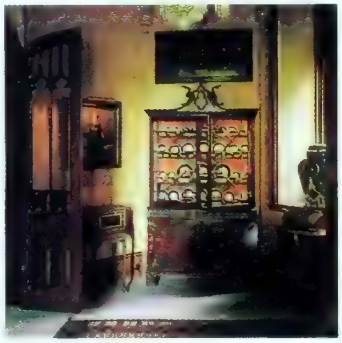
He looked at Corsignano as upon a martyr to a detested medieval conception of life as a kind of prison sentence between birth and death. And then he responded as any man of reason ought: he proposed to rescue Corsignano from its purgatorial destiny and transform it into a city-state rivaling the Siena that had snubbed even the Piccolominis and the Florence that had snubbed even Siena. He turned for counsel to Leon Battista Alberti, that splendid architect and even more splendid theoretician, who had been dangling at rather loose ends in the papal court ever since the disappointment of his expectations that Pius II would carry out the refurbishment of Vatican City that had been suspended with the death of Nicholas V.

His role as consultant has endowed Pienza with an Alberti cachet ever since. Alberti and Pius II had a common dislike of gloomy corners; both believed that to stain a window was to pinch out the light and that to fresco a wall was to invite the darkening shadow. Each had traveled far enough as a papal diplomat to discover and be exhilarated by the luminosity of the German and Austrian churches. They were bound together by a common acceptance of nature herself as supreme commander of the effects they sought. The streets of Alberti's ideal were violations of any planner's dream; they flowed naturally, the way waters do.

Piety then demanded that five sixths of the old Corsignano should remain as

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it was; the new Pienza would have
play itself out in the precious litt
room that was left; thereafter it wou
be celebrated as the Renaissance's ea
liest essay on the ideal of an urban pl
when, all the while, it had been the cr
ation of intelligences suffused wit
reverence for the planlessness of con
munal instinct.

Their generosity with the claims
past times pinched Aeneas Silvius an
Alberti into a space 111 yards deep an
55 yards wide for the accommodatio
of a papal palace, a cathedral, and
town hall. As sometimes happens wit
profound theoreticians, Alberti en
joyed setting problems more than solv
ing them; he declined the commissio
and upon his advice it was entrusted t
a Florentine, Bernardo Rossellino. Th
centuries have not often noticed Ros
sellino without condescension; he ha
been obscured as a sculptor by the re
spectable shadow of his brother Anto
nio and as an architect by Alberti's.

Rossellino set down no theories, bu
only executed. And if intellectual his
tory, that book of snobs, has reduce
him to a standing little more elevate
than a superior artisan's, his shad
could scarcely complain; he had wors
travails when he was alive, and by n
means the least grievous of them mus
have been to carry off a grand desig
within confines that would have bee
exiguous for the villa and the barns of
middling farmer.

His difficulties were further in
creased by the time frame given him
which was as short as the space wa
narrow. Most of those around Pius I
knew, even if he only suspected, that h
was slipping toward the grave. Wit
time hurrying at his back, Rossellin
assaulted the confinements of the allot
ted territory by pushing the cathedral'
apse most insecurely to the uttermos
tip of the cliff that overlooks the valle
of the Orcia, which was as far as h
dared and farther than he ought. Bu
he could not afford to retreat or delay
and he drove ahead to complete the ca
thedral and the palace, to pave the pi
azza, and even to carve the town's wel
within three years. The need to hurr
had extorted penalties that would
threaten the cathedral for the rest of it
history; the fissure that runs down th
west wall of its interior is only the lates
of the intimations of fragility that hav
asserted their ominous presence

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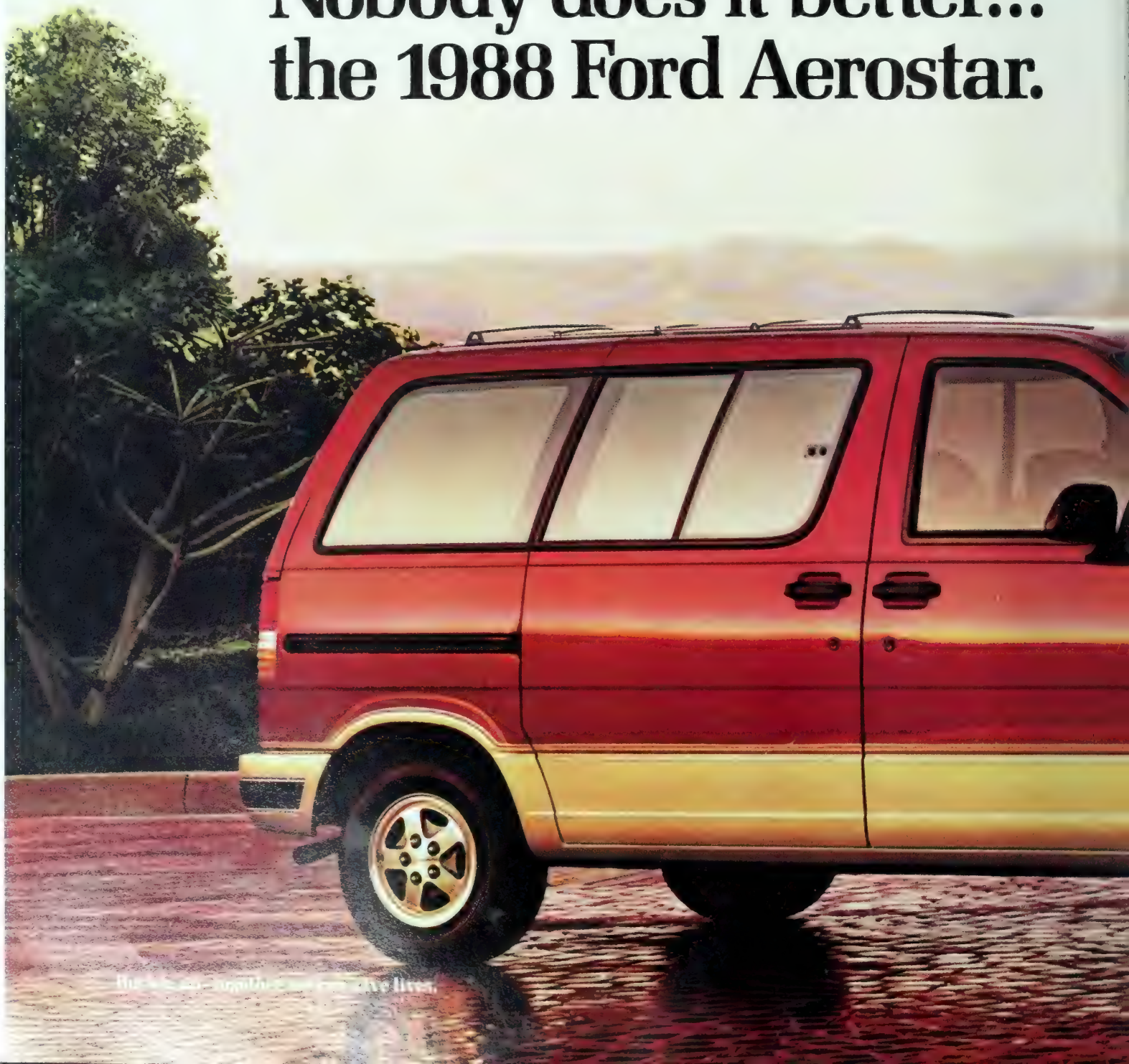
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mittent labors to render it secure.

Their common recognition that li
held their master on a shortening lea
impelled Rossellino to hasten and Ca
dinal Rodrigo Borgia to dawdle. Borg
was too fond of Aeneas Silvius to wis
him dead. But all the same if the han
of God must fall, the bereavemer
would to a degree be softened by
spared expansion. The more keen
Borgia noticed Pius II's decline, th
more subtly and persistently he put o
initiating work on his own palac
fending off the pope and inflating dis
putes with his architect, Rossellin
who had no wish to be disagreeable to
client whose own fancies might some
day have their own free play with papa
commissions. The Palazzo Borgia wa
altered to harmonize with its neigh
bors: a third story was added, and th
Gothic windows trimmed back to th
square sobriety of the humanist ideal
traces of their original arches survive a
reminders of Borgia's determination t
bring off the job as much on the cheap
as he could.

But no parsimony in Borgia's contri
bution to his part could intrude up
on the pope's delight in the whole. H
had himself borne into every cranny o
his cathedral and rejoiced in a sun
suffused interior that gave him the illu
sion of being "not in a house of ston
but of glass." He sat on the loggia tha
brought the sun, the stars, the clouds
and the curves of Mount Amiata int
companionable intimacy with his bed
room and reflected that "if, as som
think, the charm of a house is in it
light, surely no house is to be preferre
to this one, which is open to all point
of the compass."

Rossellino had promised to delive
Pienza for 10,000 ducats and ended up
presenting a bill for 50,000. Aeneas'
response was to thank him profusel
for the swindle: "You did well, Ber
nardo, in lying to us about the expens
involved in the work. If you had tol
the truth, you could never have in
duced us to spend so much money, and
neither this splendid palace nor thi
church, the finest in all Italy, woul
now be standing. Your deceit has buil
these glorious structures."

And having blessed a lie, he then
drew up a bull invoking the curse o
God upon any hand that might deface
the "whiteness of [the cathedral's
walls" with a fresco or a plaque.


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In less than two years he was dead. And the cardinals d
camped from Pienza, in most cases glad to scrape its cl
from their surplices. Even in its brief authority the town h
never encompassed more than 2,000 souls; by 1785 its po
ulation was down to 693 and even now can be counted
high as 4,000 only by including all those who inhabit t
lowlands beside Pienza's walls and who pay little notice
the lonely glow within them.

Pienza's initial effect is to disappoint. Rossellino had bee
commissioned to contain a cathedral and four palaces, or
princely, one communal, and the other two seigneurial in
space that could scarcely afford air for half of them. No e
tremity of his cunning and care could achieve an arrang
ment that would not first strike the eye as no better than a
agglomeration. Controlled and austere as their façades ar
the cathedral and the pope's palace all but elbow each oth
in the stringencies of their confinement. "We seem unabl
to breathe," John Addington Symonds wrote a hundre
years ago.

Come the hour of vespers, the cathedral's bells hurl up
clangor that the square's constrictions make more alar
than invitation, and they are generally a signal for the strang
er's unfulfilled departure. Still, there I was, weary of scour
ing the grand Tuscany and ready to idle in a corne
unassertive enough to force no further drafts upon a deplet
ed reservoir of awe. And Pienza seemed as good a restin
place as any other, because its apparent failure to stake th
meagerest claim was in itself a persuasive offer of surcease
Its air was pure and its breezes fresh beyond reasonable ex
pectations for August.

On the second afternoon, unknowing that Pienza's smal
trickle into the soul was about to swell to flood, I sat alone i
one of the cathedral's chairs rather disdainfully tallying u
the Piccolomini half-moons on its spandrels and in its win
dows and was reflecting for the last time on presumptions s
outsize that they proposed to challenge the lilies of the Me
dici with a hundred and one abstractions from their ow
family's crest in a church in a hamlet on a hilltop.

Absolute assurance is a property reserved for those wh
make up their minds too quickly, and I had arrived at an ab
solute assurance of the how and why of Aeneas Silvius's mis
take. It had been, I decided, a mistake of a piece with all hi
other charms, and one, unlike several of the others, that ha
its source in an almost unworldly innocence. He alon
among us all had gone back to childhood vistas recollecte
as expansive and failed to notice how small they really were
Puny little Corsignano had seemed enormous to the boy Ae
neas, and so it had seemed still to the man Pius. The mos
sophisticated eye of his century, here and nowhere else
gazed with the eye of the child and conceived as grand wha
he could only make even more constricted.

And then, just when I was most certain of his error an
secure about its origins, the supernal light inside the cathe
dral rose up in remonstrance and reproof. Here is a radianc
that nothing has been allowed to inhibit; these walls are a
white as the sunlight itself, and to go from the plaza to th
cathedral's interior is to be surprised to travel from indoor
to outdoors.

Even popes err and artists somehow manage to correc
even them. Having been denied space for the scenic, Rosse
lino found rescue in the scenographic: Pienza is a theate

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and the plaza is its stage and the cathedral is the garden ou side. Inside the cathedral we are almost in the open air, a in the plaza we have a sense of enclosure made stronger anything by the cunning and careful workings with perspe tive that suggest that Rossellino, cheated of the architec normal freedom with space, had heroically settled for the lusions of the stage designer.

As theater, Pienza achieves its best effects in evening pe formance. Matinees are better spent in the outdoors insi the cathedral.

The time that taught us to wait the thing out has by no especially taught us not to take our seats in this orchestra otherwise vacated stalls until dusk begins its unassertive e croachments. For such is the hour when we watch Rosse lino confound all the expectations reason ordains and loca the ultimate refulgence in the obscuring shadows and dra it forth until vespers sound like matins and twilight pr claims a kind of dawn.

Every evening, just before rise of curtain, a woman a plies her broom to the plaza, not, you come to decide, brush away any residue from the tourists, who have in a case passed without sufficient involvement even to leave a litter behind them, but to offer a ritual libation prelimina to the entrance of the ghost of Aeneas Silvius with an e that, while never unkindly, might look with the gentlest censures upon any trace of the slovenly.

The invasive night pauses to paint the Borgia palace in black blood hue that adumbrates murders on the way, the moves on to turn the cathedral from a gray to an inky silho ette and at last erases the palace. The Piccolomini seal vaun no longer from the church's façade; only the leaves and be ries of the garland around it still resist the obliterating han The circle of the rose window looks awhile longer at th white circle in the plaza below like the eye of Aeneas Silvi gazing.

And then both these orbs wink out, and everything el has been swept to darkness except the well, its cisterns go dry, the country women and their buckets just a memory b still shining, still affirming their humanity, resistant to the i exorable. Aeneas Silvius disliked the dark beyond all el yet here we find him, finally dependent upon it for the fu illumination of that essence of his in which the domestic overrode the grandiose that when the night finally conque his every grand flourish, only his small touches remain hol ing up the banners of their quiet and delicate and home defiance.

The Bar la Posta has shuttered its windows and shut off i lights, but the pensioners still sit at its tables talking peac ably about Juventus's match with Milan. We have waite and are in paradise at last, and the eternal converse of th older angels has turned out unsurprisingly to run most ofte upon the soccer standings. Their daughters are around th corner, on the steps of the papal palace, with children their knee; the fair face of paradise has no mole but sexis

By now nothing—not even the columns Rossellin carved for his well—is visible any longer, and we sit su rounded by an expanse as boundless as the little Aeneas mi took it to be. He had refused to outgrow the misappr hensions of childhood, and he had rejected the lesson th logic teaches everyone else—and the hour has arrived last when we know enough to bow our heads and rejoicing confess that all along he had been right. □





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STRONG BREADS, DARK SWEETS

From Tuscan bakers and Spanish cooks come holiday specialties to fortify body and soul

By Leslie Forbes

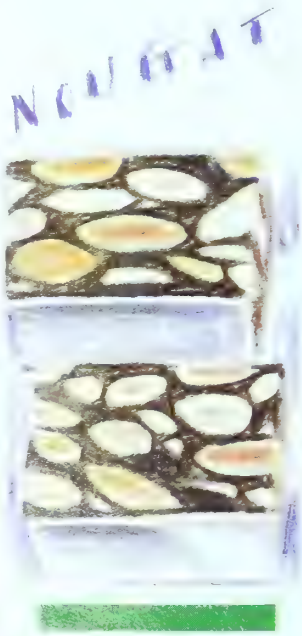
Every November when I was small, my mother would get down her collection of special cake tins that fit together like Russian dolls. They were for the Christmas cakes that she made and sent as presents to absent friends and relations. This home industry saved her from last-minute Christmas shopping, but, because the heavy cakes had to be baked in time to send by surface post, it created its own equally pressing deadline. You can't win.

Panforte, the Christmas cake of Siena, the Tuscan capital, is made, as my mother's cakes were, in diameters from two inches to twenty. It shares with the soft *turrones* nougats of Spain, and Provence's *calissons* and *nougats,* a rich base of almonds, honey, and preserved fruit that reveals Moorish origins.

Tuscan *panforte* bakers evidently knew very early that they were onto a good thing. They began exporting it centuries ago: in Venice and Genoa there are fourteenth-century records of banquets where "all the most exquisite sweets were served, including the classic and historic *panforte* from Siena." Brightly decorated packages of *panforte* are seen today in Italian delicatessens all over the world, but homemade *panforte* is still best—that is, if you can't afford the ticket to Siena for a spicy, fudgy, nut-filled wedge still warm from one of the famous bakeries off the Piazza del Campo.

Moorish influences can also be seen in the not-so-famous bakeries of Provence. And particularly in the sweets served on Christmas Eve, which the Provençals rather grandly call their Thirteen Desserts. Here are sweetmeats that might have arrived direct from Alexandria: precious whole crystallized clementines and pineapples, glowing in lacy boxes; almond- and melon-paste *calissons,* a specialty of Aix-en-Provence; *pâte de coings*—beautifully molded quince paste; *croissants aux pignons*—sickle-shaped almond cookies rolled in toasted pine nuts; the flat olive-oil brioche called *pompe à l'huile* that is flavored with orange-flower water from Grasse; *nougat blanc,* of fine white sugar, almonds, candied fruit, and egg white; and *nougat noir,* made simply with boiled honey and almonds. The same ingredients appear again and again, but so differently blended and spiced that each is unique. Quite apart from elaborate Parisian-style cakes, the selection of more traditional rustic goodies in Provence's patisseries is enough to tempt the most dedicated home baker away from the stove.





Spanish housewives do not need tempting. All over Spain in the week before Christmas women will queue for hours—at the butchers, the fishmongers, the best patisseries—for the start of an annual spending spree that results in the Spaniards' ruefully named *Cuesta de Enero:* the long steep hill of January scrimping.

For Christmas Eve every traditional Spanish household will prepare a special tray piled with quantities of different *turrones* and marzipans to offer to family and friends. Even good cooks, such as Señora Maria José Sevilla of Madrid, will not make their own. For her family of eight she will buy at least eight pounds of *turrón:* hard and soft, walnut, hazelnut, chocolate, and coconut, *turrones* made with fruit or the sweet pumpkin paste called "angel's hairs," or with caramelized honey and toasted almonds. Between each row of *turrón* there will be plump *mazapán*

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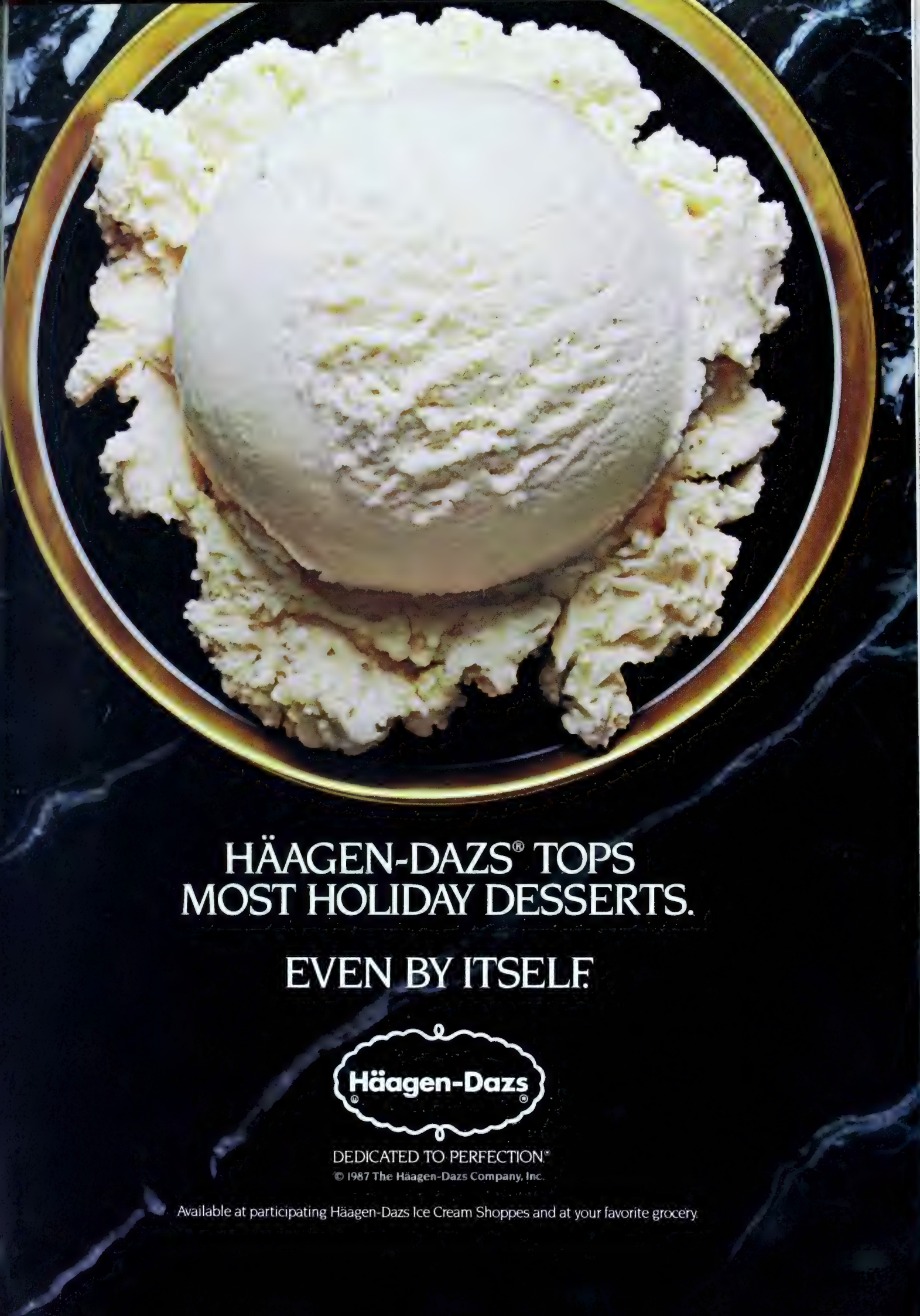
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figures of hams, rabbits, trumpets, eels, lemon-sorbet-colored wedges of candied melon, dried figs, treacle black dates, and sugared pine nuts.

At noon on December 24, Christmas shopping for *turrones* or anything else must be complete. All shops close and preparations for Christmas Eve dinner begin. Señora Sevilla will have appetizers of langoustines and plump oysters with vinaigrette or homemade mayonnaise, and a glass or two of manzanilla—that pale, elegant sherry whose bouquet has more than a whiff of salty Atlantic Ocean. There will be a delicate fish consommé, into which a little beaten egg is stirred at the last minute; then one-inch chunks of cardoon, served in the lightest, most transparent of béchamels; or red cabbage—shredded, boiled, and tossed in a *sofrito* of sautéed garlic, paprika, flecks of ham, and pure olive oil. And finally a whole baked besugo—red bream—will arrive, half-moon slices of lemon slipped into incisions down one side, tiny potatoes packed around, all glazed with olive oil.

The Spanish Christmas Eve dinner is a meatless feast reserved for the close family alone before midnight mass. But from Christmas Day until Twelfth Night all of Spain is one big party. Patisseries open on Christmas morning, selling delicious little iced cakes to fill out the vanishing Christmas tray; at 7 A.M. on New Year's Day, *chocolaterías* provide hot chocolate and crispy crullers (*churros*) for late-night revelers returning home. Not until the children return to school after the sixth of Janu-


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...ill festivities end. And then, for Señora Sevilla and women all over Spain, the *Cuesta de Enero* will begin.

PANFORTE NERO

Chocolate Sienese Spice Cake

To sit in one of the open cafés in Siena's campo, that great golden cartwheel of a piazza whose central tower is so tall it seems to curve toward you as if seen through a fish-eye lens, and to eat *panforte,* the old-fashioned, strangely spiced Sienese cake, is the essence of all that seems old and strange and spicy in Tuscany. *Panforte,* called "strong bread" because its spices, candied fruit, and lack of fat meant it would keep for weeks, or *panpepato*—peppered bread, as it appears sometimes in old Tuscan cookbooks—was once a specialty of wealthy convents and pharmacists with access to more spices and sugar than the average Sienese housewife. This recipe comes from one of the convents, with the modern addition of melted chocolate.

For the cake:

5 ounces (a scant cup) whole almonds, peeled
5 ounces (a scant cup) walnuts, shelled
3 ounces (⅓ cup) hazelnuts, shelled
8 ounces (1½ cups) mixed candied fruit (or cake fruit), chopped
3 ounces (about ½ cup) preserved ginger, roughly chopped
4 ounces (about ½ cup) dried figs, diced
½ teaspoon each of ground nutmeg, coriander, and cloves
¾ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground black pepper
2 ounces (about ½ cup) ground almonds
½ cup flour
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons cocoa powder
⅓ cup plus 1 tablespoon white sugar
⅓ cup honey

For the icing:

4 ounces dark patissier's chocolate or unsweetened dark chocolate
2 tablespoons water
rice paper or waxed paper

Lay the nuts in one layer on a baking tray and bake in oven at 450 degrees F. until golden. Chop the nuts roughly and mix them with the candied fruit, spices, and ground almonds. Reset the oven to 350 de-

Happy Hollandaise



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Vegetables with Dijon Hollandaise Dip
Blend 3 egg yolks, 1 T. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. garlic powder, dash cayenne in blender 3 secs. Slowly add ½ cup melted butter, blending until smooth; chill. Before serving, stir in ½ cup sour cream and ¼ cup Grey Poupon® Dijon Mustard. Makes 1¾ cups. Serve with assorted vegetables.

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grees. Sift the cocoa and flour together an mix well with the nuts and fruit. In a doub saucepan heat the honey and sugar to sof ball stage, stirring frequently. Remove fro heat, combine with fruits and nuts, an work in very well until all the dry ingred ents stick together. Line sides and botto of a buttered 8- or 9-inch pie dish with ric paper or well-buttered waxed paper, an press the cake mixture in firmly. Bake f forty minutes—the cake will not rise muc and will remain very fudgelike. Allow t cool.

To make the icing, melt the chocola over low heat, and then beat in the wat until smooth. Spread this as evenly as poss ble over the cake. When the chocolate ha hardened, the *panforte* can be remove from the pie dish and stored in an airtig container. If waxed paper is used instead c edible rice paper, be sure to remove it b fore serving. The *panforte* is very rich an should be sliced in thin wedges.

NOUGAT NOIR

Provençal Honey and Nut Brittle

Nougat noir, the most traditional of th Provençal Thirteen Desserts, is served o Christmas Eve. Hardened in old woode nougat molds, it is tasty and tooth-crack ing—if the almonds don't get you, the cara melized honey will. This is a softer versio a bit like peanut brittle, good to make wit a variety of nuts for a festive collection c different flavors. Like *panforte,* it will kee for weeks in an airtight container. Store in cool place.

2⅔ cups honey
1 pound 4 ounces of mixed nuts—shelled whole almonds, walnuts, peanuts, or pistachios, divided in two groups for two different flavors of nougat
4 sheets rice paper, approximately 9 by 4 inches each

Traditional nougat recipes with honey an almonds say the mixture should be cooke until the almonds begin to crack like break ing glass. I have found this is also the toot cracking stage. Instead, toast the nut lightly in the oven. Grease two rectangula 9-by-4-inch shallow pans lined with rice pa per. In a heavy-based saucepan, gently hea half the honey until it begins to bubble. St in one group of nuts and cook slowly unt honey turns a deep caramel color. A dro of it in cold water should form a mediun soft ball. Remove from heat, beat unt cooled slightly, and pour into greased dis Top with rice paper and weight. Repea with remaining honey and second group c nuts, and pour into second pan. Serve th hardened nougat in little chunks with blac coffee. □

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Cover the cylinder, attach the handle, and turn it twice every three minutes. After twenty minutes or so, allow yourself a small but smug smile, and eat the ice cream. That's all there is to it. How it works is simple too. What happens is that when you pour the milk and cream into the Chillfast container, ice cream forms on the walls of the container. When you turn the handle, it scrapes the ice cream off the walls and into the center of the mixture. And after a few times, you've turned (literally) the whole mixture into gourmet ice cream.

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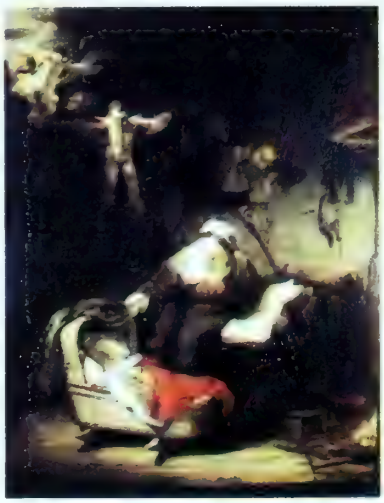
Frank Stella's paintings have undergone a dramatic and radical transformation in the seventeen years since he had his first retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art. In contrast to the austerely striped canvases that made him a Minimalist hero of the sixties, Stella has concentrated for most of the past two decades on flamboyant painted metal reliefs that almost shimmer with lush brilliant color. His dense aggregations of geometric cutouts, angled this way and that, display ferocious compositional energy. "Frank Stella 1970–1987," at MOMA until January 5. *David Bourdon*



Top: Lo Sciocco Senza Paura, 1985. *Above: Stella's Albatross,* 1976.

CHRISTMAS VISITATION

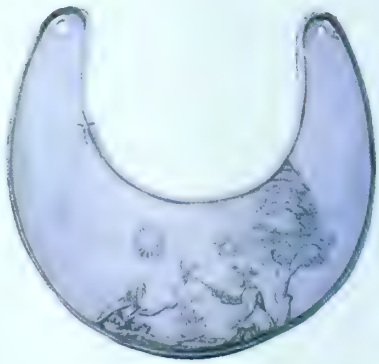
The renowned state Hermitage Museum in Leningrad is lending one of its most appealing Rembrandts—*The Holy Family with Angels, below*—to the Toledo Museum of Art in Ohio, through January 3. The painting was acquired for the Hermitage by Catherine the Great in 1772 and has never before visited this hemisphere (Toledo reciprocated the loan by sending El Greco's *The Agony in the Garden* to Leningrad). Rembrandt, like many other Netherlandish artists of the late Middle Ages, portrayed Mary, Joseph, and the infant Jesus in domestic circumstances that closely reflected contemporary home life. Only the squadron of angels flying through the window hints that this is not your average Amsterdam family.

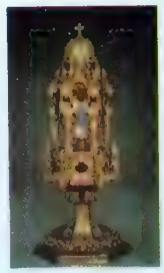


Rembrandt's *The Holy Family with Angels,* 1645.

This happy picture was painted in 1645, not a particularly blissful period in Rembrandt's life. His first wife, Saskia, had died three years earlier, leaving the artist to care for their only surviving child, Titus. "A Masterpiece from the Soviet Union: Rembrandt's *Holy Family with Angels*" gains a scholarly dimension by including 22 of the artist's superb etchings portraying various episodes from the life of Christ. *D.B.*

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Top: Gorget (ornamental collar), silver, c. 1760. *Center:* Monstrance, gold, 1909. *Above:* Tiffany punch bowl (detail), 1889.

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telli Uptown	4 East 77th Street	288-3202	**Open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 am–6 pm** **Closed for the holidays, Dec 23–Jan 5**
lds Gallery	956 Madison Avenue at 75th Street	772-6606	**Exhibition of Paintings of Mothers and Children, From 19th & early 20th centuries**
Kerr Gallery	49 East 82nd Street	628-1340	**The Unknown Pastels: Maurice Brazil Prendergast Nov 4-Dec 5**
um Gallery	1018 Madison Avenue	722-7666	**Raphael Soyer, Paintings: Early and Late Nov 7-Dec 5** **Selected Works on Paper for the Holidays Dec 8-Jan 2**
ham Gallery (1st fl) **ham Modern (3rd fl)**	1014 Madison Avenue	535-5767	**The Animal in Sculpture: 19th & 20th century Bronzes** **Irving Kreisberg: Recent Paintings and Watercolors**
niel B. Grossman llery	1100 Madison Avenue	861-9285	**European and American Impressionist paintings, including works by Guillaumin, Martin, Loiseau, Glackens, Hassam and Lever**
schl & Adler Galleries	21 East 70th Street	535-8810	**British Modernist Art, 1905-1930: Paintings, drawings, sculpture, prints, and decorative arts Nov 14-Jan 9**
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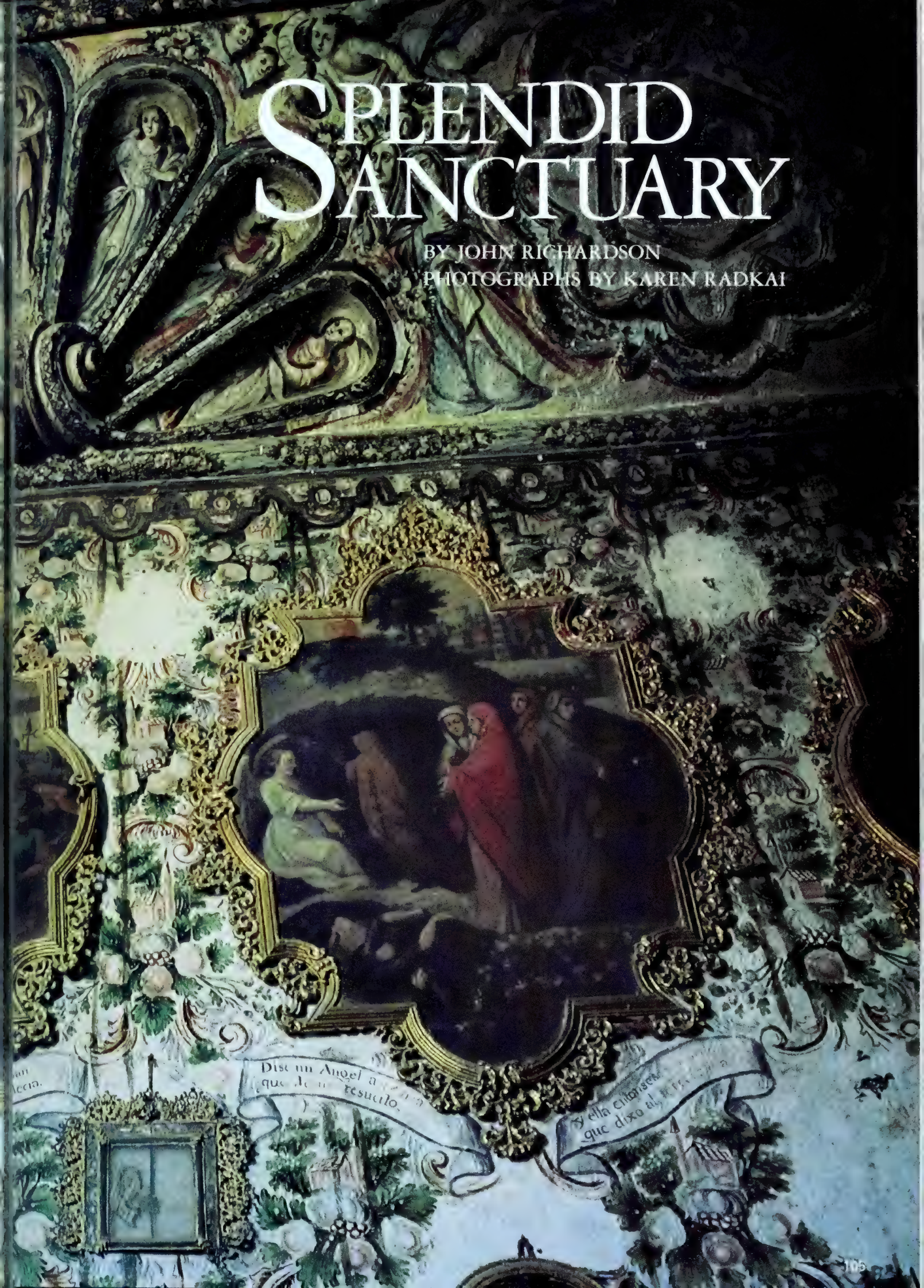
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SPLENDID SANCTUARY

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI



...church of Atotonilco has been called "the spiritual heart of Mexico"

Hidden away behind a high scalloped wall a few miles north of San Miguel de Allende is the miraculous sanctuary of Atotonilco—a cluster of domed chapels and cloisters, pilgrims' dormitories, and eerie outhouses. The baroquerie is all the better for bordering on the barbarous. Don't be put off by the unpropitious approach to this sacred folly: a rough track that leads through mangy scrub and derelict cacti to a peeling façade. Fly-blown Indian children play dusty games, while a skeletal beggar woman out of Picasso's Blue Period plucks at the air. Television aerials and dangling clotheslines on the roof do not prepare you for the wonders within.

Atotonilco is aptly called "the spiritual heart of Mexico." It was built between 1740 and 1776 by a charismatic Creole priest, Father Luis Felipe Neri de Alfaro, who had been inspired by a vision of three rainbows to create a new Jerusalem, a new Mecca. He saw himself as Moses in the promised land of Bajío (as this region of central Mexico is called). Alfaro raised his sanctuary on the site of some notoriously "sinful" spas, where the Chichimeca Indians used to congregate not so much for the salubriousness as the libidinousness of the waters. They would bathe naked, take peyote, and indulge in orgies to the accompaniment of wild music. Mexican Woodstock! Worse, the wanton bathers would be robbed of their clothes, raped or kidnapped, mugged or murdered.

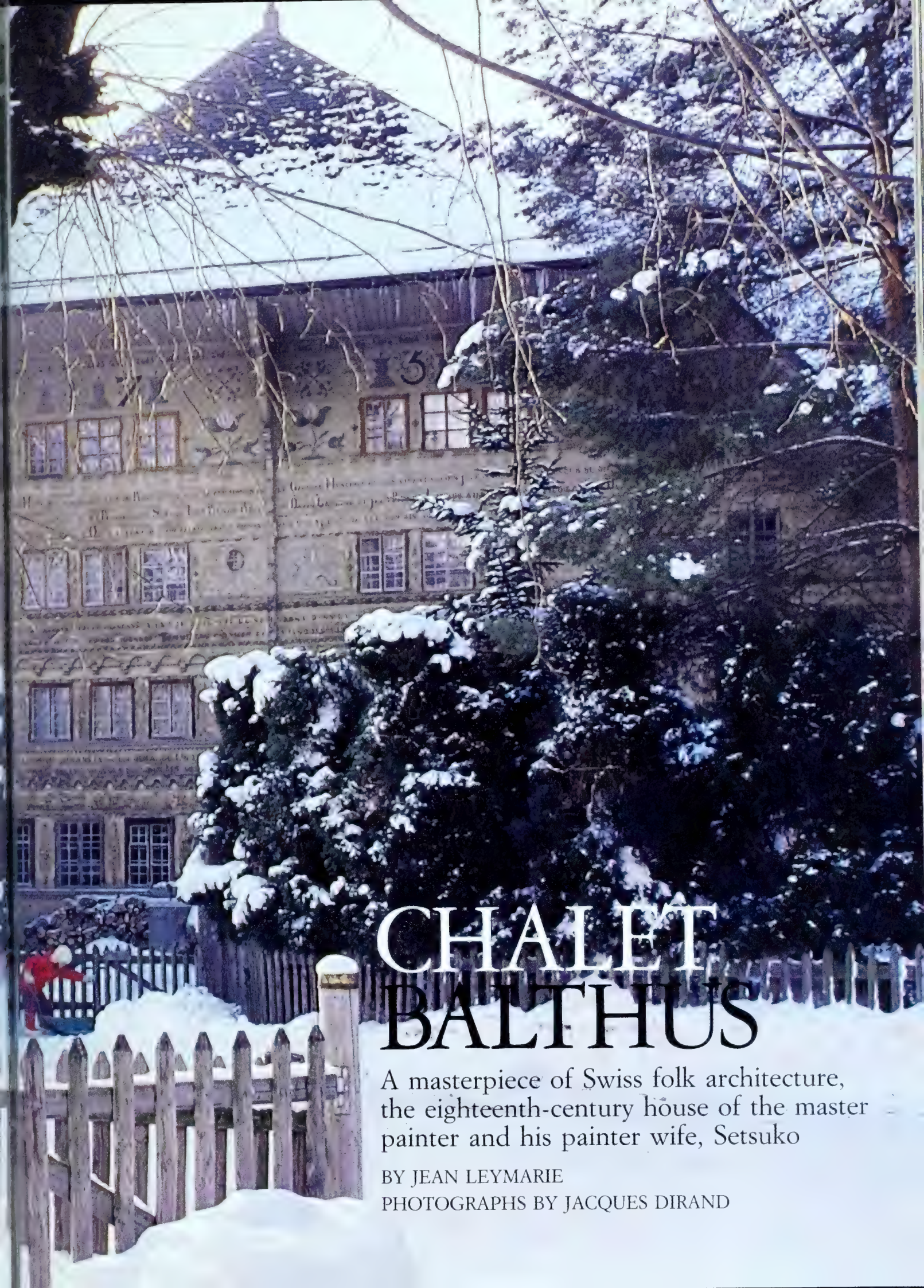
Father Alfaro changed all that. Fanatical charisma backed by a private fortune enabled him to build as many as ten churches before devoting himself to Atotonilco, where the spa people and other sinners could come and atone. Alfaro was a Creole (that is to say, Mexican born, but of Spanish descent), which enabled him to reconcile the dark gods of the Indians with a bright new concept of the Christ. Hence the *concheros:* mystical "soldiers of Christ" who stemmed from this cultural cross-fertilization and are very active in Mexico to this day. Father Alfaro had the imagination to marry Indian rituals to Christian hymns, and he does not seem to have banished the hallucinogenic drugs to which the locals were partial. Anything to make his succession of chapels and sacristies as inspirational and eye-catching as possible.

Under Alfaro's supervision, a naïf painter, Miguel Antonio Martínez de Pocasangre, spent thirty years frescoing every available surface with evocations of virtue and vice, heaven and hell, as well as row upon row of saints' portraits and elaborate texts by Alfaro. Creole artisans trained Indian workers to paint on mirror, gild, stencil, sculpt, plaster (shells galore), and, since this region was famed for its silver mines, do intricate silver work (virtually the entire surface of one chapel is either silvered or mirrored). Against the magical glittering settings that he had devised, Alfaro organized "ecstatic rites" (including lots of scourging); these rites attracted penitential pilgrims from all over Mexico and soon put the spas out of business. Indians were converted by the thousand; their descendants still flock to Atotonilco. Two Christmases ago, I watched a group of Indian children being issued crowns of thorns and other attributes of the Passion—that is, until I was chased away by an angry priest. Ecstatic rites apparently are still held but in greatest secrecy. *(Text continued on page 200)*

"Baroque" is not just the name of a historically datable style of art and architecture. It is as well the name of a sensuality, a spirituality, that are perennial. Christianity characteristically took root in Latin America in the Baroque mode: theatrical, devoted to excess. Mexico is rich in examples of the Baroque in the guise of Christianity, but Atotonilco—unforgettable Atotonilco—is a marvel among marvels. It pleases all lovers of the exaggerated. And a visit to Atotonilco may use up a little bit one's appetite for exaggeration, which may not be a bad thing, either. *Susan Sontag*

The painted ceiling, *opposite,* in the form of a shell is in the chapel of the Virgin of the Rosary. Father Luis Felipe Neri de Alfaro's flowery litany to Christ is along the ribs: "You are the emerald of the sanctified message/You are the hyacinth of medicine." *Preceding pages:* Atotonilco's richly painted walls are encrusted with shell motifs relating to Saint James and the Pilgrimage.





CHALET BALTHUS

A masterpiece of Swiss folk architecture, the eighteenth-century house of the master painter and his painter wife, Setsuko

BY JEAN LEYMARIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



The setting for Balthus's painting *The Mountain,* 1935–37, *above,* is the Bernese Oberland near the village where Balthus summered as a boy. *Opposite:* The magnificent carving of the façade. *Preceding pages:* Ten years ago, Balthus and his wife bought the Grand Chalet in the Vaudois region of Switzerland, formerly a hotel that had counted Victor Hugo among its guests.

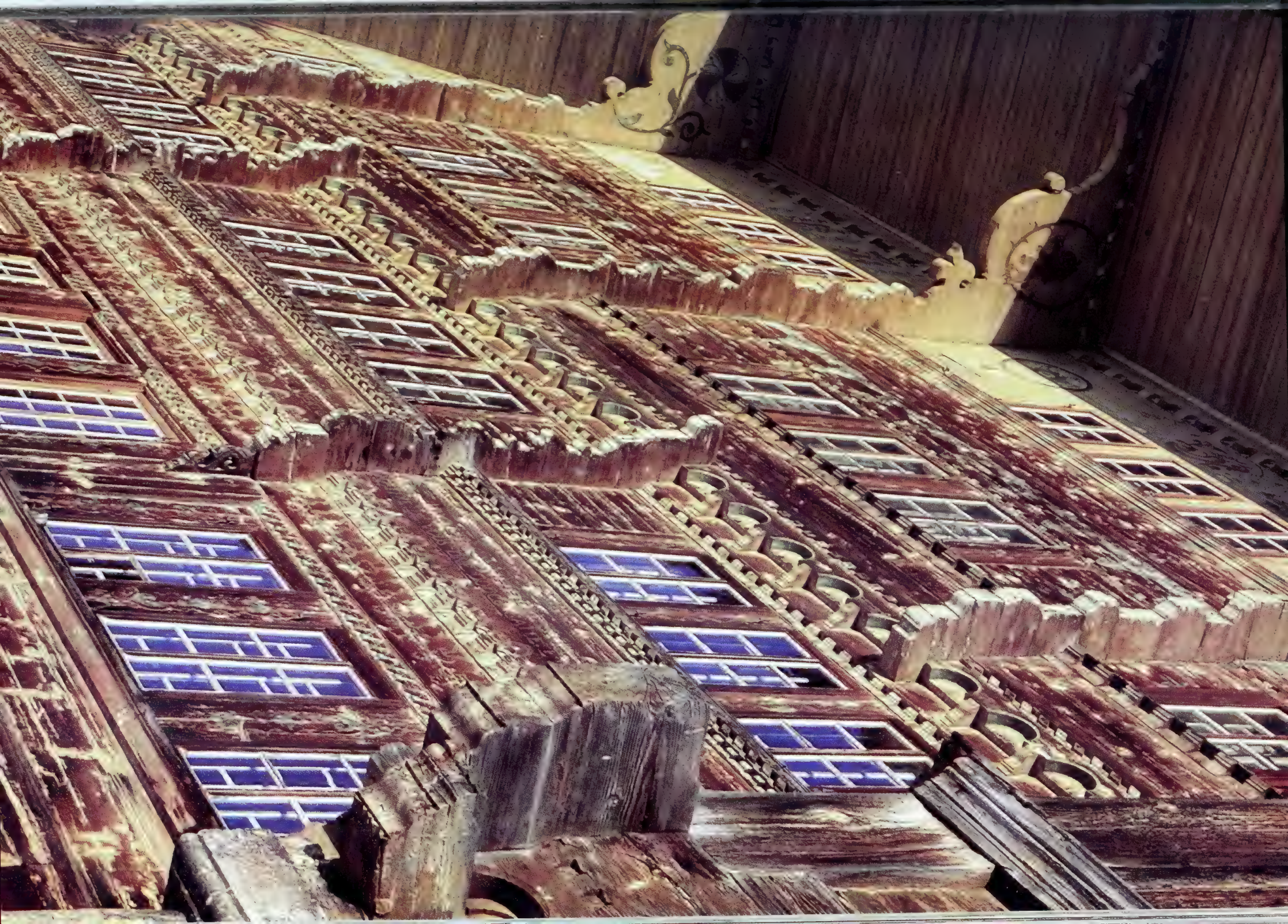
For exactly ten years now the painter Balthus and his wife, Setsuko, have lived in a vast magnificent chalet in the still-untouched Vaudois region of Switzerland known as the Pays d'Enhaut (the Uplands). The splendor of this wooden structure and the majesty of the alpine scene surrounding it suggest Shinto temples and Oriental landscapes; they evoke for Setsuko her native Japan whose dress, customs, and ceremonies she has maintained despite European assimilation. For Balthus the place speaks to his childhood love of mountains and the Far East.

In a life of wandering and exile, Balthus has always been sensitive to his surroundings. Like his parents, accomplished *amateurs* themselves, and the mentor of his youth, the poet Rilke, he has always been in search of the propitious stopping place. Nothing reveals more clearly Balthus's nature than the various residences and lodgings shown in his painting.

In Paris his first studio was in the rue de Furstenberg, on the site of the former abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, next door to the last studio occupied by Delacroix. He then moved to the Cour de Rohan, a picturesque enclave of old town houses near the Carrefour de l'Odéon; several of his paintings evoke the atmosphere of these dwellings. In the Cour de Rohan there was a lofty raftered studio where Derain and Miró posed patiently for full-length portraits, now in the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

After being discharged from military service in 1940, Balthus withdrew to Champrovent, a château-farmstead tucked away in a secret corner of the Savoie. Two complementary landscapes—one summer, the other winter—capture Champrovent's inspiring physiognomy. In 1943 he found his way to Switzerland. He had long had close ties there: first Bern, then Fribourg, and finally Geneva in the Villa Diodati overlooking the lake, where Byron, one of his heroes, once lived. In 1946 he returned to Paris and concluded his stay with

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A mix of chairs—a tapestry Queen Anne wing chair, two 18th-century Swiss armchairs in red-and-white linen, two chairs from a Savoyard castle—surround a table covered with Japanese cotton in the warm and informal living room, *above*. *Left:* Detail of a cat tea cozy painted on silk by Balthus's wife, Setsuko, with a spoof on Balthus's painting *The Golden Days,* 1944–49.



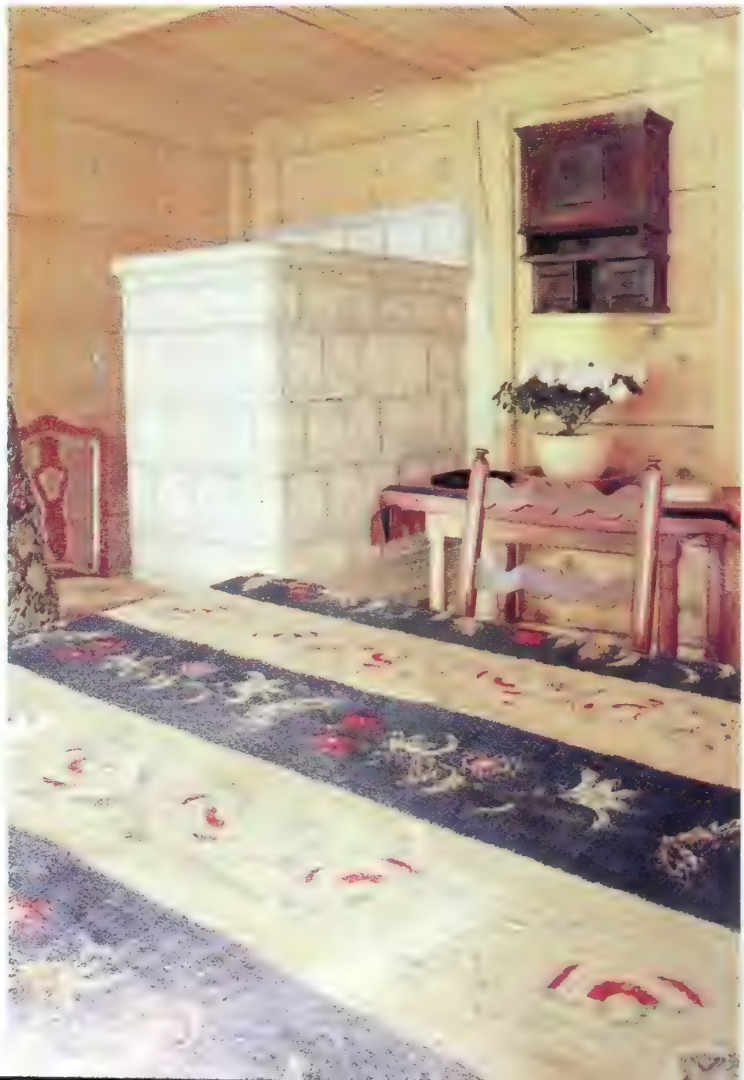
a monumental evocation of that city's urban decor.

From 1954 to 1961, guided by the spirit of place, Balthus settled in Chassy, in the Morvan, on land whose isolation had kept it entirely unspoiled. He restored a manor house that in its flawless proportions and simple details combined two aspects of architecture that appealed most to him: medieval sturdiness and Classical order. The adjoining farm and its outbuildings, along with the manor house itself and its corner turrets, compose a severe and solemn orchestration. From the large windows of the three floors looking out on the surrounding countryside, he painted a series of interiors and exteriors that reflect the change of seasons and constitute one of the most complete cycles a painter has devoted to a place where he lived.

It is to Italy that Balthus has looked, however, for matters of artistic training. In 1961 he was asked by André Malraux, then minister of culture, to restore the Villa Medici, the prestigious French Academy perched above the city of Rome to its former splendor. In 1962 he went on an official mission to Japan to explore that country's art treasures. He brought back a young patrician beauty raised, even at that time, in accordance with ancient Japanese traditions. She became the model for splendid Oriental canvases and the gracious hostess of their home, part secular institution, part embassy. With his marriage to Setsuko, Balthus sealed his deep communion with the legendary civilization of Asia, which Claudel called *la patrie primitive*. With the experience he gained in Rome, he went on to restore and refinish a superb personal château that he acquired in the old Etruscan region near Viterbo. From it came several paintings and drawings.

In 1977, after an enchanted fifteen-year sojourn in Italy, Balthus and Setsuko took possession of the Grand Chalet. This rural Swiss chalet is a masterwork of traditional folk art and craftsmanship. A record book kept by the remarkable man who had it built details the stages of its construction, from 1752 to 1756, and specifies each of the participating guilds. The vast vaulted cellars originally served as storehouses for cheeses that the region traded with Lyons. The size of these cellars determined the scale of the building, which in turn required a new technique for erecting the vast framework and the magnificent roof made of small nailed planks. Long inscriptions, carved and painted, adorn the two frontages. Between 1850 and 1852 the chalet, which had remained in the same family for generations, was converted into a hotel. Of particular note from this period is the stay of Victor Hugo in September 1883. Balthus removed the balcony and rooms that had been added by the hotel and restored the wall facing the garden and bedrooms on both floors to their original condition. Everywhere he stripped the pine down to its warm sandy tones while leaving the superb ceramic stoves in their place. The furnishings are a harmonious blend of regional furniture and Italian chairs accentuated with the refinement of Oriental fabrics. A few paintings—Delacroix, Bonnard, Morandi, Derain, Balthus—are hung on the





walls. In the receiving hall the small-paned antique windows catch and filter the light of a sublime countryside. Mountains have always fascinated Balthus, and the grandiose canvas in the Metropolitan Museum in New York condenses his vision of the Bernese Alps that first dazzled him as a child.

Setsuko is not only an accomplished mistress of the house, but also a painter who has created her own studio in a room off the living room. As a kind of scholarly discipline she used to practice calligraphy: in the East to know how to write is also to know how to draw, for the characters traced by the brush hold the graphic seeds of the forms they signify. She began to draw after the birth of her daughter, and for each of her daughter's birth-

At Christmas, Setsuko gives a show for the village with the puppets she makes, *above,* here on a table in the library; she also uses them to tell stories to her daughter, Harmi. A tapestry she designed for a chair is in the basket on the octagonal table. *Left:* A 19th-century Greek rug is spread on the table in the room where Victor Hugo is supposed to have slept and which is—because it is full of morning light—used for breakfast. A Swiss medicine cabinet is on the wall beyond, beside the 18th-century blue-and-white stove.

days she illuminates Japanese tales, legends, or poems on precious scrolls.

Setsuko has adopted the technique of gouache—amenable to corrections—on plain white and colored paper. Her innate sense of pattern and objects orients her toward the still life. Three successive shows—in Rome, in New York, and recently in Lausanne—have earned her fervent admirers. Her compositions with isolated or multiple motifs are organized against backgrounds that are sometimes simple and uniform, sometimes richly ornamental. Like Balthus, she loves cats. Now and then the yellow cat, the emblem of the house, appears in her work, slipping through the irises or asleep on the tapestry chair. Setsuko practices all forms of needlework with the same lightheartedness with which she paints. On two cushions she has embroidered droll portraits of two cats dressed as emperor and empress.

As for Balthus, he has his studio in a carriage house separate from the chalet. There he slowly perfects compositions on the inexhaustible theme of the painter and his model. □ *Translated by Matthew Ward*



View of Setsuko's studio, *above,* with some of her paintings. *Right:* Setsuko, in a winter house kimono from the Oshima region of southern Japan, beside a Bernese desk of *loup de bois.*





Another view of the Victor Hugo room with a Giacometti given to Balthus because he was the first to admire it. The standing lamps, seen throughout the house, are from an ironmonger near Balthus's Italian castle, Monte Calvello.





PAVILIONS IN THE SUN

Architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen's cool play on Caribbean style

BY WILLIAM WALTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LAUTMAN



The entry porch, *opposite,* has a pitched open-raftered roof to filter the sun. *Above:* The grass-in-pavement driveway is flanked by sand, which Jacobsen intended as the reverse of the expected. *Right:* A copper weathervane on top of the central unit, made by local workmen after an old Spanish design.



The first glance is the crucial one. It establishes the dimensions of a scene and records the image forever.

It happened that way the first time architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen saw the place where he was to build his newest house—this time on a golden Caribbean shore in the Dominican Republic. A friend was showing him the site, going on about its virtues—the way the land came flatly up to an embankment, then dropped sharply ten feet to the level of clustered palm trees leading to the beach and finally to the sea itself.

As he listened, Jacobsen's educated eye had lighted on some typical West Indian fishermen's houses just visible through the palms where a crystal-clear stream emptied into the sea. Each nearly identical house was no more than two rooms, painted in bright tropical colors muted by sun and sea.



"They look," Jacobsen exclaimed, "just like those tiny wooden tokens we use in playing Monopoly." He had designed along such lines for another site, where the units were bigger and the final effect more a play on the austerity of New England architecture than the warm liveliness of the southern islands.

He was struck by the "rightness" of these simple shapes, the ease with which they fitted into the landscape at angles where coral outcrops dictated such fitting or where a narrow village street called for neat rows, all carried out with colorful abandon—painted salmon or sky blue, sea green or a pulsating lavender. The problem for the architect was how to adapt these guileless shapes to the uses of a more complex contemporary society.

Though the Dominican Republic, sharing the island of Hispaniola with troubled, poverty-ridden Haiti, is technically tropical, it is not jungle territory. Instead it is one of the sugar islands, politically stable, a highly cultivated land of cane fields that only now is beginning to yield to the residential needs of foreign visitors and well-to-do Dominicans. This is particularly true on the south coast where golf courses, a polo field, and other amenities have sprung up along with hotels and private villas. In this ambience, near the town of La Romana, Jacobsen found the site for his new house.



The "Monopoly" house—a strict rectangle capped by a steep-angled roof—is a shape so severe it might be deemed Minimalist. But by the time the houses are grouped informally and connected by breezeways they have recaptured the innocence of their peasant origins.

On a two-foot-high podium Jacobsen has placed seven "Monopoly" houses of varying size but identical shape, each with its own function and all connected by open-raftered breezeways. The central unit—the living room—is the largest, facing south toward the swimming pool and a vast everchanging view of sea and sky; to the west the dining room is closely connected with two other little houses, one for the kitchen and its pantries, another for staff quarters; to the east is the master bedroom and behind it a separate house for guests; and the seventh little house—flanking the front entrance—is for children.



A white travertine quarried on the island and left in its unpolished state covers all floors, inside and out—including breezeways and terraces. All of the shutters are of painted mahogany, the beams of pressure-treated pine, and the roofs of cedar shingles. If the architect had been able to have his own way, each house would have been painted a different color, but this particular area's architectural review board did not permit it. So Jacobsen conformed and, as a rueful little defiance, painted the ventilator grills and doors on each "Monopoly" house a different bright hue.

Outside, the swimming pool stretches south from the living room toward the sea, and because of its "Persian" edge with no masonry showing where the pool ends, the water seems to spill over into the sea. Jacobsen claims he learned that trick from Le Nôtre, who advised that one should always view untamed waters across a stretch of man-controlled water to bring the landscape into harmony.

The all-white severity of the "Monopoly" houses and their travertine podium has been carried even further to penetrate the surrounding natural landscape. A group of fifty palm trees, arranged with mathematical precision, has been planted between the house and the public highway. Now some twenty feet tall, they should reach maturity with tropic speed and provide both shade and privacy.

The new owners, a young South American couple with four small children, are already putting some of Jacobsen's basic assumptions to the test. Is this cluster of living spaces flexible enough to be able to adapt to a family's changing needs? Is there sufficient protection from the fierce noonday sun? Will nature bend to the designer's stern demands for uniformity?

To the first question, at least, the answer is affirmative. The owners want one more "Monopoly" house, and Jacobsen is drawing plans for the eighth. It will be spaced a trifle farther away from the others. The object: parental tranquillity. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



From the open and informal living room, *opposite,* a view of the travertine-enclosed pool. *This page:* The doors evoke the bright pastel colors of the native houses.







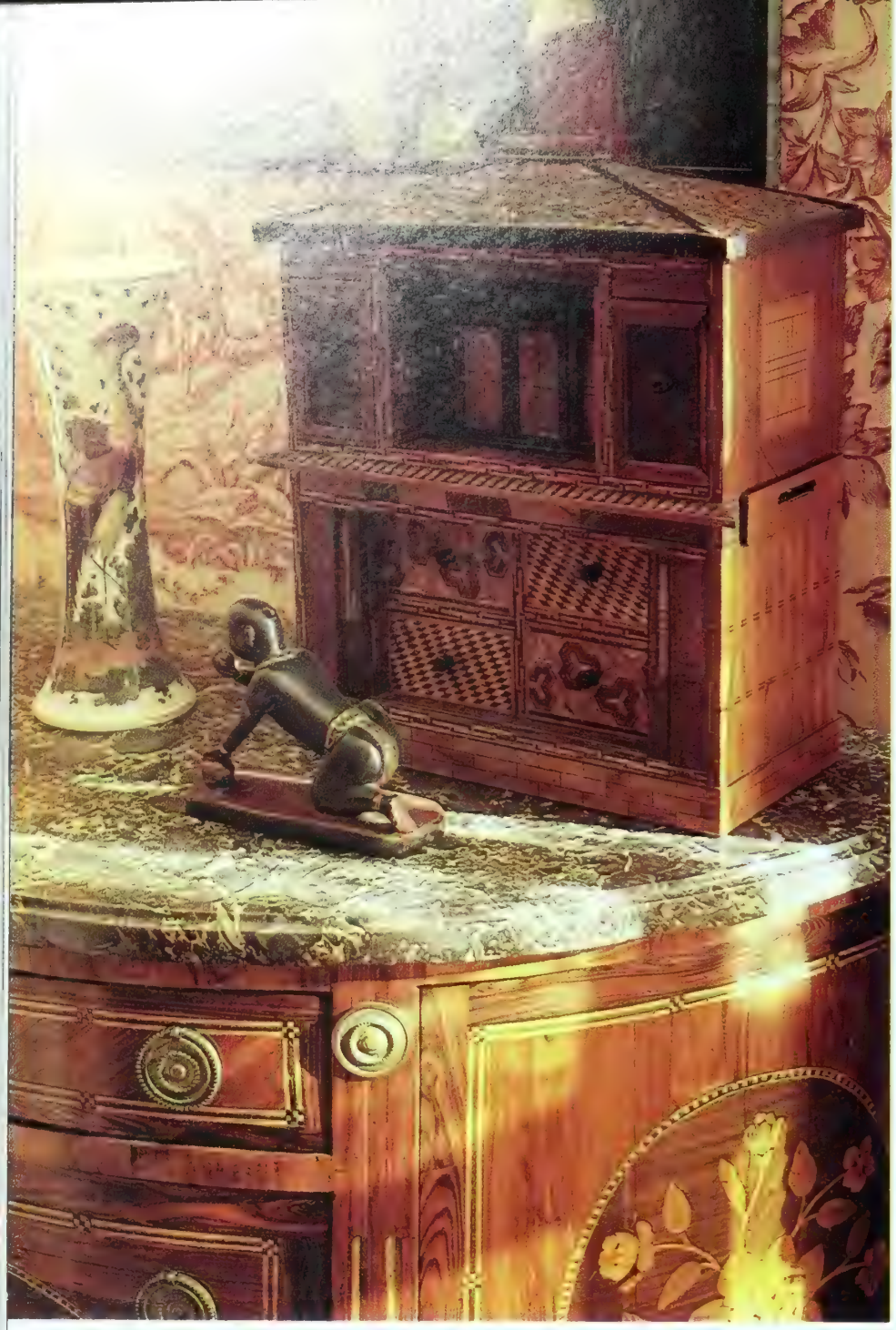


Views of the house. *Clockwise from above left:* A breezeway going toward the pool and ocean; one of the courtyards with plantings; the master bedroom with high ceiling and shutters for coolness. *Opposite:* In the dining room the table, like the coffee table in the living room, though made of wood, has been marbleized to blend in with the travertine floors throughout. Rush seats are meant to echo the exposed roof timbers. *Overleaf:* Jacobsen's open-rafftered breezeway roof frames a view of the pool at night.









In the dining room, *opposite,* the table is covered with an antique silk damask cloth, and the chairs in Trois Coups from a Napoleon III design. *Left:* In the living room is an architect's model on a Louis XV commode signed Lapie. *Overleaf:* The Halard grandchildren, Bastien, seven, and his sister Anaïs, nine, in the living room at an oak Marguerite table designed by Yves Halard.

A SPONTANEOUS CHARM

The many-talented French designers Michelle and Yves Halard are constantly changing and enriching the ambience of their Paris house

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

Well known in France as one of the great textile dynasties, the Halard family has been lucky enough to pass on from one generation to another what is most precious to them: *le regard.* Colored pencils in hand and drawing assiduously, granchildren Bastien and Anaïs already show signs of following in the Halard tradition of seeing life as color and form.

It all started in the 1920s when great-grandfather Adolphe Marc Halard papered the town with Nobilis, which even today remains one of the finest names in wallpaper. As his eldest son, Yves Halard did the unexpected and broke from the fold to follow his own vision, hand in hand with his nineteen-year-old wife and lifelong collaborator, Michelle. Together in 1950 they founded their own fabric house with designs inspired by ancient archives. Classical patterns were transformed by a keen and mildly irreverent eye to carry the Halard imprint: damask was dyed colors heretofore considered sacrilege, and bizarre graphic marriages began to take place in the best bourgeois salons with the Halards officiating. Unheard of in those postwar days, fabric was sold by the yard —well before Laura Ashley set her mind and her scissors to it.

"We soon got into designing sofas," says Michelle Halard, unraveling more family history, "because of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. Everyone wanted to see it; television was just taking off, and our clients kept asking us for comfortable sofas." Nearly one quarter of the human beings then living on Earth saw the crowning glory, and many of them in Paris were ensconced in sofas signed "Yves Halard." Sitting in an armchair covered in




BUFFON









In the master bedroom, *top,* curtain and bed fabric, Fleurs et Maison, by Yves Halard is after an 18th-century document found at the Musée de Mulhouse. *Left:* Bastien drawing on the Marguerite table. *Above:* Yves Halard in an armchair of his own design, called Anaïs after his granddaughter, and slipcovered in toile de Jouy.





Anaïs drawing, *left,* in the living room. *Above:* A view of the garden from the living room. *Below:* In the veranda room, which was added to the house, are two armchairs (John) and the pouf (Paresse), slipcovered in white cotton with ties down the back seams, designed by Yves Halard.





A bolt of toile de Jouy is on a Louis XV canapé, *above,* found in an antiques shop in Bordeaux. *Opposite:* A detail of Yves Halard's whimsical collection of antique houses, toys, and birdcages in the veranda room.

toile de Jouy like the walls of the living room, Michelle Halard picks up the thread of conversation: "It was my husband who trained my eye," she says with modesty rare for women in high places. "I was just a young girl from the provinces whose father worked hard all his life to make sure his daughter wouldn't have to!"

"Fabrics speak a mute language, like flowers, like skies, like setting suns," wrote Baudelaire. It turned out the Halards understood that language ("we have exactly the same taste") and worked in tandem for 35 years. With Yves retired to their seventeenth-century château in the Berry, not far from Paris, Michelle handles things single-handedly, designing fabrics, furniture, carpets, ceramics, and house linens. All these carry names of family and friends. There are sofas called Remi and François, after their two sons, and then onward to grandchildren and next of kin. "You must come to our shop on the boulevard Saint-Germain and see them," Michelle Halard says with the enthusiasm of a matriarch to a *famille nombreuse.* "You'll see, our saleslady is very *bon chic bon genre* and much better dressed than I am!" M dame Halard does not dress for h Tout Paris clientele but is unusual smart at sixty in a white T-shirt, bla cotton jacket, and black-and-whi polka-dot Agnès b. skirt.

The center of Paris seems very f away as we speak in the soft Septemb afternoon light that suffuses the livi room. Yves Halard, having come from the country, has just left to pi up the grandchildren after their fi day of school. "We're crazy abo them. They stay with us several night week because our son is divorced. Pe haps they'll want to go into our bu ness," Michelle muses.

"Decorators now seem to be consi ered stars, so there is no more spont neity. My style is very working woma I'm always in a rush and just plu things down. It's very spontaneous a natural decoration, and it's nev structured. I come home and thin *tiens,* that lamp would be nice ov there. It's an ongoing, living compo tion."

Though Michelle and Yves Hala moved into this house in the sixteen arron- *(Text continued on page 21*



DOGS' BEST FRIENDS

BY BROOKE ASTOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WALDRON

The people in this album lead busy lives. They are surrounded by business friends, boardroom friends, social friends, dear friends, and families. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, some of their happiest hours are spent with their four-footed friends. There is not in any human relationship such never-ending love and loyalty as these dear pets lavish on their owners. Only a dog owner can know with what joy one is greeted on returning home after some time away and with what sorrow when one leaves. The very sight of a suitcase will fill a dog with despair, and he or she will creep away to a corner to weep alone. Dog lovers have a freemasonry. They greet one another with almost doglike affection, and I feel that their club song should be Pope's couplet, "I am his Highness' dog at Kew/Pray tell me sir, whose dog are you?"



LOWEY AND FRED BUCKLEY

Pat Buckley is caught here giving one of her two Cavalier King Charles spaniels, Lowey and Fred, a hug after their ride through the rose garden. All three of them enjoy it immensely. Pat is an avid gardener, and when she is working with trowel and nippers her devoted dogs watch her attentively, knowing that their time for a ride or a frolic will come later. They are full of fun, yet the best-behaved dogs I have ever seen. They spend their nights in bed with Pat and Bill Buckley, remaining mouse-quiet until the curtains are opened.



PICKLE REED

Annette Reed has four dogs, but she is outrageously partial to her girl, Pickle, a beguiling and ladylike Norfolk. Pickle travels everywhere with her mistress. Equally at home in Paris, Madrid, Zürich, or Rome, her eyes light up when her red travel bag is brought out. Only England is out of bounds, as the Dog Union does not allow foreign dogs to enter. For Pickle that is not too disappointing as she dislikes dog friends. She is only happy surrounded by human friends and can adapt herself to any place as long as no other dogs are in sight. Is Pickle a prima donna? Well, don't ask that question.



TYLER KISSINGER

Tyler Kissinger is an "only child." Therefore, and I hate to say it, I am afraid that he is spoilt. Dr. Kissinger, his wife, Nancy, and the entire household—Tyler rules them all. When we went to photograph him, it was hard to get his attention. He was absorbed in his own life: a young girlish German shepherd had come over from an adjoining property to see him. But he finally raised his paw in salute and conferred for a moment with Dr. Kissinger, thereby lending his presence to a session which he obviously felt was spoiling his summer afternoon. P.S.: Tyler is no longer an only dog; the black shepherd he was so fond of has come to live with the Kissingers.



KATE AND BRUTUS BLASS

Kate and Brutus, unlike some siblings, are devoted to each other. In the winter after long walks with Bill Blass, their beloved master, they sleep close together quietly by the fire. But when spring and summer come around, the world grows more exciting, and the pool is filled. When Bill throws in a ball, the joy starts. They are as agile in the water as dolphins and as playful. They swim about pushing the ball and seeing who can keep it the longest. They never fight, because Bill has taught them that to be truly happy one must have a certain discipline.



FLOBELLE, PEARL, SUSAN, CARTER, AND MILLER BURDEN

If you think this is a pipe dream, you are wrong. It is a real dream come true. Flobelle, the black pug, is the leader of the troupe escorting Carter Burden on a stroll around the garden. They are a happy group of four girls and one boy and lead an interesting life as they take turns coming to New York during the week where they meet many people, then return to the country for the weekend where life is more relaxed. They also take turns in sleeping on the Burdens' bed. One would think these moments of favoritism would ruin their tempers, but no, they are all one happy family, and they are all named after members of the family, which pleases everybody.



SALE GOSSE WALTERS

Sale Gosse (Naughty Brat in French), beloved by Barbara Walters, is like her mistress—bright-eyed, interested in everything going on, and with her own opinions. She likes to be well trimmed and well brushed, but that achieved, she does not mind a bit of play. Photographed in Barbara's private office, she was not quite on her best behavior, as she prefers to have her mistress at home, where she can have all of Barbara's attention and not be bothered by so much going on around her. After this session, she stretched out in the car and slept all the way home.



MAX GOTBAUM

This photo of Victor and Max, on the steps of their brownstone in Brooklyn, is quite unusual as neither has ever stood still so long. Max is either rushing up and down stairs, or digging in the back garden, or on a leash pulling Betsy Gotbaum up to a special tree or around a corner to a dog-treat store. Betsy is his slave, but as you see here, Victor can control him and make him live up to the Dog Owner's Union Laws: Be gentle with your master. . . . Remember that you have him in your power, so be kind.



RICKY AND NANNY PARISH

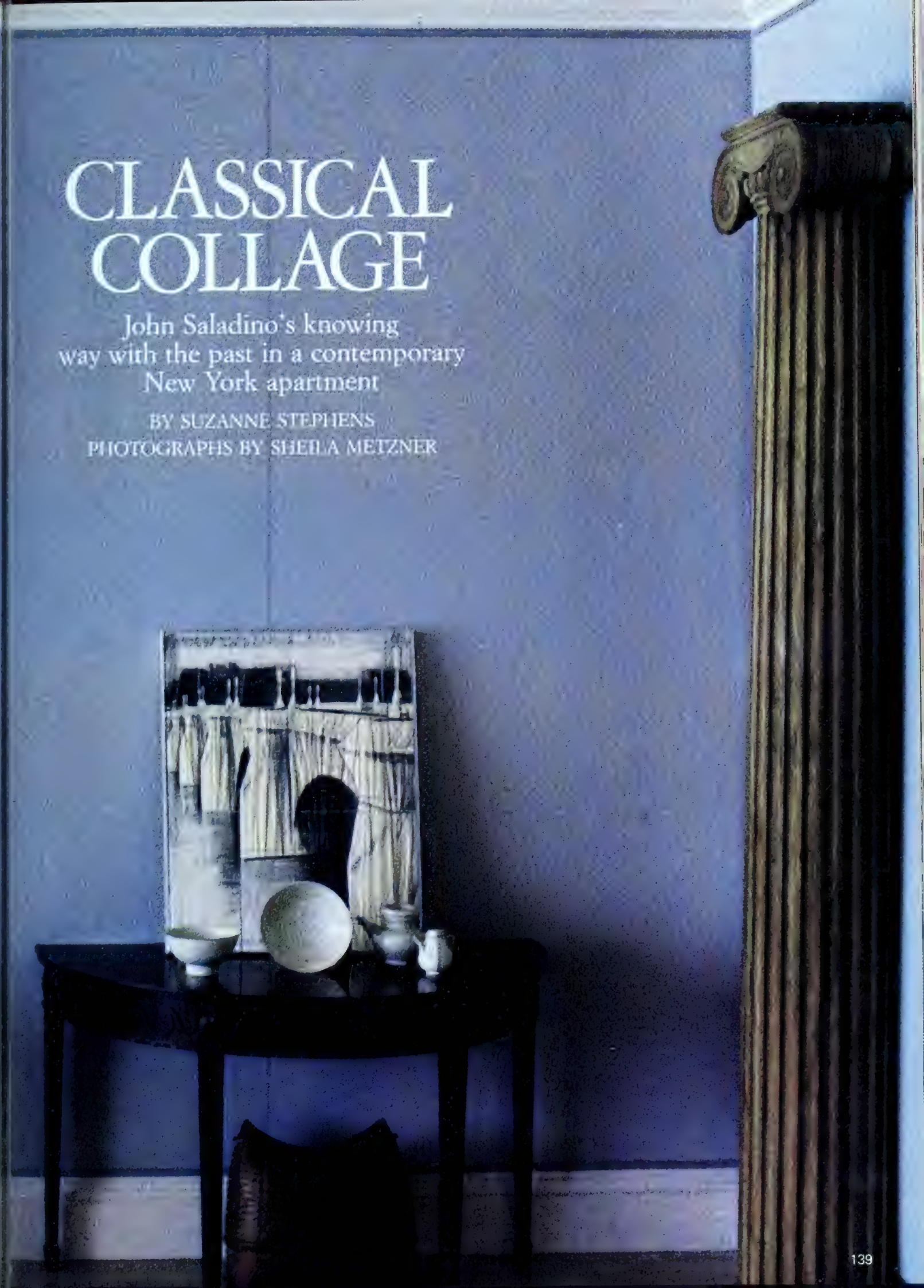
Mrs. Parish, known far and wide as *the* Parish of Parish-Hadley, the well-known decorating firm, has two passions—her decorating and her Pekingese. Here you see her in her office with Ricky and Nanny, her current loves of a long line of Pekingese. I happen to know Ricky well. There is only one flaw. My dogs do not like Ricky. He is used to bossing Mrs. Parish and Nanny around. Therefore he likes to go out of the dog door first in order to lift his leg in a gesture of defiance, and he engages in tussles with Henry, my Norwich, when the two girls, Nanny and Maizie (my schnauzer), are close. It usually ends peacefully, and as far as Mrs. Parish and I are concerned, we like to see a bit of spirit.



CLASSICAL COLLAGE

John Saladino's knowing way with the past in a contemporary New York apartment

BY SUZANNE STEPHENS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEILA METZNER









Think of this living room as a piazza," John Saladino intones softly, as he threads his way through the large New York duplex he just completed designing. The furniture in the living room, a combination of Saladino designs and antiques, is tightly arranged in discrete clusters, each demarcated by its own distinct eighteenth-century Khotan carpet—three artfully composed oases sprouting atop a polished and pickled wood floor. "We treated the room as an urban landscape," Saladino philosophizes. "To make it more human in scale we broke it into small areas where four to six people could communicate." The color scheme in the apartment ranges from the mute to the pale to the washed out. Saladino, who is dressed in an elegantly tailored dark gray suit with a light gray tie and ever-so-subtly gleaming black shoes, gestures to the mottled sponge-glazed grayish celadon walls and the nineteenth-century French grisaille paper-covered standing screen. "After all," he remarks, "you don't see that much color in an urban landscape, do you?"

But an urban landscape with Roman and Renaissance Italian overtones—as the inspiration for a New York apartment? "I'm interested in illusion. That is what interior design is anyway. How else do you overcome the six planes of the box?" One way of de-emphasizing the living room's rectangularity, Saladino decided, was to design an overscaled Doric cornice where the walls meet the nine-foot ceiling. Besides camouflaging structural beams, it conjures up any number of associations. "One might think of an old city post office—a very elegant post office," Saladino adds wryly.

Historic allusions abound in this illusionistic dwelling for a married couple for whom Saladino designed a previous apartment. She collects Oriental decorative

Walnut pilasters frame the doorway of the dining room, *left,* and contrast dramatically in scale with the column base in the hall. *Above:* The foyer's steel spiral stair rail sweeps past a massive black Nevelson sculpture. *Preceding pages:* In the dining room a Fortuny silk panel behind a Saladino-designed sideboard and William and Mary mirror, c. 1690; at right, a Christo drawing on a 19th-century console. *Overleaf:* The specially designed cornice molding of the living room sets off an early-19th-century French screen with Oriental motifs.









An 18th-century American overdoor, *opposite,* held within an archway designed by Saladino separates the master bedroom from the dressing room. Walls are upholstered, ceiling is lacquered. Bed linens from Frette. *Above:* An Italian marble mantel from Danny Alessandro focuses a conversational area of Saladino chairs and Biedermeier table in the living room. *Below:* In the upstairs hall a suspended and weighted lighting fixture from Light Inc. illuminates the client's wooden Ming Buddha, which sits on an Italian stone garden table. Scratch-coat plaster walls and custom-made Doric columns emphasize the progression of spaces.



art and is involved in museum work; he is an investment counselor. While Saladino had created a very pared-down Minimalist design for their first apartment, both client and designer were ready for an Old World look. Saladino reasons, "In New York the past is swept away by bulldozers every day." To bring back something of the past, he (ironically) knocked out most of the apartment's interior walls. It was "a warren of little spaces—we tore down everything." Rather than hark back, in the current vogue, to the English country house ("too much pastiche, too fake") Saladino took inspiration from archaeological excavations where Classical shards, surfaces, and fragments are strewn about.

The entrance hall, with its applied scratch-coat plaster finish, overscaled faux-marbre column encasing the building's elevator core, and silvery travertine floor with natural fossilized crevices, forcefully pushes the antiquarian point of view. The shifts in scale of the architectural elements speak also to Saladino's penchant for set design. "I wanted to alter the perception of scale, as well as blur the boundaries between interior and exterior spaces," Saladino elaborates. "Entrance halls are moments of theater," he states dramatically, surveying the long "boulevard" linking the living and dining rooms and kitchen.

In the dining room, the juxtaposition of the slender pilasters framing the doorway with the giant foot of the column base in the hall makes one wonder if the sets for a production of *Tosca* had *(Text continued on page 211)*



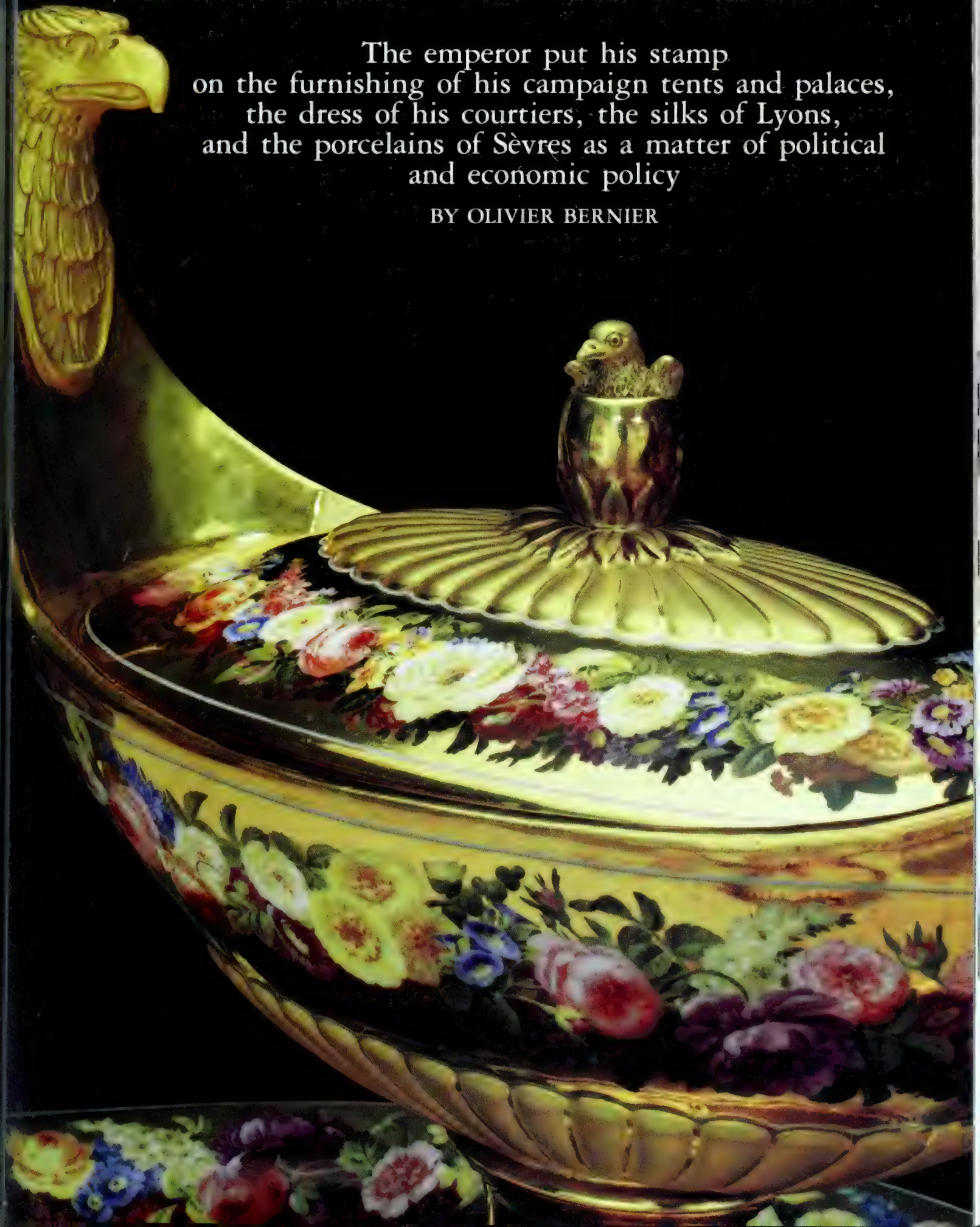
NAPOLEON'S



GRAND DESIGNS

The emperor put his stamp on the furnishing of his campaign tents and palaces, the dress of his courtiers, the silks of Lyons, and the porcelains of Sèvres as a matter of political and economic policy

BY OLIVIER BERNIER





Like battle plans or legal codes, fabric and china designs had to be approved by the emperor, *above,* painted by Ingres in his coronation robes. Sèvres plate, *below,* made for the queen of Bavaria and heavily brocaded Lyons lampas, *right,* have a precocious Victorian lushness. *Opposite:* Ice bucket from the vermeil service commissioned from Biennais and Odiot by Jerome Bonaparte, now in the Residenz, Munich. *Preceding pages, left:* Napoleon campaigned in style: his striped duck tent was lined in toile de Jouy—his officers' tents were unlined—and outfitted with folding furniture, all still in the collection of the Mobilier National, photographed at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York. *Preceding pages, right:* Imperial eagles form handles for a sauceboat from the queen of Bavaria's service in the Residenz.

A military genius, the greatest conqueror of his time, worrying about the design, quality, and price of a new brocade or porcelain plate: it hardly seems like the proper image. And yet, in between finding thrones for his family, giving France a new code of laws, and entering (repeatedly) Milan, Berlin, or Vienna, Napoleon, all through his reign, found time for something he thought was of primary importance: the quality of the decorative arts in France. This was something Louis XIV and the upstart emperor had in common, different as they may have been otherwise. Both cared about the setting they lived in. It reflected their glory, after all, and both knew that luxury products of unrivaled perfection were crucially important to the French economy. Both wanted the French style to dominate Europe.

It was Napoleon's often repeated boast that he had saved whatever elements of the ancient regime were still viable. He eventually came to have some doubts about parts of that policy ("I opened my armies to them," he said of the old noble families, "and they rushed into my antechambers instead"), but from the very moment he took power as first consul in 1799, he knew that the silk-weaving industry was one institution worth preserving. All through the eighteenth century, Lyons had been setting new standards in design, quality, and durability and providing abundant exports. Then,











Napoleon's family followed his lead in sumptuous commissions like the *lit de parade, opposite,* made for his sister Pauline Borghese, a famous beauty, *above,* and still in her town house, the Hôtel de Charost, now the Paris residence of the British ambassador. Her portrait by Robert Lefevre was bought by the Rayne Foundation for the British embassy. *Right:* White satin embroidered with flowers, birds, and butterflies, ordered for Versailles in 1811 but never used, remains in pristine condition in the Mobilier National.

with the onset of the Revolution, orders, both domestic and foreign, grew scarce while the fashion turned to light fabrics such as gauze and muslin that came from England and were smuggled into France. Clearly, this had to stop. Not only was the first consul acutely aware of the unemployment in Lyons and the hemorrhage of gold to the English enemy, he was also, in spite of his many mistresses, the first of the Victorians: nothing angered him more than an open lack of propriety.

He made that very plain at his inaugural evening reception. Casting a disapproving look at the elegant young women in their filmy, deeply décolleté dresses, he ordered that the fires be built up. Soon, the heat was unbearable, but when Josephine complained, he answered grimly that he was taking care of his naked guests. That hint was enough. Within a few weeks the ladies invited to attend the consular court did so in silk, brocade, or velvet gowns. And when, in short order, the consul turned emperor, his very first preoccupation was designing the new court uniforms, for which varying qualities and shades of velvet, embroidered in gold or silver, were exactly specified. As for the ladies, only the richest fabrics and the longest trains would do. Immediately Lyons was flooded with orders and the silk industry was saved.

That was only one aspect of a broader policy, however. Sèvres porcelain, in the late eighteenth century, was acknowledged to be the best in Europe, and its clients included most European monarchs. Now it, too, was revived. Not only did Napoleon promptly order himself an extensive porcelain service but he also started giving Sèvres pieces to his generals, who could then be expected to do some shopping on their own, and to foreign potentates as well. Naturally, anyone wishing to please Napoleon understood that it was wise to favor French manufacturers. The Sèvres service made for the queen of Bavaria is a perfect case in point. The Wittelsbachs, who had long ruled over that country as prince electors, were clever enough to become Napoleon's allies against Prussia and Austria. As a result, they soon found themselves elevated to royal *(Text continued on page 208)*




HENRY CLARKE





ALLURE IN THE GRAND MANNER

Jacqueline Thion de la Chaume called on her friend decorator Vincent Fourcade to help her create a French home in a Manhattan apartment

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

The final words of the closing-night film at this year's New York Film Festival weren't spoken by a professional actress. They were, in a curious turn of events certain to be cherished by film-trivia addicts, uttered by a woman who talks so softly that her last husband, Yul Brynner, once complained he couldn't hear her across a dinner table. So why did David Mamet, in the first film he both wrote and directed, ask Jacqueline Thion de la Chaume to sit in a restaurant and say "Waldorf salad" at the conclusion of *House of Games*?

"Because of this," de la Chaume replied, holding up her cigarette lighter.

Jacqueline Thion de la Chaume's lighter is ancient, gold, and Dunhill—and it takes a little doing to light it. First you snap the top to the side. Only then can you press down and get a flame. It's not hard to understand why Mamet wanted both the lighter and its owner: here, with one prop and two gestures, a woman of a certain style can define herself.

Such startling economy is a Mamet signature. It is also emblematic of Jacqueline Thion de la Chaume, a woman who takes her pragmatism straight up, but with a twist. In the theater, where she's worked as a producer and as a foot soldier, she loves the intimacy of the rehearsal room and actively resents the inevitable

Jacqueline Thion de la Chaume, *above*, with, clockwise from left, Spencer, Mimi, Rose, and Heidi. A Portuguese water dog, three more cats, and four parakeets also live here. *Opposite:* In the living room Spencer poses again, and an ebonized chest from the Netherlands is behind a mid-18th-century tray table; black lamp is carved Cizhou storage jar.



It's mid-19th-century France, with a whiff of Proust and the Goncourt brothers in the glowing living room. Classical Qing paintings are over the sofa and a pair of Song dynasty Honan meiping are behind Japanese gongs supported by Oni on a Louis XVI mahogany library table. The small Louis XVI cane chair Jacqueline sat in as a child in her grandmother's living room is in the middle of the 18th-century Savonnerie carpet. Fabric on walls from Brunschwig.



A Cizhou vase, *above,* is flanked by Chinese bronze mirrors on mantel under a chinoiserie lacquer mirror; on the left Japanese fans are over the door. A Qing painting hangs above early-18th-century Kangxi famille verte dish on a *bois de rose* chiffonnier. *Below:* In the dining room, Louis XVI–style table and chairs are on an Axminster carpet, and a Chinese garden sculpture of stork is by windows. Curtains and wallpaper from Brunschwig.



intrusion of an audience. In her personal life, though she also loves to give her friends dinner, she's incapable of delivering a sentence that begins, "Two weeks from tonight. . . ." And as an adoptive mother, she has put her two Vietnamese girls in a church-affiliated school because, she says, "I don't want them to join a cult when they're eighteen."

As de la Chaume talks with perfect French discretion about her family and her work, it is clear that interior design cannot be a high priority. Too great an interest in mere things, she implies, would be a defeat. On the other hand, the home is not just a setting for the people who pass evenings there. It is also a nod to those who have gone before, to a family that has, for de la Chaume, values she must pass on to the next generation.

"I am from a bourgeois family of the nineteenth century," she says, coiling her long legs under her as a college girl might. "We keep things. So. I live in an attic." The understatement is comical. De la Chaume's apartment, in one of Park Avenue's greater buildings, is on a floor so low she can read the headlines on pedestrians' tabloids. And there is much more to her story—and her aesthetics—than her self-deprecating punch line suggests.

She is, for one thing, already a grandmother. "I was engaged at sixteen, a mother at nineteen," she explains, well aware that her blue-jean elegance and piercing eyes give her the aura of an unattainable bohemian beauty. Though that early marriage failed, she has no regrets. "It's wonderful to have a daughter who's just nineteen years younger," she says. Not only is there her daughter Sophie, but grandsons Matthew, ten, and Benjamin, three.

Her second marriage was to *(Text continued on page 202)*



A view from the library into the entrance hall where a Korean ink painting of a tiger guards a classic Kano school fan.









In the master bedroom, *above,* a bonheur-du-jour is behind the needlepoint carpet made by de la Chaume; to the right of the bed a lithograph by Braque is above a Louis XVI desk. *Opposite top:* Korean paintings of a cat with a bird and tigers from Yi dynasty hang in entrance hall by the door into library. *Opposite below:* Louis XVI chairs are around the dressing table covered in lace made by her grandmother. Fabric on walls from Lee Jofa.



The artist, age 31, photographed by Alfred Stieglitz in 1918

THE GREAT BIG LITTLE PAINTINGS OF GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

BY BARBARA ROSE

Georgia O'Keeffe was not a large woman, but she projected the aura of a giant. As a painter she had a similar capacity to make a small rock look as monumental as a mountain. Nowhere was this ability to create the sense of an infinite vastness, a rare achievement for any artist, more obvious than in the several small paintings she produced throughout her career. In these pictures—usually still lifes of flowers, fruit, shells, or bones—O'Keeffe reveals the difference between size and scale: size is a literal quality of the object untransformed; scale depends on the artist's imagination, on convincing the viewer that an object is grander, more immense than reality.

Most of O'Keeffe's small paintings are no bigger than the size of this page. They represent everyday objects, fruits and vegetables she had grown in her garden, or things collected in her walks through mountains and mesas and at the beach. She filled her famous adobe houses at the Ghost Ranch and in the village of Abiquiu, New Mexico, where she lived most of the time during the last decades of her long life, with objects she loved because of their beautiful shapes or colors or textures.

Her first small works were a series of watercolors. Some were female nudes, perhaps self-portraits, her only figure paintings; others were abstractions, natural objects, or landscapes. Trained to fill the whole space with an image by her teacher, Arthur Wesley Dow, whose method of composition was based on the Japanese idea of using simple forms contrasting light and dark, O'Keeffe developed an intuitively modern way of streamlining shapes, reducing them to their essence.

O'Keeffe's husband, the great photographer Alfred Stieglitz, did not generally alter his images through enlargement; he composed by framing what he chose to photograph. It was probably through other photographers, perhaps Stieglitz's protégé Paul Strand, that O'Keeffe learned about close-ups and cropping of images. Composing by cropping was familiar to photographers long before painters began to fill the whole surface of a painting from edge to edge. O'Keeffe's familiarity with photography helped her create an original painting style that anticipated the bold, graphic look of American painting in the sixties. The use of the close-up, which brought the image up front, close to the picture plane, gave even her representational paintings a distinctively modern look. The compressed space of modern painting depends on eliminating perspective and foreshortening and on fusing foreground and background. Flatness was further enhanced in her work by the way she cropped the image so that it overflowed its *(Text continued on page 204)*



PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART / ESTATE OF GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

One of several small pictures on a monumental scale, *Peach and Glass* from 1927 is only 9 by 6 inches



"I don't care that the new building is inspired by a particular period piece. I don't want to be a genius— I just want to create a relaxed American house"

THE COUNTRY SET

Designer William Diamond revives the McKim, Mead & White style in a new Westchester house

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI



A huge Ushak rug from Hakimian was the find that established a rich red, white, and blue color scheme in the 24-by-36-foot living room, *above,* which is organized into two seating groups. Twin sofas stand back to back, bounded on one side by a fireplace and on the other by tall transomed French doors. In winter, sofas show their plaid-blanket upholstery; in summer, chintz covers slip on. *Above right:* The owners out for a ride, their latter-day Shingle-style house behind them.

William Diamond says, "I kept the red coat in mind. I could see my client walking out of his future house to go hunting, which he does a few times a week. It was like a movie shot to me: early morning light, but what sort of house?" The owners of a 125-acre horse farm in Westchester County, New York, were invoking films, too, in an attempt to picture their future house, long before they met William Diamond. The woman of the family remembers that she had trouble articulating their wishes. "As close as I could come," she says, "was the kind of house Myrna Loy and William Powell lived in, in a movie I couldn't name—not *Mr. Blandings.*

"I wanted that look, whatever it was called—big spaces, lots of openings so we could feel we were part of the landscape. And informality: our friends





had to be able to come indoors in their riding clothes and boots and not be afraid to sit down anywhere."

The couple looked at dozens of old houses but something was always wrong, so they interviewed architects. One firm proposed a stucco building whose exposed framework would be made of timbers from an ancient English barn. The couple said no, too pretentious. Another firm drew up a Postmodern U-shaped scheme with a claustrophobic courtyard. No again. Then interior designer William Diamond and his associate Anthony Baratta were consulted. The wife remembers, "Bill was the only person to know what I was talking about—he was like a shrink. He translated for me." It was a two-word translation: Shingle style.

"A true Shingle-style house, not a gimmicky Postmodern spin-off, is not in many architects' repertoires," Bill Diamond says. "I don't know what would have happened if Tony Baratta had not been lucky enough to stop in at Great American Salvage the week before they demolished the Whittemore house in Middlebury, Connecticut. They offered us any parts we wanted from the McKim, Mead & White building, which was my favorite Shingle-style variation, Colonial Revival."

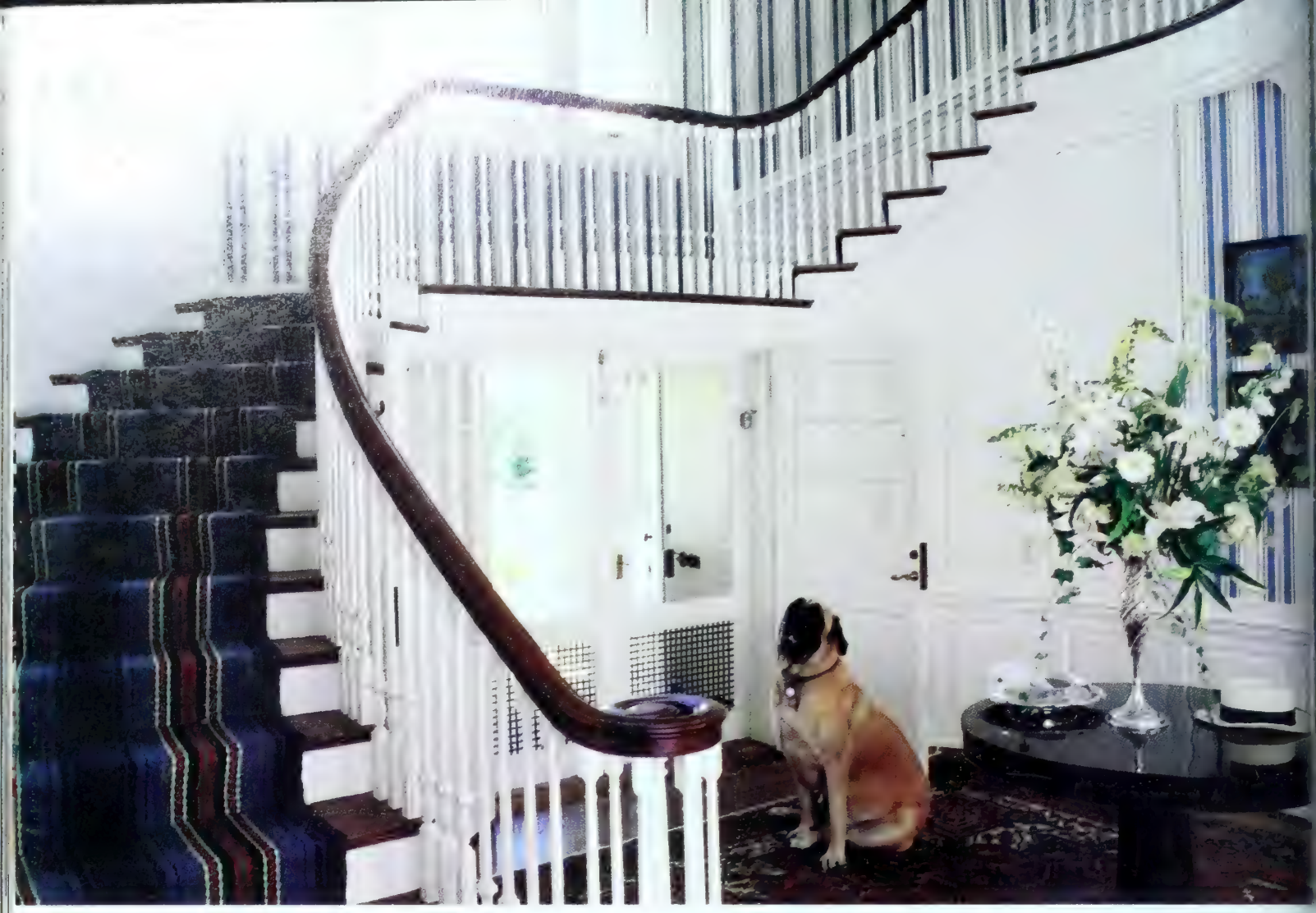
The interior designers and their clients immediately drove to Middlebury, where they bought everything they could from the still-intact house. They acquired raised-panel doors, windows, lighting fixtures, hardware, medicine cabinets, built-in wardrobes, granite doorsteps, and almost the entire entry hall with its graceful curving stairway.

Most important of all, the couple found a house they could live in were it located elsewhere, a house they wanted to echo and adapt. The architects they had chosen, Shope Reno Wharton, of Greenwich, Connecticut, sped to the site to measure details and draw elevations. And then a lot of soul-searching began in their office.

Architect Bernard Mapes Wharton says, "Our design is really a 1980s interpretation of the old house. The amount of daylight, for instance, is very much of our time. But the idea of imitating bothered us, I admit it. Yet architecture is a link to the past, and we'd accepted the commission. Now we



Even when the living-room sofas wear their summer covers of Cowtan & Tout chintz, *opposite above,* there remain numerous plaid pieces such as the 19th-century English library chair in the foreground. The seventy plaid lap blankets used for upholstery in the living room came from Scottish Products in New York. *Opposite below:* In the living room's glass bay sits an American Empire sofa found in New Orleans. *Above:* One of the two deep arched openings that flank the living-room fireplace leads to the dining room, furnished with a 19th-century three-pedestal mahogany dining table in the Georgian style. English Regency bull's-eye mirror from Kentshire Galleries.









The staircase, *opposite above,* from McKim, Mead & White's c.-1895 Whittemore house in Middlebury, Connecticut, was moved in three sections, along with paneling, front doors, and Palladian window, to be reinstalled here. Handwoven runner by Lois Chemin. *Opposite below:* Porch columns come from the same house. Awning stripes in wallpaper and fabrics are one of the visual motifs of this project. *Top:* The master bedroom is forty feet long and demanded big furniture. Bedside tables are actually small dining tables. Rose Cumming chintz; wallpaper in bedroom and in bathroom, *above,* from Jones and Erwin.

ctice."
ms, saying
he Whitte-
end. I don't care
the new building is inspired by a particular period piece. I don't want to be a genius—I just want to create a relaxed American house." In the collegial process that followed, the architects met with the clients and interior designers at every stage. Tony Baratta describes the spatial volumes they created as "comparable to the wonderful Colonial Revival houses built in this country well into the twentieth century. This is not a Palladian villa or an English country house."

Even though the decorators dislike the notion of putting their imprint on a room, they do have a vocabulary. They like unrigid symmetry in arrangement. They like bold architectural details, bold furniture shapes, bold patterning. They avoid what they consider pretentious: glazed walls, for example. They dislike clutter. "When in doubt, take it out" is their rule about occasional furniture. They like eccentric seating such as Raj folding chairs and Victorian love seats and American Empire case pieces—but never more than one or two in a room. They like the vibrancy of hand-blocked prints and the surprise of huge plaids. They like wicker. They like stripes. They like color that is strong and clean.

Just about everything the designers like can be seen in this reborn Shingle-style house, and it could indeed be a movie set for the hunter who lives here, but it is a real-life home to a family of four. They sum it up as "warm in winter, cool in summer, elegant and homey—all that a house should be." □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis





The 25-foot-square kitchen, *above,* is divided into work and dining space. Topped with a thick slab of marble, the island is stainless steel, as it might be in a restaurant kitchen. For meals—and that includes last Thanksgiving's dinner for twelve—there is a ten-foot English pine table. American Empire cabinet once stood in a sacristy. *Left:* An informal family room adjoins the kitchen.



Ve used wainscoting and schoolroom lights and left
ots of empty space in the kitchen so it would look old and serious—
ike those 1890 basement kitchens in Newport"



IN THE REALM OF THE SENSUOUS

A great traditional Japanese inn caters to the body, eye, and spirit

BY IAN BURUMA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT FRESON





We were already late as we boarded the Romance Car on the Odakyu line from Shinjuku to Hakone, our destination. And just as we left behind the dreary concrete and neon suburbs of Tokyo, we were held up even more by a sudden, ferocious summer thunderstorm. The aftermath of the storm, however, made the wooded mountains around Hakone look especially dramatic. It was a scene from one of Hiroshige's woodblock prints, part of his series of the Tokaido, the old road from Edo—as Tokyo was called before 1868—to Kyoto.

Hakone itself is a typical Japanese hot-spring resort, a little more restrained than many, perhaps, but typical nonetheless: a collection of rather ugly hotels, pizza parlors, souvenir shops, coffeehouses, and various establishments for nocturnal entertainment.

We left this behind, however, as earlier we had left behind the Tokyo suburbs. Our taxi wound its way up a steep hill lined with trees, a Buddhist temple, some fine Japanese houses and finally came to a halt in front of a gate to a private drive, where we "walked into" another woodblock print. There, built snugly into a beautiful Japanese garden, surrounded by trees, was our inn—the Matsu-no Chaya, or Pine Tree Teahouse. We announced our arrival at the entrance to the hall, which was decorated with a scroll and a summer flower arrangement. A pair of eyes appeared through wooden latticework. "You're late," muttered the owner of the eyes. A sharp voice, betraying a trace of panic, shouted: "They're here! They're here! Go and meet them at once!"

The inn consists of several houses built at different times on a mountain slope. The earliest parts, two traditional thatched cottages built in the Sukiya style by Rodo Ogi sometime in the years after 1910 (nobody seems sure exactly when), originally belonged to an executive of the Mitsui company. Additions were built in the late 1940s under the present owner, Mrs. Shinako Mitsui, and her late husband, Baron Takahiro Mitsui. These later parts, constructed by carpenters from Kyoto as well as Tokyo, are unusual, for they tend to adopt different styles. The final result, however, is very much in the Kyoto style of architecture.

"You cannot even imagine what life was like for us before the war," the Baron Mitsui allegedly was often

View of the gate, *opposite,* one of the newer buildings designed by Mrs. Shinako Mitsui at Matsu-no Chaya, added in the 1940s after the Mitsui's mansion in Tokyo was destroyed. *Above left:* The original thatched cottages were built in the Sukiya style by Rodo Ogi after 1910 on the non-mountainous east side of the property. *Top:* Raw materials for a fish dish at the inn.



heard to say. It is indeed hard to imagine, for he was the scion of the mighty Mitsui family, which owned one of the largest business empires in the world. The inn came about as a result of events in the postwar period when, during the American occupation, Japanese business empires were dismantled for having bankrolled and supposedly encouraged the Japanese war in Asia. The Mitsui mansion in Tokyo was destroyed in the bombings of 1945, and the baron and his wife were forced to retreat to the cottages in Hakone. After the war they faced the choice: either sell all their priceless belongings—scrolls, porcelain, ceramics, and crystal ware—and live off the proceeds, or use them to serve and entertain guests in exchange for money. They chose the latter, which may have been sensible but cannot have been easy for people used to being served, rather than serving others.

Soon, however, the inn attracted prime ministers, famous writers, artists, bankers, and other luminaries of the postwar world. Their calligraphies are now pasted onto the screens that decorate the main rooms. The inn,

A small bath of cypress wood, *above,* gives off a pleasing scent and has a spectacular view. *Right:* The garden was designed by Takahiro Mitsui and has a view of the Yusaka mountain in the background, which has been compared to Takagamine in Kyoto. *Opposite:* Part of a collection of Japanese tea ceremony bowls made fifty years ago in the studio of the well-known 19th-century potter Eiraku.

After the war the inn, combining prewar Mitsui elegance and a traditional country atmosphere, became a discreet and exclusive repository of a graceful Japanese past

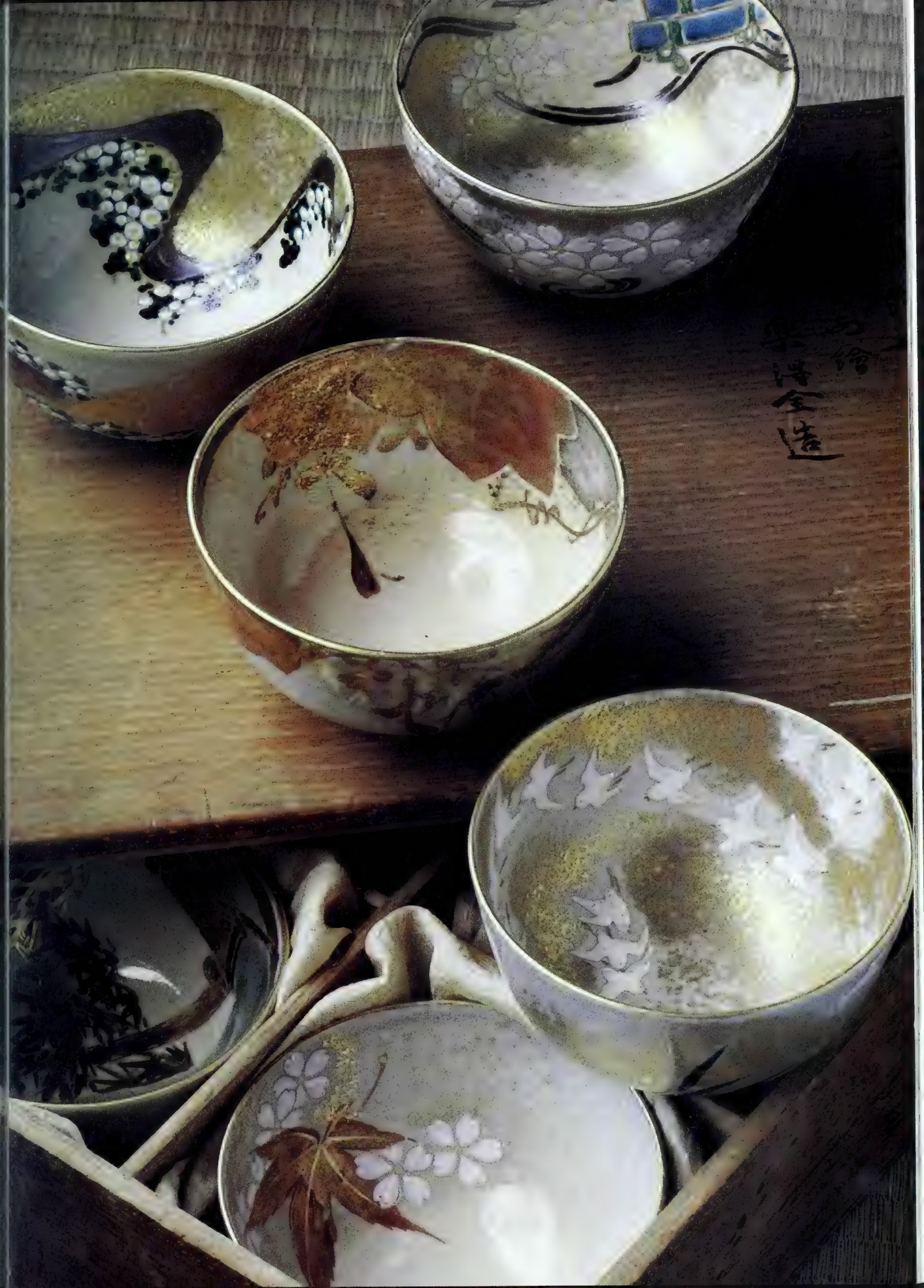
combining prewar Mitsui elegance and a traditional country atmosphere, became a discreet and exclusive repository of a graceful Japanese past, where the architects of the more vulgar and dynamic present could find repose.

"We only accept people with proper introductions," said Mrs. Onoe, the elderly lady who met us at the door. "We only serve the finest people here," she added, as she brought us the evening meal in the Pine Room, course by course, bit by bit: prawn sashimi, figs in sesame sauce, egg tofu in cold bean soup, sautéed eel in cucumber, and charcoal-grilled pike with lemon. According to summer custom the food, mostly cold, was served in crystal bowls to suggest coolness. Seasonal adjustments are also made to the decoration of the rooms so that summer flower arrangements grace the alcoves, or tokonoma, and the scroll paintings are of summer scenes, in summery colors, or are inscribed with poems referring to the hot season. The design of the rooms is not dramatically different from other houses in the traditional Kyoto style, but the materials used are of the finest quality: the best cedar and cypress wood, which give off a subtle and pleasant smell.

Mrs. Onoe has been with the Mitsui family for 52 years. She began as a governess for Mrs. Mitsui when she was still Miss Terashima, granddaughter of Count Terashima, minister of foreign affairs in one of the Meiji governments. Mrs. Onoe had accompanied her mistress everywhere—on skating expeditions, shopping sprees, to the cinema and dance parties. "Yes, it must have been awfully oppressive for madame," she says now.

Mrs. Onoe, who clearly runs the inn, adores old family stories. She has more than a little of the snobbery that so often imbues butlers, governesses, and other family retainers. She described her "madame" as being a very famous beauty at the *(Text continued on page 198)*







BEAUX ARTS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Lynda and Stewart Resnick, with their fine collection and the help of decorator R. Paul Berry, bring new life to a 1920s house

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER



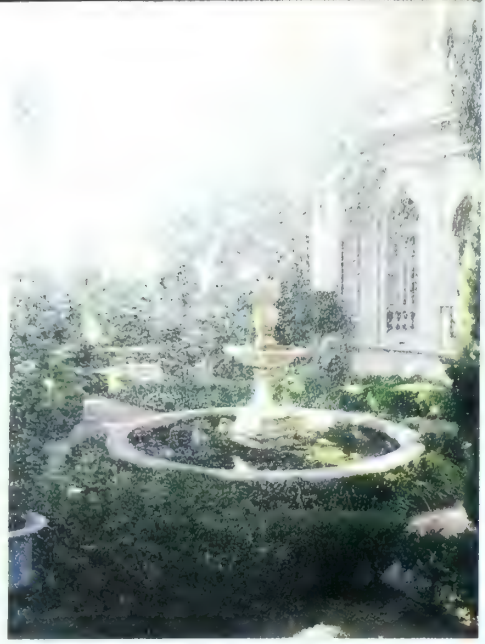
It should be in Paris and it should have been built in the 1880s, but small considerations of time and place have never stopped anyone in southern California. It can be no surprise, therefore, to come upon a Beaux Arts town mansion designed in 1927 as if the time had been fifty years earlier and placed in an environment where adobe might be the norm.

Far more astonishing is the fact that it has survived. In 1976, when Stewart and Lynda Resnick decided to buy the house, it had deteriorated so drastically that it was about to be torn down. "It was," Mrs. Resnick says, "like the cake in *Great Expectations*—almost totally destroyed." It took six months of work around the clock with the Resnicks acting as their own contractors to bring the house back to life; then it was time to decide what they wanted it to look like. They wisely chose to preserve the special features that give the house its distinction.

Working with decorator R. Paul Berry, Lynda Resnick has managed to make this large building both functional and grand. Downstairs, past the columns of the façade, the visitor enters a vast hall. Here there has indeed been a major change, but one which only enhances the Beaux Arts concept. Originally the room's back wall rose unbroken to the upper-floor ceiling. I

The garden façade of the Resnick house with its Italianate loggia, *above,* opens onto the back gallery, *opposite,* with landscape murals by Robert Baldwin which bring the outdoors in. *Left:* Boucher's *Leda and the Swan,* 1742, glows over a French 19th-century console.







was Berry's idea to open it up on the top level so that daylight floods the staircase and its landing, thus making it far more handsome—and inviting—than it had been. Although it is still an impressive entrance hall, this space has become something more as well, a gallery for the sculpture of which Stewart Resnick is a passionate collector—a change that, again, would have been highly acceptable in the 1880s.

As for the rest of the house, it has been divided in the most logical way: downstairs, the grand reception rooms have retained their formal Beaux Arts look, which suits the frequent large parties given by the owners; upstairs in the family quarters the arrangement of the rooms was transformed to make informal everyday life more comfortable, whether in the master suite or in the children's bedrooms. "We always wanted the children around," says Lynda Resnick, "and the size of the house worked for us. When you have five children, one of whom is a rock musician, you need space."

All this is the result of a close collaboration between Paul Berry and Lynda Resnick. "It is a creative relationship," Mrs. Resnick confirms. "Paul has done what I wanted to do but had no time for—he has helped to create the background for our collection." Indeed the house seems to have been an inspiration: it was soon after moving in that the Resnicks started to buy paintings, sculpture, silver, glass, and porcelain.

Unlike some collectors who buy according to a theme, Lynda and Stewart Resnick, she says, "buy for love." First,



The living room, *above,* with its Corinthian columns, preserves the Beaux Arts look. The Savonnerie carpet was made for the house; draperies are Fortuny cotton. The 19th-century marble figure of Napoleon is by Vincenzo Vela. *Opposite:* Halfway between the house and the pergola a fountain serves as a *point de vue;* beyond is an allée of cypresses and topiary ficas.



...she
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..., but French eigh-
...s held great
both. The result has been
...purchases undertaken with the help of Scott Schaefer, curator of European painting and sculpture at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Even before meeting him, though, the Resnicks had begun on their own buying a charming Boilly-like Van Gorp and a spectacular portrait of Madame de Maison-Rouge by Nattier in which the painter is at his lyrical best.

It would be hard to think of any paintings more appropriate for a Beaux Arts house, but her selections, Lynda Resnick says, had nothing to do with that. "We have never bought a painting because it went somewhere," she says. "You have to buy things of quality because you like them." This is clearly a sound principle: in applying it the Resnicks have become the owners, among other works, of a first-rate Boucher, *Leda and the Swan* (1742), as voluptuous and rich in color as any of the master's work, and of an enchanting Fragonard, *Sacrifice of the Rose,* painted circa 1790. There are also works of high quality by lesser known artists of the period, such as two Lagrenées and a Brenet from the Salon of 1771.

It was at that point that Lynda Resnick began to branch out. Scouting by Dr. Schaefer turned up a superb large Magdalen of 1635 by Jacques Blanchard, at the time still unattributed. Rather than buying a name, it was a question *(Text continued on page 198)*



Fruit and champagne in the pergola, *opposite,* a typical Beaux Arts amenity on which bougainvillea now grows. *Above:* A Regency table of mahogany and gilt centers the living room; vase is late-18th-century Chinese porcelain. *Left:* Upstairs in the library a Hockney leans against a table of macassar and ebony designed by R. Paul Berry. *Below:* Berry also designed the Art Deco–inspired bed and nightstands in the bedroom. Portraits are by Kees Maks; chairs by Süe et Mare.









Mrs. Scoville, *above,* piecing together tile fragments in the early years of her restoration of the Bacalhoa palace and its gardens. *Opposite:* Dated 1565, *Suzanna and the Elders,* in a poolside pavilion, is the oldest-known Portuguese tile painting.

QUINTA DA BACALHOA

For its American savior, Orlena Scoville, this four-hundred-year-old Portuguese country palace held a charm beyond its rare and magnificent tiles, its fascinating blend of Islamic and Italian architecture

BY JUNE TABOROFF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

Very much in the Portuguese style, the entrance hall, *above,* has a painted wood tray ceiling and choice 18th-century antiques. *Below:* Early-16th-century tile wainscot inset with panels depicting river gods embellishes the west loggia facing the garden.



One of the earliest surviving private houses of Portugal, the Quinta da Bacalhoa abounds in architectural mysteries. Although much is known about its history, thanks to the efforts of a Portuguese scholar, Joaquim Rasteiro, who at the end of the century described and documented it, the loss of most records in the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 has left many uncertainties. What is certain is that the architect of the house and garden was familiar with both Italian Renaissance and Islamic architecture.

The history of the property telescopes much of the history of Portugal and its ruling class. King John I (1385–1433) had a small hunting lodge that is now incorporated on the ground floor of the palace constructed by his granddaughter, the infanta Brites. Not only was she wealthy in her own right but she married the richest man in Portugal, the Duke of Viseu and Beja, and was the mother of King Manuel I. Infanta Brites died in 1506 after a long life during which explorers reached India by the sea route and King John II had Lorenzo de' Medici send Italian architects to Portugal

Two of the three pavilions linked with arcades, *above,* that overlook the characteristic Portuguese garden tank, at once mirror of trees and sky, swimming pool, and irrigation reservoir. *Below:* Beyond the water, a palace tower with its rare melon cupola.

to carry out architectural programs and to instruct local artists. Andrea Contucci, called Sansovino (c. 1465–1529), the famous Tuscan sculptor and architect, worked for nine years in Portugal, designing during this period "a splendid palace with four towers." There is a very old legend—and considerable speculation—that this description refers to Bacalhoa although there are no records to prove it, and the present palace has only three towers.

The property next went to Brites de Lara, the great-granddaughter of Infanta Brites, but she took little interest in Bacalhoa and sold it in 1528 to Braz de Albuquerque, the son of the second and greatest viceroy, who had captured Goa in India in 1510 and made it a center of Portuguese dominion in Asia. As a young man, he traveled to Italy and there had his eyes opened and his taste formed.

Albuquerque died childless in 1581, and in 1609 the Quinta passed to Maria de Mendonça, whose husband was nicknamed Bacalhau, the codfish, presumably accounting for the property's name. They took good care of it until mid century when it fell into neglect under a



landlords and incompetent
hen the second Count of
was it again well main-
Portugal became a republic, the
ld once more and degenerated into ruinous
, until the arrival of an unlikely savior in 1935.

In the years between the world wars, Portugal, although easily reached from the United States by several lines of steamers running directly from American ports to Lisbon, seemed infinitely remote. Yet "Portugal became with sudden importance the guiding star of my daily life," wrote New York–born Orlena Scoville. "It would appear in my reading or in unexpected conversations, and I met people who had lived there or traveled there extensively. And then just as I was ready to plan a trip abroad, I received a letter from a friend who lives in France, telling me of her departure for Portugal and plans to collaborate on a book about the country. She is a writer of no mean ability and her descriptions of the unspoiled country, its lovely climate, its charming people and customs—all this proved too strong for me."

Enlisted by her writer friend to help in the study of Portuguese glazed tiles or *azulejos,* Mrs. Scoville began her quest soon after her arrival in Lisbon, visiting "many palaces and gardens and churches and monasteries—all treasures of *azulejos*. . . . Everyone who heard of our special enthusiasm for tiles told us not to fail to go to the Quinta da Bacalhoa . . . and we read of it in many books."

At last, on Sunday, March 24, 1935, the day arrived for the trip across the Tagus to see Bacalhoa. There she found everything "in a sorry state of abandonment and decay; the floors are perilously rotted away where the roof is gone and doves are flying in and out and nesting in the rafters. Despite all this the rooms have an obviously livable quality, and the interior has an intimate charm that one seldom finds in palaces. Fifteenth-century tiles are still on the lower walls and around the doorways and fireplaces. . . . Views of the garden from the windows and glimpses of the vineyard and the orange grove and the pool all enclosed by the high ancient wall all proved too alluring and we descended to explore them.

"That was my first introduction to Bacalhoa, and from that moment I had a strange feeling that I would one day own it and re-create and restore it to its original beauty. It haunted me to think that such a building, unique of its kind, should be going to ruin. . . . However, I felt that I must not press too hard to acquire it, but rather that I should let it come to me at the proper moment. . . . I did make inquiries, but the owner at first would consider only selling the whole place (including a large farm and many more houses), not just the old Quinta, so *(Text continued on page 206)*



From the fountain-centered boxwood parterre below the loggia, a path lined with tiled flower beds and benches, roses, and rosemary runs beside the sunken orchard to the Casa de Prazer and the ornamental tank backed by a wall of 15th-century tiles.

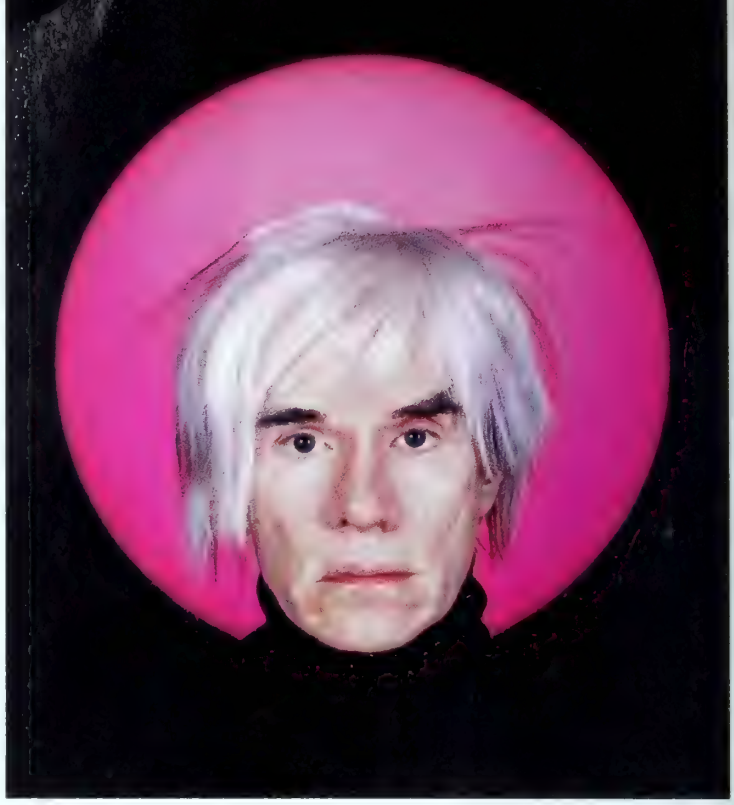


POSSESSION OBSESSION

How Andy Warhol's uncanny intuition led him to amass an astounding collection

BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE





Andy Warhol, *top,* 1986. *Opposite:* A view into the Federal-style living room with a Baltimore painted table and American Empire sofa, c. 1825–30, by Philadelphia cabinetmaker Anthony Quervelle. English chair on right attributed to Thomas Hope; rug is Aubusson. *Above:* A late-19th-century Punch cigar-store figure, an African drum, a small Charles Muller sculpture, and an antique wig stand under photograph by Edward S. Curtis.

We are both leaving Mortimer's. It's raining and there are no cabs. He's standing in the downpour with an *Interview* shielding his head—getting his hair wet is the mild grief of his life. I have an umbrella, so I offer to walk him home. We walk down Lexington Avenue, turn right on 66th Street, march past the fastness that is the Seventh Regiment Armory. When we reach his door, before I can even start the usual good-night pleasantries, he has already dashed up the steps, put his key in the lock, and is turning around to wave good-bye—without asking me in for a drink. For a moment I'm surprised, but then I remember . . .

Despite the fact that Andy Warhol was famous for letting anyone in the world walk into the Factory (his silver workplace on East 47th Street, where he rose to Pop fame, was notorious for its open-door policy, in fact for *having* no door; the elevator just opened into the loftlike space), he liked to keep his house people-free. He felt that he did his bit entertaining at the office during the day and in restaurants at night. There were many who believed that his private life was in fact the life he lived in public.

In all the twelve years that Andy resided on East 66th Street, less than one percent of his good friends ever saw the other side of that front door. Among the few celebrities who happened to fall into that category were Diana Vreeland, who was entertained there periodically, and Truman Capote, who visited once, on Christmas Day 1978, and later complained to me that Andy hadn't responded enthusiastically enough to the two little painted boxes he gave him. Andy explained that he was just nervous about having Capote in the house for the first time.

Who can ever know precisely what will unsettle an artist, but if by some chance Andy was worried that his house wasn't grand enough, he could have relaxed. A 1911 Georgian-style building twenty feet wide and seventy feet deep, it had been found for him in 1975 by Jed Johnson, the mannerly, soft-spoken young man who also decorated it and lived on the fourth floor until 1980 when he moved out to expand his interior design business. The story of Andy's house, as we shall see, can be starkly divided into two periods: before and after 1980.

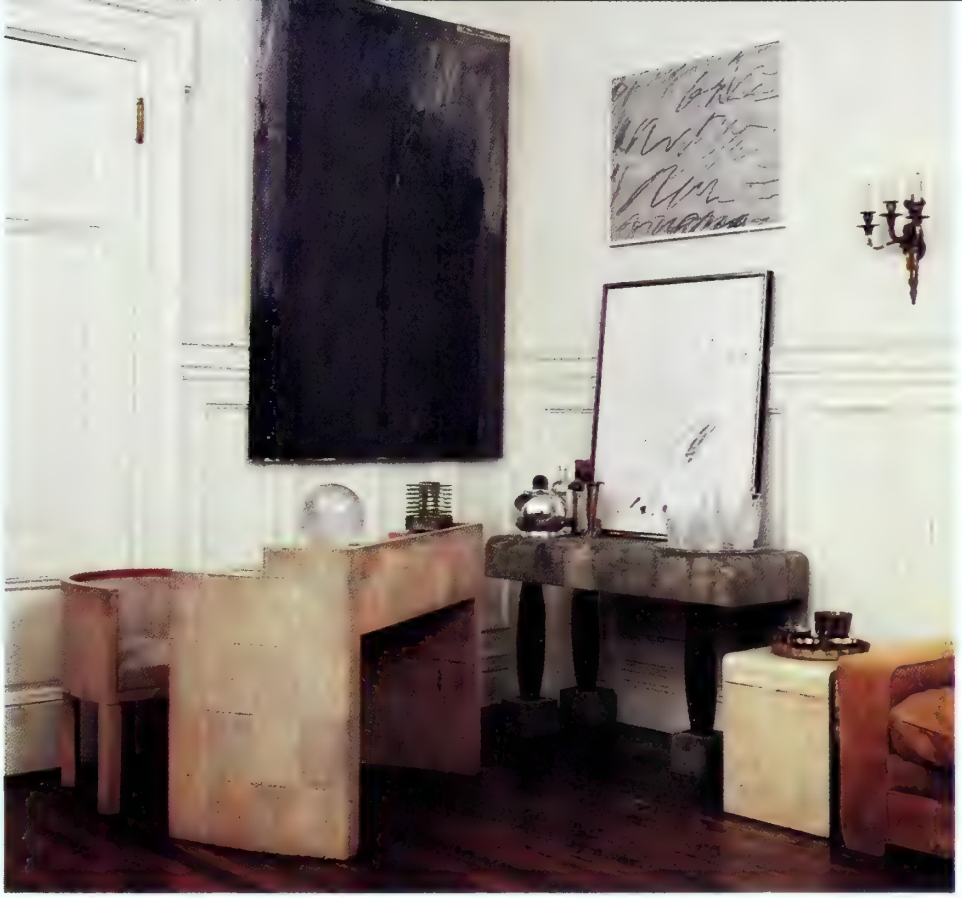
Jed Johnson remains perhaps the only Factory worker whose contribu-





In the front living room a 1961 cat painting by Lichtenstein hangs over a Jacques Émile Ruhlmann cabinet, 1926. On the right an upholstered sharkskin chair by André Groult is in front of a mirror and sharkskin cabinet by Pierre Legrain with a Renoir bust on top. On the left, a sofa by Jean Michel Frank and two lacquer chairs and a table with an eggshell finish, all by Jean Dunand. The silver is by Jean Puiforcat.





A sharkskin desk and chair, *above,* are under Jasper Johns's *Screen Piece,* 1967, and a Legrain table is under two Cy Twomblys, *Roman Notes,* c. 1974, and *Untitled,* 1961. *Below:* Lichtenstein's *Mirror,* 1971, hangs above an Arp and part of a collection of Dunand vases.









A corner of the guest room, *right,* with three out of a twelve-piece suite of Gustave Herter furniture. A Duchamp valise is on the red upholstered American Renaissance Revival chair; a lamp from Cornelius & Co. is on the chest next to the Barye bronze and Warhol painting of Mao. On the large chest at right, a gold sculpture by J. L. Gérôme. *Left:* Also in the guest room Jean Michel Basquiat's *All Beef,* 1983, is in unlikely juxtaposition to a Herter table. Sconces on either side of George Clairin's *Le Harem,* are c. 1880, from Cornelius & Co. Jed Johnson had the walls stenciled, and curtains are original 19th century. *Above:* A glimpse of Andy's bedroom on the second floor with a Federal canopy bed and American Empire mirror. A Baltimore painted chair is beside a Munch print, *Fat Whore,* 1899, and a corner of the rolltop desk by Joseph Barry of Philadelphia is just visible.



milieu has never dited. He started out ning the Union Square ry morning. Meanwhile he was teaching himself how to edit on the office moviola, and he went on to smooth out the rough look of Warhol's underground films, bringing them up to commercial standards, and eventually to direct the cult classic *Bad*. "Andy himself was a pack rat," Johnson says. "After he was shot in 1968, I went to take care of him in the house he was living in then, on 89th and Lexington—he'd saved everything, every bit of junk mail, every empty box and tin can. I sorted things out, put paintings with paintings and cans with cans. Buying things for that house was really what got me started—I'd never thought about decorating before. And seven years later when Andy was ready to upgrade, I scouted houses for him. I must have looked at more than a hundred. What he liked about *this* house was it had a Classical essence, a really traditional feeling: wide staircases, generous circulating spaces, large open rooms. Also it was right off his favorite shopping promenade, Madison Avenue. Architecturally nothing had to be changed. It just all had to be cleaned up. Andy promised to park all his shopping bags in the closets and the top-floor storage rooms."

When it came to decorating the house, "Andy let Jed do everything, whatever he wanted," according to one friend. "He knew that Jed could give him a 'look.' He surrendered to a combination of Jed's idea of grandeur and his own notion that he might be ready to begin behaving grandly himself—remember, he was in his Shah of Iran phase then."

Johnson, it turned out, had an uncanny visual memory for interiors. Fortunate enough to have traveled with Andy *(Text continued on page 194)*



Ruhlmann chairs in the dining room flank the Federal table covered with part of Andy's American Indian collection. Baskets are Tlingit, Plains, Apache, and Pima; blanket on chair is Tlingit and rug on table Navajo; belts and bracelets are Navajo, Zuni, and Mexican. At the back of the table are: Mimbres painted pottery, Haida horn spoons, and a painted wooden Eskimo mask.



(continued from page 192) over the [illegible] had been received by the elect [illegible] the elect, in houses celebrated for their exquisite taste: by Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé in Paris and Marrakesh, Hélène Rochas on the Riviera, Eric de Rothschild at Château Lafite, the Volpis at the Palazzo Volpi in Venice. . . . He was greatly influenced by the quality of the furniture and collections he saw and by the style with which they were displayed. These were the lofty standards Johnson would come to apply to his own work. His was "the mind that mirrors and the hands that act." Arranging and expanding Andy's collections, he found himself experimenting with three different styles: Neoclassical, Art Deco (which is neo-Neoclassical, after all), and Victorian.

The fourth-floor guest room with its twelve Herter pieces has stenciled walls, a magnificently decorated ceiling, and doors painted faux bird's-eye maple to match the furniture. In Andy's bedroom a pair of superb 1825 commodes by the Philadelphia cabinetmaker Joseph Barry stand on either side of the fireplace. Johnson found the French antique wallpaper by Joseph Dufour in New Hampshire. The chintz curtains were a gift from Warhol superstar Baby Jane Holzer—fresh from the house in Southampton she'd bought from Henry Francis du Pont, the seigneur of Winterthur. An American primitive portrait of two sisters was the painting Andy chose to wake up to every day—that and a ravishing Rousseau that itself leaps awake with an early-morning freshness.

The back living room has a wonderful suite of Baltimore painted furniture—a center table, a pair of card tables, and a set of chairs—plus a matching pair of méridiennes by Quervelle. On first glance this perfectly composed room strikes a preternaturally muted note—more mausoleum than museum, as if the house's autochthonous owners were still about—but one suspects that it would grow no less forbidding with familiarity. The front living room, on the other hand, is all welcoming—a trove of classic Art Deco pieces. In the late sixties the inspired connoisseur Fred Hughes, Andy's best friend and now the executor of his estate, had the bright idea—or was it the brilliant impulse—to go to the flea market in Paris and buy Dunand and Legrain furniture, which the French considered uninteresting. He also went to Puiforcat and Cartier and asked if there was anything in their inventory languishing from the Art Deco period—hence the gleaming tureens, flatware, serving dishes, candlesticks, and tea sets that are everywhere to one's hand.

Unlikely-seeming terrain for the man who painted Campbell's soup cans. Did Andy *really* like the antiques he filled his house with? "Oh, but he did, he did," Johnson insists. "He told me they made him feel rich." (Andy was famously preoccupied with money. "One day," Johnson recalls, "I asked him what he prayed for when he went to church. He said, 'Cash,' and I think he was serious, although I also used to hear him say to his dachshund, 'Talk, Archie, talk! I know you can talk. I don't know why you have to be so stubborn. If you'd talk, we could make millions.' " Andy kept wads of money under the special straw mattress he slept on, according to Johnson—"he told me you only feel as rich as the money you have in your pocket or under your mattress.")

Rich in antiques, surely Andy must have luxuriated in his surroundings. "Oh no," Johnson says, surprised at the very idea. "He kept most of the rooms locked. He had a routine. He'd walk through the house every morning before he left, open the door of each room with a key, peer in, then relock it. Then at night when he came home he would unlock each door, turn the light on, peer in, lock up, and go to bed."

Instinct can be stifled but not for long, and when Johnson moved out the house just reverted to the pack-rat personality of its owner. Andy, who had never stopped loving his old cluttering habit, became Andy again—more strongly, more doggedly than ever. The second era of Andy's tenure at East 66th Street is therefore not about decorating a house but about filling it up. A tendency he'd been indulging all along at his office—within a year of moving to the present Factory, on East 33rd Street, he could hardly open the door to his room. Inside, the desk was piled perilously high with gifts and purchases: a jacket Stephen Sprous had given him, a scarf from Halston, perfume samples from *Interview* advertisers, a painting of himself by a fan, a dessert plate from the Hotel Ritz in Madrid, walking sticks he'd bought at an antiques store, a hundred pairs of sunglasses acquired in a lot in some flea market, and all his little teas and chocolates. The phone would ring, from somewhere under the rubble, and he wouldn't be able to get to it. When he could no longer use the office at all, he began bringing things up to the "ball room" where he painted.

In no time Andy managed to make his house look just like his rooms at the Factory. The nearest room to the front door was the dining room (its long Sheraton table, fourteen Ruhlmann chairs, and two Joseph Barry sideboards all growing "vestigial from disuse"), and that was where every new mad thing heaped up haphazard, to the point where one couldn't see the rug: enormous crystals (enormous numbers of them, too), cigarette cases, tortoiseshell calling-card cases, antique wristwatches, Fiesta ware, cookie jars, baskets, American folk art, Indian jewelry, Indian blankets (piled one on the other and sealed with spiderwebs), primitive masks (unceremonially exposed), and the hotel and airline china he habitually pinched. Oh, and semiprecious stones (stored in dirty coffee cans). For he was out there every day collecting, filling up the house that is now being emptied.

Fittingly, it is here in this littered dining room rather than in the keyed-down brilliance of the rooms upstairs that Andy has his memorial. For Pop is about quantity, and Andy Warhol was about "more more more." When he bought something it was because he wanted either the best of it or the most of it. He wasn't the type of collector who's obsessed with filling in every possible gap and showing every permutation in a pattern system. He was just the opposite: essentially nondiscriminatory, interested in everything—he had trouble excluding. Pop is an equalizing thing: it says that a Brillo box has the same stature as a totem pole. And Andy was that way with people—he'd give anyone off the street the same amount of time he'd give a movie star.







The scent of my Rigaud candle in the foyer welcomes my guests. Its fragrance creates the cozy



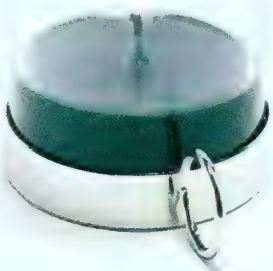


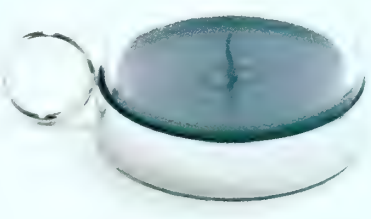


atmosphere in our library, and its bouquet makes our suite at the Connaught more like home.









Even unlit, it perfumes the linen closet. Days and days of wonderful fragrance.

I think I'll pick up a few more at Neiman-Marcus. One as a gift, the rest for us.

lles, potpourri, and room spray scented with cypress, spice, sandalwood, lavender, rose, or wildflower. RIGAUD PARIS

collector friend of shopping with him very day for the past four years, believes that "unlike most collectors Andy was willing to take risks and see interest or beauty in very special places. He was not tied down to names. He owned some great things that are anonymous. And some of the paintings and sculpture are extremely interesting but very minor, which didn't trouble him. He was a collector who collected in many different areas, but every single area had a point to it. One of his last collecting passions was sculpture—look at the Canova head of Napoleon in the front hall, the original plaster yet. And right before he died he was collecting pedestals, he was buying them all over the place."

The thought is helplessly amusing: that the king of Pop, who by definition and by nature considered everything equal, who was obsessively concerned with quantity, who was deeply preoccupied with stacking, who would never in his life present *any*thing as if to say "This is Something," would buy a pedestal! What, one wonders, would he have put on it? A pile of something, surely—perhaps a stack of junk mail, because he'd run out of other places to put it.

"Four days before he died," says Judith Hollander, a friend of Andy's and a collector of nineteenth-century American furniture, "I called to tell him I wanted to buy one of those great Barry sideboards in the dining room, and he got flustered and said, 'I can't . . . I'm using them.' Well, I'm sure he was—to stack.

"With Andy there was no sense of an object ever existing by itself and of itself; it only existed as Andy's *thing*. The fact that it might be entitled to a life of its own was something he simply could not comprehend."

"I tried to do a lot of conservation," says Jed Johnson, an idealist when it comes to furniture. "I think that when a person buys something there's an obligation he takes on to conserve it. But once Andy bought something, he was on to the next thing—his buying was conquest, not an adoption."

But by not dwelling on what he'd already bought, Andy had plenty of time to buy more. Vito Giallo, a friend of his since the late fifties and the proprietor of a well-known Madison Avenue antiques shop where over the years Andy bought (among other things beyond number) thousands of rare books twenty or thirty at a time, dozens of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Spanish Colonial crucifixes and santos three or four at a time, and sixty boxes of semiprecious stones all in one gulp, recalls: "He was my best customer. He'd come in almost every day, and the days he couldn't come in he would give me a ring: 'Anything for me?' He'd appear around eleven o'clock, hand out copies of *Interview* to anyone in the shop, and offer to autograph them. He rarely left without buying *something*. He was very canny once you got past the 'oh, this is fabulous' routine, but he always had to appear as though he were an imbecile because that would give him the edge.

"Just when you thought you knew exactly what he'd like and why, he surprised you. Once I bought a wonderful American painting from the thirties, very representational—a portrait of a nude woman with a fan—and Andy said he wanted to see it. When it was delivered to me, I saw that the mover had knocked a big hole in the middle of it and I thought, 'Oh, my God!' But what Andy liked best about it was its hole."

When Andy left Vito Giallo's shop every day, the attention he attracted from casual Warhol-watchers seemed to visibly please him as he continued handing out and autographing *Interviews* right and left. But nothing could match the intense attention that Giallo remembers him getting from his mother, Julia Warhola, with whom—many residences back—he shared a fifth-floor walkup railroad apartment in Murray Hill. "They slept on two mattresses on the bedroom floor. His mother was constantly attending him, making him little sandwiches, doing his clothes, going shopping for him." When Giallo asked her one morning if she'd slept well the night before, she looked at him with surprise. "Oh no," she said. "I didn't sleep at all. I just sat and watched Andy sleep." □



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These paintings are all hung downstairs, either in the hall or in the music room, whose elaborate, carefully detailed trailing curtains were inspired, Paul Berry says, by those in the home of the late Pauline de Rothschild. Across the hall the vast living room is dominated by a slightly more than lifesize late-nineteenth-century white marble sculpture of the dying Napoleon, the work of Vincenzo Vela. In its idiosyncratic dominance the Vela is typical of Stewart Resnick's liberal taste: the sculptures range all the way from Maillol's bronze *Torso of Venus,* the very epitome of sensuality, to Carpeaux's *Child with Horn,* to admirably elegant terra-cottas, dated 1765, by Nicolas Sébastien Adam.

Upstairs, the collection continues, but it moves into our own times: Hockney and Lichtenstein set the dominant tone. Here there is an interesting hiatus between art and decor: the first is contemporary, the latter an adaptation of Art Deco as seen by Lynda Resnick in a Paris salon and re-created by Paul Berry after looking at Hollywood films of the period. Great, if sedate luxury is the note: the detailing throughout—the recessed ceiling in the library, the plasterwork cornice in the bedroom, the paneling edges—is extraordinarily lush and reminds us of a time when skilled craftsmen were easily found and easily paid, but what was luxury even then has become splendid profusion today. This is, no doubt, appropriate for the Resnicks who, two years ago, became the owners of the Franklin Mint and set it to making upmarket objects of every kind, not excluding scale reproductions of antique cars.

The feeling of the late 1920s and 1930s is strong in the library and the master bedroom, both in the overall design and in the furniture, where Art Deco–inspired pieces by Paul Berry like the sycamore bed and the sycamore, bird's-eye maple, and gold-leaf nightstands blend in with a settee and two armchairs by Süe et Mare. But it is in the bathrooms that time seems to have gone backward: precisely designed, carefully crafted, they are like nothing so much as an ensemble from one of the great Atlantic liners, the *Liberté,* perhaps, or the *Normandie.* Marble, engraved opaque glass, and bleached zebrawood combine to create the atmosphere to which the glint of ever-present gold is added, not just in the fixtures but also in the frames of the glass doors to shower and sauna. "Gold," says Paul Berry, "requires no upkeep."

That is not the case with the garden; there the look is more Italian than French, as befits the climate in southern California. Carefully sited fountains bring the sound of plashing water to a huge pergola and an allée of cypresses alternating with topiary ficas. If the lines of the garden are straight and austere, the profusion of brightly colored flowers entices. Stone vases brim with flowers, the pergola is covered with scarlet bougainvillea, roses of all kinds perfume the air, and baskets of begonias, fuchsias, and impatiens provide color in midair. There is a pool, but it is so dark it looks more like a reflecting pool from an Italian garden.

Such illusions belong to a house out of its time and place where several styles flourish. There is nothing illusory about the art though. In collecting first-rate works, the Resnicks have transformed an amusing survival into a welcoming environment where the best of the past can live on for every viewer's pleasure. □ *Editors: Eleanore Phillips Colt and Joyce MacRae*

IN THE REALM OF THE SENSUOUS

(Continued from page 172) Peers' School (also frequented by the imperial family). "Now," she told us with a sigh of regret, "anybody can go there with enough money, but in those days, ah. . . ." She sighed once again.

Mrs. Onoe gives her guests great personal attention. She sees that the futons are laid out every night, that one's shoes are neatly arranged in the hall before taking a walk, and that one's bath is at the right temperature. What is more, she does it all alone. "People almost never get to meet madame. That is always a rare privilege. The master (Baron Mitsui) hardly ever mingled with the guests either." They had a succession of maids, but they all got married, which was a great nuisance. Mrs. Onoe got married too, once, but that was short-lived. "They wanted me back," says Mrs. Onoe. "She could not get on well with her husband," says Mrs. Mitsui. Whatever the case may be, according to Mrs. Onoe, "My life is here with the guests." Everybody's hopes concerning the inn's future are now pinned on Mr. Shimizu, the chef. If only he would get married (he is 29), Mrs. Onoe could teach his wife how to take over eventually. But apparently Mr. Shimizu, a very handsome man, is much too popular to want to settle down just yet. Besides, there is his dog, Taketora, "who is just like his wife."

All this and more we were told over dinner. Staying at a traditional Japanese inn is very different from being in a hotel, no matter how exclusive. It is more like staying in someone's country house. One is drawn into the family, as it were, hence the importance of introductions. Guests at the inn tend to be regulars with whom a long-term relationship has been established. This is not the same as saying that guests are friends. Mrs. Onoe and Mrs. Mitsui's having been together for 52 years does not put them on a social par: Mrs. Onoe remains "Onoe," while Mrs. Mitsui will always be "madame." And just so, guests always remain guests. Intimacy in Japan does not necessarily lead to social equality. What makes the Pine Tree Teahouse so remarkable is that the innkeepers are the peers, and often even the social superiors, of most of their guests.

Staying at a hot-spring inn, much of one's time is spent in the bath. This is one of Japan's greatest pleasures. Although bathing only became a popular pastime during the Tokugawa period (1603–1867), and then mostly in the larger cities, modern Japanese adore baths. This has led to a revival of country springs but also to the introduction of some unfortunate gimmicks: baths on tracks that go up and down moun

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The baths at the Pine Tree Teahouse are, naturally, in the best of taste: there is a marble bath with a wonderful view of the main garden and the mountain behind it; there is a smaller bath of cypress wood sunk into the marble floor with an equally spectacular view and a very pleasing fragrance. Personal service is not offered here. For that guests are advised to turn to the more raffish establishments in the town below, which is kept entirely out of sight by the prudent design of the garden. Only the occasional announcement or popular jingle can be heard wafting from the town's giant loudspeaker.

The type of hot-spring water varies enormously from place to place. Hakone water is clear and contains very little sulfur, so that one is spared the smell of rotten eggs which can make bathing a little hard on the nose. The taboos of Japanese bathing are, one imagines, too well known to need another detailed explanation. As long as one does not wash in the tub, one cannot go very far wrong. The idea is to soak in the water to relax. Japanese tend to enjoy relaxing as much as they reputedly enjoy work, and at least four or five visits a day to one or several of the baths can be considered average.

Arthur Koestler, the Hungarian-born British writer, once described the Japanese as stoical hedonists. There is indeed an element of stoicism in staying at a traditional inn. One is not supposed to sleep late, for instance. Breakfast is served around eight, and, if you are not up in time, a short and sharp telephone call from Mrs. Onoe makes sure you soon will be.

Breakfast consisted of bream, pickled aubergine, rice, and lobster in miso soup. (Breakfast and dinner are always part of staying at a Japanese inn.) After the first of many baths, we took a stroll around the garden, still tended according to the baron's taste. The plants, trees, hedges, and flowers are neat, but not unnaturally so. There is often something of the French poodle about Japanese gardens. Not in this one, though; there is not a trace of artificiality. There are fine maple trees, a bamboo grove, and, rather idiosyncratically for a Japanese garden, roses, of which the baron was especially fond.

Our meeting with Mrs. Mitsui was arranged for the afternoon. We had tea in cups engraved with the letter M, for Mitsui, in gold on orange. The cups and saucers were made before the war of clay imported from Korea. Mrs. Mitsui made her appearance in a splendid white dress. Her general bearing, her clothes, her beautifully polished nails, her quivering aristocratic voice made her seem a bit like a character in a Tennessee Williams play. Her great elegance and beauty, like that of the inn itself, was so striking that its gradual fading away, like the cobwebs in the exquisitely crafted alcoves, was especially poignant. As if to make the point, Mrs. Mitsui showed us photographs of her family, at banquets with European guests or having picnics on the lawns of country estates. She produced a picture of her mother, taken in the 1910s: a pale, slim beauty wearing a long, flowing dress, drawn in tightly at the waist, standing on part of an elaborately carved staircase, probably a prop in an expensive photographic studio. One could almost hear the sounds of a slow waltz in the background.

I asked Mrs. Mitsui what she had found most difficult about running an inn. "The manners of some of the guests," she said. "I was raised to expect very high standards. Nowadays people no longer understand. But, of course," she added, "it is Onoe who bears the brunt of all the crude behavior." Mrs. Onoe had told us a delightful anecdote about the writer Yukio Mishima, who used to lie down on the tatami floor while gobbling down his dinner. There are more obvious difficulties in maintaining the inn. Craftsmen to repair the roofs, for example, are becoming rare and expensive. "But," said Mrs. Mitsui, "they promise to come until I die." The mud for the walls comes all the way from Kyoto, as does the paper for the sliding doors.

Indeed, the inn is showing its age. It is a bit like a beautifully cut suit on an elegant old aristocrat who can no longer be bothered to frequent his tailor. The excellence is apparent, but a little threadbare. The key words to traditional Japanese aesthetics are *wabi* and *sabi,* which could be translated as the melancholy beauty of evanescent time. In the Pine Tree Teahouse one is reminded all the time of a glorious past, of fading elegance, of people no longer in this world. The guests' calligraphies on the screens are beginning to fade, too. If only Mr. Shimizu would marry. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

SPLENDID SANCTUARY

(Continued from page 106) For all his saintliness, the founder of Atotonilco was a showman of genius. A respected poet, theologian, architect, mystic, and one might add fakir, Alfaro divided his time between masterminding a major shrine and mortifying himself. The soles of his sandals were studded with jagged strips of tin so he could hardly walk; his hair shirts bristled with spikes; his food was flavored with *acibar* to give it a disgusting taste; and he was famous for sleeping in a coffin (he wore out three of them) slung under the altar.

But for all this morbid excess Alfaro's sanctuary remains one of the most magical and uplifting buildings of its kind. Uplifting not only for its Christian spirit but also because it became a rallying point during the Mexican War of Independence. Atotonilco was the first stop on Father Hidalgo's revolutionary trek, and it is where he obtained his historic banner. The Mexican authorities have finally realized the sanctuary's historical, religious, and cultural significance and are taking belated steps to restore it. But even in tatters the vision of the next world which Father Alfaro devised for the edification of the credulous Chichimecas is still one of the wonders of Baroque Mexico. Go there next Christmas or Easter. The primitive faith that emanates from Atotonilco is as cleansing in its way as the local spas, which once again function—mercifully under respectable new management. □

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...lippe de ...publisher of *Marie Claire*. ...nstrumental in reopening French *Vogue* after the war, so it wasn't difficult for his stylish and energetic young wife to become its fashion editor. But two years after they married, de Croisset died in a car crash.

Marriage to Yul Brynner required a different sense of adventure. De la Chaume gave up her apartment overlooking the American embassy, decorated a home in Normandy, and adopted Mia and Melody. Then Brynner took to the road—with his family—for the revival of *The King and I*. In five years they lived in 24 American cities, invariably in hotels. "I had a small suitcase filled with things I'd put up right away: candles, shawls, ashtrays, small vases," de la Chaume recalls. "That was terribly important. And because the children were then very small, we always moved their beds so they'd wake up pointed in the same direction."

In 1981, Brynner proposed that the family settle in New York, in an apartment like the Paris flat that de la Chaume had loved. His wife chose the first duplex she saw. "The walls were here," she says, with characteristic tact. But with the help of Vincent Fourcade, a friend for thirty years, she knew she could make a home of it.

The result, therefore, is a pure hymn to de la Chaume's past. The Chinese artifacts in this room come from her grandmother, "who went to China often, by train, with her own sheets." The small cane chair is the purest of these mementos—it was, in de la Chaume's childhood, the chair she was allowed to occupy in her grandmother's living room. The only nonfamily items here are the fans and screens, and they too turn out to be related: in every one, there's an animal. But because the room is anchored by Savonnerie rugs and framed by honey-colored moldings with black trim, because the walls are covered with a fabric whose pattern first became popular in the eighteenth century, and because the curtains are taffeta and have silk fringes, the overall effect is less familial than historical—entering the living room is like stepping into a time capsule.

But from what era, and what location? Vincent Fourcade can date it. "When Jacqueline and I grew up, there wasn't that much pattern on Paris walls," Fourcade explains. "All that had been removed for brighter, clearer colors. You found colors like these in country houses. This is a mid-nineteenth-century look, neatly transposed to the French countryside before World War I."

Such analysis makes the client uneasy. "This is *not* a museum," she says firmly. She means that the living room is not, in the American fashion, off limits to her children. But de la Chaume also wants to make clear that the objects here have personal value. "I like objects more than paintings," she says—and proves this by the art treasures in her bedroom. One is a large print of poppies she bought for $7 in Maine. The other, from a flower catalogue, also yielded change from a ten-dollar bill. The household's better art is a recent addition, from her mother's collection: a folder of French political prints from the 1930s.

The living room is, in the old manner, closed in summer. Even at the height of the New York entertaining season it is less favored than the neighboring library, where de la Chaume, a voracious reader, keeps up with the latest plays and much more. And it was at this desk, a few years ago, that she began coproducing *The Night of the Iguana*. The play did not come to New York, but all the work was nothing compared to the pleasure of working with Jeanne Moreau, Michael Moriarity, and Eileen Brennan. "You choose a play as you choose a friend, and then the play gives you connections," she explains. "Friendships form around affinities. As time goes on, you find more layers. It's the kibbutz life: the only important thing is the group."

These days, when she is not working on the productions of her friends, de la Chaume's love of the theater is satisfied by impromptu dinners. "Françoise de la Renta told me to buy a big table for twenty and go to it," she says, laughing as she opens the door to the dining room. The table is there all right, but it's been compressed to accommodate half the guests de la Renta would have invited. Dwarfing it is an eight-foot-tall tin bird—a Chinese garden decoration—that de la Chaume and Fourcade found on lower Broadway. Looking around this little-used room, she announces that she's a *terrible* hostess. This is so preposterous that she immediately corrects herself. "I have to find a reason for people to be together," she says. "Then I invite them—for tomorrow. I cook myself. The fun lies in giving your friends the best, and in America you have to cheat and make too many sauces to hide the fact that the vegetables are tasteless."

If all this sounds like a European household that has made few concessions to America, that is somewhat the case. "Yet," says de la Chaume, "my girls are pure American teenagers. I love the fact that children now confront you—which never would have entered my mind. Naturally, my girls think I live in another century. I give them reason to. It's highly irritating to me if I have friends over and I come into a room and no child stands up. I don't understand why children can't remember not to walk in front of adults. And it's annoying the way you have to chain them to a chair during a meal. I'm strict about all this. Strictness breeds security."

There, right there, is the voice of Jacqueline de la Chaume's grandmother. In a decade or so, it's a safe bet that it will also be the voice of her daughters. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

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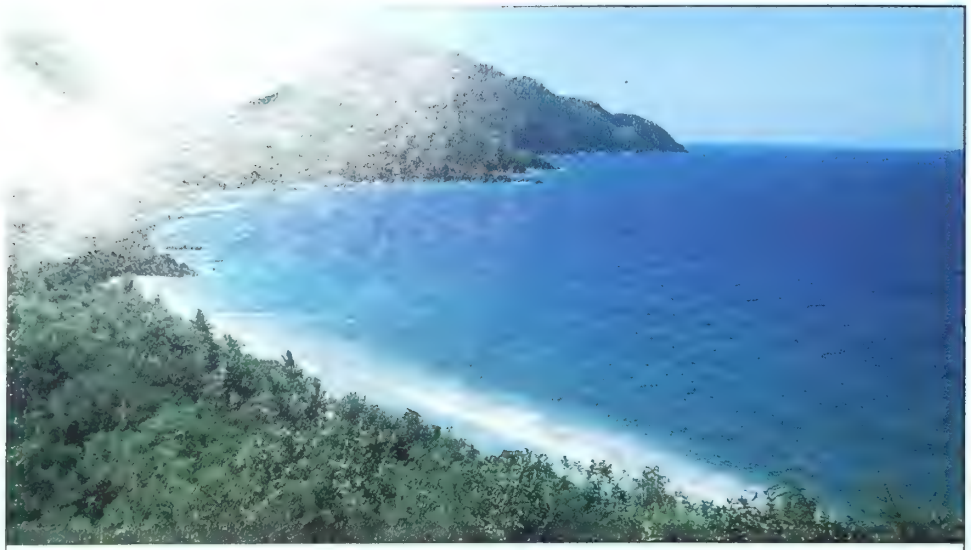
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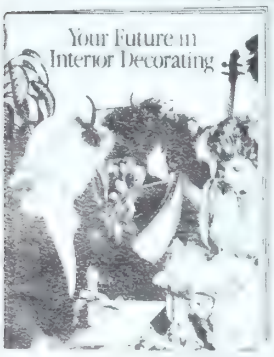
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GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

(Continued from page 160) boundaries.

O'Keeffe was among the first abstract artists in the world, yet she basically painted what she saw before her. Transforming the external world through her own artistic vision she interpreted realistic images in such a simple way that they could appear abstract. She might refine or idealize a shape like a bird's wing until it was a simple V, but her vision was essentially concrete and based on experience. This is especially true of the small paintings in which all superfluous detail is eliminated. Abstract qualities of form are emphasized, and the general is exaggerated. Her clamshell or iris or poppy seems not to be any specific object but an image of the essence of shell or flower.

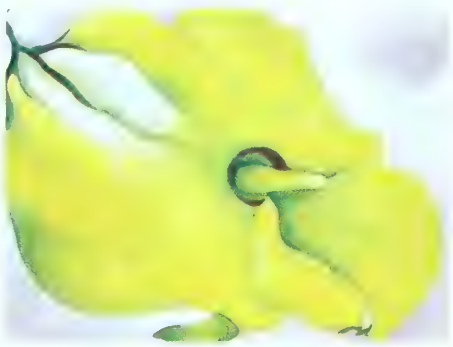
O'Keeffe deliberately chose to paint the most modest subjects and to give them significance. All of nature down to a piece of seaweed washed ashore by the tide was something special to her. By painting the humblest forms of life she expressed an essentially religious vision of nature as a sacred creation, greater than mankind and human works. In a letter written to playwright Sherwood Anderson, included in the catalogue of the current O'Keeffe retrospective at the National Gallery, she wrote, "I feel that a real living form is the natural result of the individual's effort to create the living thing out of the adventure of his spirit into the unknown—where it has experienced something—felt something—it has not understood—and from that experience comes the desire to make the unknown—known."

O'Keeffe's highly original vision has its origins in her special way of seeing. Her eyesight had apparently been threatened in her childhood years by a serious case of typhoid. Because of this experience, she was conscious of the value of seeing clearly. In addition to working to have sharp vision, she also fought to maintain clarity of thought; both exercises are expressed in the unequivocally precise style of her painting. Getting people to notice something small that could have escaped them in a world obsessed with bigness became her challenge. In a way, it was a metaphor for getting attention denied woman artists of her time for her fragile but sturdy self.

According to Juan Hamilton, her as-

stant and companion for the last thir-
en years of her life, "There was a
rectness and simplicity in her world,
er way of thinking. . . . She took
ings as they were, not as they could
ave been." This acceptance of reality,
reverence for simple things as they
e, is a basic spiritual idea common to
oth Eastern and Western religions.
lthough O'Keeffe would never have
aimed to have been a mystic, it is dif-
cult to interpret her vision of the
orld—and it is a vision—any other
ay. One explanation of her small
aintings is that they are a spiritual ex-
rcise inspired by the Zen meditation
ractice of imagining a small object as
omething very large. Altering scale
ientally is a means of disciplining the
ind.

O'Keeffe's small paintings also par-
llel some of Stieglitz's photographs
hat were no more than postcard size
et monumental in effect. In February
924 she wrote, once again to Sher-
ood Anderson, of Stieglitz's photo-
raphs of sky, which were shown that



Yellow Calla, 1926, is 9 3/8 by 12 3/4 inches

year—coincidentally, the year they were married—at the same time as her paintings at the Anderson Galleries: "His prints of this year are all four by five inches all of the sky," she observed admiringly. ". . . He has done with the sky something similar to what I had done with color before . . . done consciously something that I did mostly unconsciously—and it is amazing to see how he has done it out of the sky with the camera."

Perhaps the uniqueness of O'Keeffe's small paintings is best summed up by curator Jack Cowart, who with Juan Hamilton selected the works for the exhibition now at the National Gallery of Art. Cowart feels that O'Keeffe's work remains memorable because her relationship to the visible world was so intense, in fact, ecstatic. Referring to her small paintings as "jewel-like," Cowart considers them among her best and most striking, admiring the "emphatic color, composition, clean conception and visible signs of execution—the trace of her brush, the delicate ridges of pigment." It is paradoxically in these miniature gems that the artist who often effaced the signs of her own hand in a style so anonymous it has been described as "immaculate" leaves the most intimate and indelible traces of herself. □

The O'Keeffe centennial exhibition is at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., through February 21, 1988. It then travels to the Art Institute of Chicago (Mar. 5–June 19, 1988), the Dallas Museum of Art (July 31–Oct. 16, 1988), the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York (Nov. 19, 1988–Feb. 5, 1989).

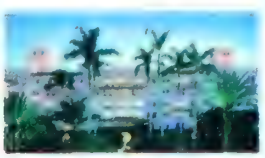
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QUINTA DA BACALHOA

(Continued from page 184) negotiations came to a standstil A year went by, and except for that scarcely perceptible sub conscious feeling that it would one day be mine, it was al most forgotten and nothing further happened. . . . But I di return to Portugal the following winter . . . and on two occa sions . . . went to Bacalhoa for the day. Each time it seeme lovelier than the time before and all its moods were charm ing." Learning that the son of the owner planned to restor the place, "I felt then that my premonitions of ownershi had been false, but was not deeply disappointed since it wa going to be saved and restored and that was the importan thing. . . . Having put the matter out of mind, I was jus about to start by motor to Gibraltar on my way back t America, when suddenly I was asked by the owner to mak an offer for just the part I wanted—the old Quinta. Before knew it, and in record time for Portugal, the place was min and the endless deeds and translations of deeds (all writte in longhand) were signed."

When Orlena Scoville encountered Bacalhoa, a mere 2 years of abandonment had undone much of what 400 year of continuous occupation had kept together. In 1937 the ba sic walls were intact, but most of the roof, the interior rooms the floors, and even the marble arcades were in ruins. Pre cious tiles were heaped where they had fallen on the ground and some had been appropriated by villagers for their own homes. Its decayed condition was reversed, thanks to the careful and professional restoration of the Quinta based on a detailed description and study of the 1890s and consulta tions with local experts. Erudite and determined, Mrs. Sco ville carried out her restoration with the patience of an archaeologist, piecing together the fabric of the house and garden and in so doing earning the respect of the Portuguese and latter-day preservationists.

The palace is built in the shape of a reversed L, on two floors only, with towers at its outer corners. The residential part of the palace with high ceilings and full-length windows is confined to the upper floor. The ground floor houses kitchens, storerooms, wine cellars, and servants quarters. A fine outside staircase leads from the courtyard to the second-floor main entrance with a terra-cotta bust portraying Afonso de Albuquerque in a niche above it.

The entrance hall is spacious and well proportioned, austerely furnished in the Portuguese manner. To the left are two large bedrooms en suite, the library, and the west loggia with six arches of multihued local marble opening onto the formal box garden below.

A superb feature of Bacalhoa—and a cornerstone of Mrs. Scoville's fascination with it—is the decoration both inside and out with *azulejos* from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Every room of the palace and every corner of the garden has tiles with designs of seemingly inexhaustible variety. Tiles outline windows and doors and form dados. The west loggia walls are covered in tiled panels depicting river gods, and the walls of the large staircase to the main entrance are faced with very old polychrome tiles with geometric patterns, reminiscent of the tilework at the Alhambra. Over seventy different tile designs are catalogued at Bacalhoa.

Azulejos are used throughout the garden. As Orlena Scoville noted, "We soon realized what a veritable museum of faience this garden is, but there is not the feeling of over-abundance and the trees and plants and flowers soften it all.

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QUINTA DA BACALHOA

[illegible]elves are mel- [illegible] not too brilliant. Most [illegible]re in *allegretes,* boxes for plants built along the walls and garden walks and these are filled with carnations or rambling geraniums allowed to grow very large, and sometimes even with small orange or lemon trees."

The garden, like the palace, is a flowing sequence of well-proportioned spaces. Nearest the house is a fine box parterre, refurbished by Mrs. Scoville, that has a fountain in its center. A long walkway lined with tiled seats and brimming with climbing roses, geraniums, succulents, and seasonal flowers leads to the large tank or pool—more than thirty meters on each side—and its pavilion. The interior of this five-chambered pavilion is sheathed in geometric and figural tiles, including a tile composition of *Suzanna and the Elders,* bearing the date 1565. This is the oldest-dated Portuguese tile panel in existence. The tank, a characteristic element in Portuguese and Islamic garden design, is also lined with *azulejos.* Tangerine and lemon trees border the formal garden, which is raised above the rest of the property. Like the melon-shaped domes of the Quinta, the garden suggests a strong affinity with the Middle East in the use of terraces, walkways, pools, and pavilions.

Until her death in 1967, Orlena Scoville tended the property with devotion and intellect. At that point her grandson, Thomas Scoville, took over the property and today with his wife, Cathryn, and their two young daughters is carrying on the tradition of respectful conservation. Since they live in Washington, D.C., the Scovilles rent the property for much of the year to vacationing families from all points of the world, keeping alive the livable quality and intimate charm that first appealed to Mrs. Scoville.

The one major change that Thomas Scoville has brought to the Quinta is the reestablishment of a vineyard on its grounds. In 1976 he planted most of the Quinta below the house and forma gardens in cabernet sauvignon anc merlot grapes, the vines of Bordeaux rather than local varieties. In surprisingly few years Quinta da Bacalhoa wine has become one of the finest wines in Portugal, judged more than able to hold its own against the best petits châteaux of Bordeaux and California cabernets.

The Quinta da Bacalhoa, a "lovely half-caste of the East and West," according to Sacheverell Sitwell, has given pleasure to many visitors and owners in its four centuries of existence. The last word goes to Orlena Scoville, reflecting on her own experience: "It is not always mere sentimental twaddle when one says one has fallen in love with a place. That is what had happened, for who that has once seen Bacalhoa can forget its soul and its intangible spirit, woven of color with sounds of water, scents of flowers, and above all centuries of cherished memories." □

NAPOLEON'S GRAND DESIGNS

(Continued from page 150) rank, and, understanding both how to please the emperor and gratify their own taste for first-rate porcelain, they ordered a Sèvres service, upon which Napoleon, as a gift, added a series of especially lavish plates with a central decoration of flowers. That service today can be seen at the Munich Residenz and is proof that in his capacity as a salesman, at least, Napoleon had an easy job.

As the imperial court grew ever more splendid another branch of the decorative arts prospered. French silversmiths had always been renowned; now Biennais and Odiot took up the tradition, and orders multiplied. Of course, Napoleon commissioned his own services, one for ceremonial use, one to be taken on campaign. Vast and spectacular pieces were offered to him, on various occasions, by the city of Paris. And in addition, the Bonapartes felt they were entitled to live almost as grandly as the emperor himself.

It thus seemed perfectly natural for his sister Pauline to redecorate an eighteenth-century mansion on the rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, the Hôtel de Charost (today the residence of the British ambassador). The beauty of the family, and highly conscious of it, she was given to receiving her visitors in the nude, particularly if they were young, male, and handsome. And since an unveiled princess strolling through the salons might have looked more comical than sexy, her bedroom became the main reception area. There, the grand bed, topped by a gilt open-winged eagle was swathed in gold-colored damask and looked like nothing so much as a gigantic *écrin,* while the crimson silk on the walls no doubt reflected a warm pink glow on Pauline's famously white skin.

Napoleon's brothers, too, came forth with large orders. Jérôme, for instance, upon being made king of Westphalia, a new state created just for him, ordered himself a huge vermeil service from Biennais and Odiot. Its more than four hundred pieces include not only plates but also tureens, epergnes, and serving dishes of every kind, all lavishly decorated with Victories, Fames, Glories, and a variety of Neoclassical motifs ranging from oak or laurel wreaths to dancing figures with, of course, a great abundance of eagles. The forms themselves are firmly inspired by ancient Rome. This service can today be seen in full at the Munich Residenz because it was purchased after the fall of the empire by King Maximilian I of Bavaria, and it displays both the skill and splendor expected of French silversmiths and the firm connections to Roman imperial themes, which were not only decorative but also, and emphatically, political.

Napoleon considered the decorative arts a branch of his commercial policies, but he felt that they must also serve his propaganda. The greatest empire Europe had ever seen must have a style worthy of its achievements, hence the abundance of emblems and symbolic motifs. Gold and crimson brocade adorned with oak and laurel leaves was ordered in 1806 and so was blue damask with yellow shields and capital Ns in which again oak and laurel, those military emblems, are interlaced.

At the same time, however, another tradition continued: all through the

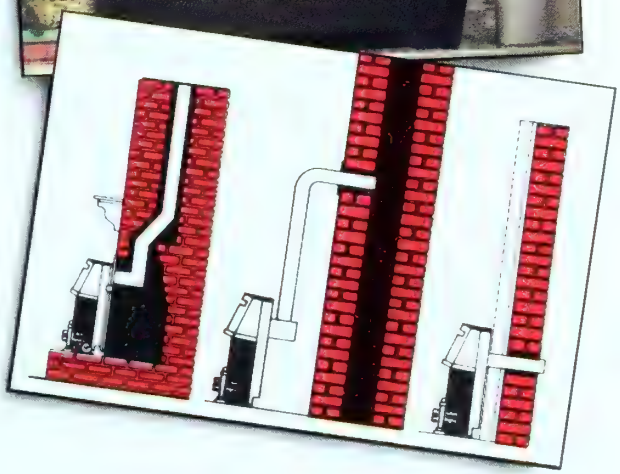
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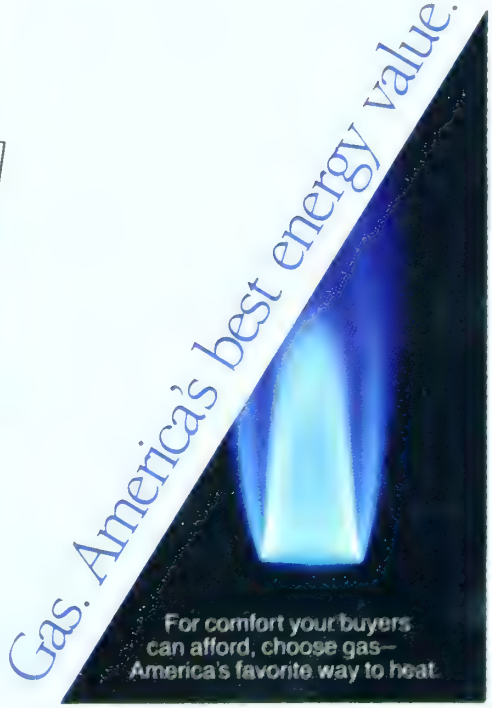
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lorned porcelain and
ide with which Marie
tte would have found herself quite at home. That, no doubt, is partly because both Josephine and her successor, the archduchess Marie Louise, were fond of flowers. And Napoleon was perfectly content with nonpolitical motifs as long as French products prevailed.

That the decor of the Bavarian Sèvres service, made in 1805, should thus be strikingly close to that of an 1811 silk fabric—both have thick borders of highly colored daisies—is less surprising than their almost Victorian assertiveness. Both in the decorative arts and in the fine arts the emphatic and often heavy look we normally associate with the mid century clearly begins during the empire. Yet, at the same time, enormously delicate and refined fabrics were being ordered.

One such commission begun in 1811 was finished just as the empire was collapsing, and thus never used. Today the whole order is stored, intact and in pristine condition, in the Mobilier National, Paris. It was, without question, the star attraction in New York's Fashion Institute of Technology's splendid 1983 "Silks from the Palaces of Napoleon" exhibition. Ordered for a room of the empress's *petits appartements* at Versailles, it consists of huge panels ten feet high and fifteen feet wide with a separate decorative border on the bottom. On a heavy white-satin ground we see multicolored flowers, glowing birds of paradise, antique vases, lush bouquets, multicolored butterflies, woven baskets, and garlands of flowers. Both size and quality are unrivaled, and the overall effect is nothing short of magical.

In the end, though, fabrics, porcelain, and silver could stand on their own. It was typical of the eagerness with which they continued to be sought after the end of the empire that all successive French heads of state—kings, emperor, and presidents—continued to draw on the vast reserves stored in the Mobilier National. As for the exact degree of importance of L
ons silk, it was perhaps most visib
demonstrated on two occasions, t
first in 1814, the second a year late
After Napoleon fell, he was replaced
the palace of the Tuileries by Lou
XVIII, Louis XVI's brother, wh
knew quality when he saw it. Instead
changing the decor, he simply ordere
that all the bees (a symbol of the em
pire) and the crowned Ns be covere
with appliqué fleur-de-lis and Ls. The
in 1815, Napoleon, having escape
from Elba, returned to Paris. When h
reentered the Tuileries carried by
frenzied crowd, he was greeted by
distinctly odd spectacle: their back
firmly turned to him, the wives of h
marshals, ministers, and courtiers wer
picking at the walls and carpets wit
embroidery scissors. Soon, howeve
he understood, as the bees and the im
perial Ns reappeared from beneat
their recent cover-up. It could hardl
be clearer: conquerors come and g
but the silks of Lyons never cease t
triumph. □ *Editor: Babs Simpso*

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A SPONTANEOUS CHARM

(Continued from page 132) dissement'
rue Cortambert only five years ago, on
has the impression that successive gen
erations of family have lived there sinc
the first cornerstone was laid in 1830
As with all their residences in the past
the Halards wanted this house to fee
like a *maison de province,* "that is t
say, houses that have lived, that are be
yond fashion—not formal, but warm
where you feel the passage of time, th
foregone generations, and the soul o
the people who live there." Who bette
to capture this atmosphere than thei
photographer son, François.

The toile de Jouy that the Halard
chose for the living-room walls, drap
eries, and sofas evokes the feeling o
une mode eternelle. "It comes, it goes
it always comes back. It is also the per
fect background for the abstract art we
have," she says, looking up at two fine
oils by Kupka hanging next to a Eu
gène Carrière over the marble fire
place.

Vital to Michelle Halard's composi
tions is fabric. "I love using fabric in
decoration because it has the great ad
vantage of being the only truly mobile

ement. You can't change furnishings very day, but look what you can do ith tablecloths, bedspreads, and heets." In the same spirit of quick hange, most of the Yves Halard sofas e sold with two or three slipcovers—different fabrics. Called *la star du napé* by the French press, Michelle Halard started the slipcover craze that it France three years ago. Not tight-tting, always ample, and attached ith ties along the seams, the slipcovrs are child's play to put on. Michelle Halard likes to keep things moving. he redoes rooms all the time, simply inning new material over the old to ee how she likes the "newborns" in he collection. Material on walls allows reater flexibility of decor. "We love hanging rooms and constantly move ur paintings around. Nail marks nevr show on a fabric wall since fabric is nuch less fragile than paint. Even athroom walls should be fabric-covred and hung with paintings just like ther rooms. Tiles are so cold, don't ou think?"

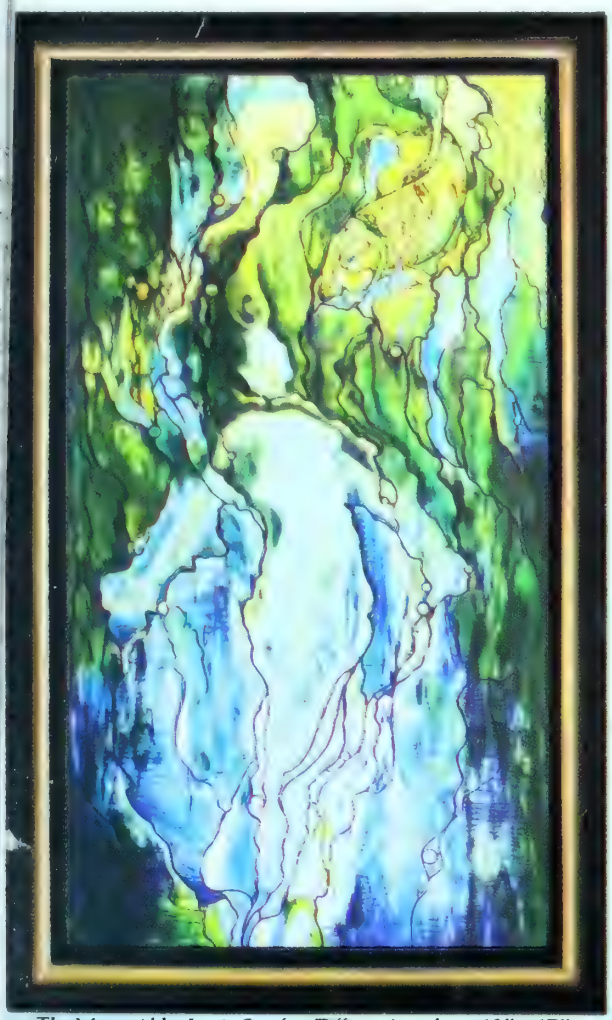


Columns mark hallway to bedrooms

(Continued from page 144) been crossed with those of *Manon Lescaut.* But in Saladino's imagination lurk visions of real models—Burlington's Chiswick House, Jefferson's Monticello, and the Palazzo Farnese. Still, my favorite is the Temple at Karnak," Saladino confesses. "I crave that sense of ceremony those spaces convey."

Crossing to the spiral stair he designed to hang suspended over an upturned block of stone, he simply says, "Herculaneum." Upstairs the sense of the past still reverberates, with occasional echoes of the House of the Orchard in Pompeii. An eighteenth-century American overdoor between the master bedroom and the dressing room is poised within a Saladino-designed door frame based on the Pazzi Chapel.

Often surfaces such as ceilings and walls are lacquered to a luminous sheen. In some places, such as in the dining room, walls are also covered in softly gleaming silk taffeta and Fortuny panels. "This apartment is Minimalist actually," Saladino offers, "but it has a richness from the past overlaid onto it by voluptuous fabrics and surfaces." His attention to finish and color virtually turns all the planes of the "box" into effulgent canvases in which the furniture arrangements become three-dimensional still lifes. This painterly approach (betraying Saladino's earlier days as an art student) dramatizes the setting formed by the differently scaled architectural elements and fragments. Saladino sums up: "I don't often like the way reality presents itself. I would rather choreograph it." □ *Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray*



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